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# *The Ohio Magazine*

Webster Perit Huntington













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# The Ohio Magazine

VOL. 3

JULY

NO. 1



**J O Y O U S  
B U C K E Y E  
H O M E C O M I N G**

**Invite your Friends and  
Relatives to this Joyful Reunion  
of Native Ohioans**

**COLUMBUS, OHIO  
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# THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

Vol. III

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# Our Japanese Question

## A BRIEF RETROSPECT

By Charles Burleigh Galbreath

State Librarian of Ohio



WHEN the navy of the Mikado smashed the Russian fleet off the coast of Korea, and Americans went wild at the news of this crowning victory, few would have had the hardihood to prophesy that in less than two years the United States would have on her hands a "Japanese question" of sufficient proportions to provoke war talk among staid statesmen and to fill with apprehension an administration that has proven itself a stranger to fear and the arts of obsequious diplomacy. The change of attitude within the past six months, if not kaleidoscopic, has been sufficiently swift and unexpected to prevent a lagging of interest on the part of numerous Americans who have their eyes on the shifting scenes of the Far East.

The conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War was followed in America by a period of enthusiastic adulations of things oriental. With a fervor so ardent that its sincerity could not be questioned, we hailed the followers of the mighty Mikado as the "greatest people on the planet." Accepting as their meed our ministrations to their vanity, and basking in their more than cordial welcome, Japanese experts, philosophers and savants came to our shores to investigate, instruct and enlighten, while we looked and listened with a delightful appreciation akin to rapture. On their lips familiar words glowed with new messages, and their prophecies were received with a faith like that which swayed the votaries of ancient Delphi. While American editors were striving to outdo one another in eulogistic ascriptions to these "Britons of the East," a profes-

sor in one of our universities capped the climax by declaring, in substance, that the virtue of the white race is departing and that the palm of dominance in war, statesmanship and civilization is about to pass to the Mongolians, led on by the sun-descended Emperor of Nippon.

For all this praise and admiration there were obvious causes that need not be detailed here. They included our antipathy for everything Russian, our sympathy for the apparent object of Muscovite aggression and the fervor with which we are wont to hail the victor in a contest of arms. In spite of our Christian civilization and the progress toward peace and arbitration of which we hear so much, we still love "the pomp and circumstance of war" and reserve our choicest garlands for the conquering battalions.

But a change at length "came o'er the spirit of our dream." A little cloud rose in the sky of Columbia and Fair Japan. Both nations became conscious of the fact that there is still on the map the State of California. The board of education in the city of San Francisco decreed that Japanese children should be segregated, that they should henceforth attend school with their oriental cousins, the Koreans and the Chinese. This action was taken without consulting the Mikado and aroused the wrath of His Majesty's government.

What followed is without precedent in the history of American diplomacy. Uncle Sam was seized by the beard, and his teeth were made to clatter with fear at a flourish of the mailed hand of Japan. Agents of our government were hurried across the continent to urge the San Francisco board to rescind its action. The

authority of our courts was invoked in the interest of Japan. The press of the East exerted its powerful influence to placate the Tokio government. The vials of wrath were poured out freely on the Californians and their fellow citizens of the sister Pacific states. Such was the state of affairs when the president sent to Congress his famous message. In this he said, among other things:

right to treatment on a basis of full and frank equality. The overwhelming mass of our people cherish a lively regard and respect for the people of Japan, and in almost every quarter of the Union the stranger from Japan is treated as he deserves; that is, he is treated as the stranger from any part of civilized Europe is and deserves to be treated. But here and there a most unworthy feeling has mani-



HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

"Japanese have come here in great numbers. They are welcome, socially and intellectually, in all our colleges, and institutions of higher learning, in all our professional and social bodies. The Japanese have won in a single generation the right to stand abreast of the foremost and most enlightened peoples of Europe and America; they have won on their own merits and by their own exertions the

feeling itself toward the Japanese — the feeling that has been shown in shutting them out from the common schools in San Francisco, and in mutterings against them in one or two other places, because of their efficiency as workers. To shut them out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first class colleges in the land, including the universities and colleges of California, which do

not gladly welcome Japanese students and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit. We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us; and no nation is fit to teach unless it is also willing to learn. \* \* \* I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens."

Japanese section of the message was cabled to Tokio before it was sent to Congress. Whether this be true or not, the sequel indicates that it was intended for foreign as well as domestic consumption. Less than four months after the delivery of this rebuke to San Francisco and eulogium on Japan, the President wrote to the Governor of California: "The national government now has the



ADMIRAL TOGO,  
Who, in the Event of War, Would Command the Japanese Navy.

The praises of the Japanese are set forth in the superlative degree and their progress "in every walk of life" is declared to be "a marvel to mankind." There are also deprecatory references to the Californians and the "mob of a single city," coupled with a declaration that under certain conditions the military of the United States would be used in behalf of Japan.

The Californians complain that the

matter in hand and can in all human probability secure the results that California desires, while at the same time preserving unbroken the friendly relations between the United States and Japan."

There was, at the time this letter was written, no doubt whatever in regard to what the Californians desired. They were resolved that the Japanese should be excluded from their shores as absolutely as the Chinese. Whatever may have been the

President's earlier impressions, a more complete knowledge of the situation and a fuller appreciation of the menace of Mongolian immigration convinced him of the justice of the demands of the Californians, for on the 14th day of March he issued an executive order, under the authority granted by the new immigration act, directing that "Japanese or Korean

direct from Japan to the United States. The net result of the brief but spirited agitation is, therefore, the exclusion of the Japanese from the mainland of the United States.

The latest act of the President is a merited rebuke to that portion of the American press that has been teeming with abuse of the Californians and specious



COUNT AND COUNTESS OKUMU.

The Count is the Leader of the Progressive Party and is Held Responsible for What Anti-American Sentiment Prevails in Japan.

laborers, skilled or unskilled, who have received passports to go to Mexico, Canada or Hawaii, and who come therefrom, be refused permission to enter the continental limits of the United States." It is said that there is a tacit understanding that no passports are to be issued to "laborers, skilled or unskilled," who come

pleas for raising, at our western sea-ports, the flood-gates for the practically unrestricted admission of oriental labor and oriental civilization. *The Outlook*, which throughout the controversy has been constantly and consistently Mongolian first and American afterward, about the time of the publication of the President's mess-

age issued this gleeful editorial greeting in anticipation of the coming of a vast throng of the noble yellow race:

"If it be true that a bill may be introduced by representatives from California in the next Congress, demanding the exclusion of the Japanese from this country on the same terms that at present bar the Chinese, the Nation will be face to face with one of the most vital questions ever presented to it. If California is shortsighted enough to discriminate against the Japanese and to sacrifice the capital of confidence which this country has laid up in its fair-minded and disinterested intercourse with Japan, and to turn friendly feeling into hatred, it will show the blindness that falls upon those who are bent on self-destruction, and we do not believe it will secure the endorsement of the Nation in so great an act of folly. We think it more probable that an agitation to shut the doors of our country in the face of the Japanese will serve to open them on more just and equal terms to the Chinese. *The Outlook*, therefore, will not be sorry to see the issue raised."

*The Independent*, though its news columns have been fair and impartial, has pursued an editorial course that has differed in no essential from that of its contemporary just quoted. It was thrown into a veritable panic, at the first intimation of the displeasure of Japan:

"It is among the possibilities that one of these days Japan may declare war against the United States; and in that case the Philippines and Hawaii—yea, and the Pacific Coast would be at the mercy, for a while at least—of the Japanese navy. \* \* \* If such a war should ever come—which God forbid—a war which would be mostly on the seas, it is extremely doubtful if with any force that we could command we could at its conclusion drive the Japanese from Hawaii and the Philippines, which they would surely have seized. Further, if such a war should be deferred a few years, China would almost certainly be in it with Japan, for our coasts as well as for our island possessions."

*The Independent*, with characteristic patriotism, has us whipped before the war begins. This editorial was published in

Japan, to the delectation of the populace. Later, when it became manifest that the Californians, backed by the entire Pacific Coast, were making a firm and telling stand for their constitutional right to manage their schools as they deemed best, and their moral right to exclude the coolies that were thronging to their shores, *The Independent* set up this truly pitiful wail: "It is still further humiliating that, at the command of selfish and prejudiced ignorance in San Francisco and California, we should be driven to ask Japan to consent to a treaty excluding the admission to our shores of laborers from that country. Yet this is just what we now see."

The coming of the Japanese coolie, it would seem, is the one thing devoutly to be desired, and yet that boon is to be denied *The Independent* and its numerous and highly respectable constituency.

In a late number of *The Outlook*, the ubiquitous George Kennan, in an article intended to reopen the San Francisco school question and demonstrate the superiority of the Japanese, quotes with great satisfaction an Englishman who says: "The Japanese are born civilized. We, Englishmen and American, are born barbarians. Most of us become civilized, but we elevate ourselves in youth by effort and struggle."

This is in harmony with much that such periodicals now especially delight in publishing. They seem never quite so happy as when demonstrating what a savage, degenerate and unrighteous people, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, we Americans have become.

The latest literary effort of the New York magazines to save the day for the Mongolians was signalized by a series of articles describing the ideal harmony and felicity that prevails in Hawaii, where oriental children attend the American schools, or, rather, where a few American children attend the orientalized schools; for Americans are distinctly in the minority, and their numbers, under existing conditions, are destined soon to reach the vanishing point. While these special articles, with "appropriate illustrations," describe conditions altogether lovely, the most interesting and illuminating of the series is the one contributed by William

Inglis to *Harper's Weekly* of February 16th. In the statistics given it appears that out of 21,358 pupils in the schools, public and private, only 959 are Americans, and more than half of these are in private schools. This might lead us to conclude that the mixed public schools are not especially attractive to Americans; yet Mr. Inglis assures us that everything is ideally satisfactory. Hear him:

"In every school you will find little folks of a dozen races working amicably side by side. Such a thing as race prejudice is unknown. \* \* \* Was there ever such a heterogeneous company since Babel? Yet they are all fused in the great retort of our American schools, and they are coming out good American citizens."

Here would have been a good place to stop, but Mr. Inglis proceeds and inadvertently fractures his argument, which he calls "Hawaii's Lesson to Headstrong California," in the following significant admission:

"So much for the Japanese in the lower grade schools. Everybody agrees that no children can be more polite and agreeable than they are. The principal burden of the complaint in San Francisco is that parents cannot endure to have their girls exposed to contamination by adult Asiatics, whose moral code is far different from our own. Whether or not there is reason for this complaint, is not the question here. That there is such a feeling of apprehension among parents is readily found by any one who inquires, and it exists in Hawaii no less than in California. The Hawaiian school authorities long ago took steps to prevent the mingling of grown Japanese boys in classes with American girls."

It would seem unnecessary to comment on the concluding statement. It certainly confirms one of the chief contentions of the "headstrong Californians."

But if there is one thing more than another connected with the article that is calculated to arouse the disgust of the Californians, it is the picture of the Hawaiian schools. In the motly throng of little tots, scarce a white face is seen. It tells the whole story. Hawaii has been Mongolianized. Californians live nearer

than we to those islands and understand perfectly conditions there. It was these that the editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* had in mind when he declared that the people of his State were perfectly willing to have all questions at issue settled by constitutional methods in the courts and legislative halls, but rather than see their land become what Hawaii now is, the Californians would fall back on the right of self preservation and appeal to arms.

The numerical strength of the races on the Hawaiian islands and the inevitable tendency under unrestricted Japanese immigration are set forth in the following statement:

"Out of the total population of 160,000 nearly 50 per cent are Japanese and 25 per cent are Chinese, so that all the residents of American and European blood are included in one-fourth of the residents. This one-fourth, however, embraces also 30,000 descendants of the native islanders. It is an actual fact that today not over 2,500 persons of American birth, including American negroes, are citizens of the territory, \* \* \* The Japanese and Koreans are steadily increasing, both by birth and by immigration, while it is a question if the American and European population is even holding its own, for there has been a considerable migration of the Anglo-Saxons from the islands ever since this government took possession of them."

The situation there seems to be fairly satisfactory to the owners of large plantations who desire cheap, efficient and servile labor — who would be perfectly willing that the so-called lower and middle classes of whites should be eliminated to insure larger dividends on invested capital, — who have no interest in the future of their race and small interest in the future of their country; but the Californians who include in their ranks a comparatively large number of laborers, skilled and unskilled, who are interested in perpetuating on the Pacific coast American civilization and the opportunity that it has meant to the humblest citizen, and who have the object-lesson of Hawaii under their eyes, are not disposed to surrender or endanger their heritage for a new social order of the

Spreckels type, with a few millionaires and their favorites in the van of swarming hosts from the teeming Orient. To them it is a question of self-preservation. For their attitude they have been roundly denounced by their fellow countrymen.

Almost without exception the tone of the press of the Pacific slope, while firm and unwavering, has been calm and dignified. The San Francisco *Argonaut*, after citing the attitude of New Zealand, Australia, the Transvaal and British Columbia, to show that the Pacific slope states are not peculiar among Anglo-Saxon governments in their hostility to Mongolian immigration, and declaring that "we of California have been cheek by jowl with the Asiatics for half a century" and understand the problem that they bring, concludes:

"Again we say to the Eastern journals that there is no occasion in this question for a hurling of epithets or for angry discussions. Some of them consider it odd that California and Californians should seem at this juncture so extremely placid. The reason that we in California are calm in the presence of this crisis is: First, because we know that we are right; second, because we hope to convince our countrymen that we are right; third, that if we fail to convince them, we will, whatever they do or say, do what we know to be right."

The press of the Coast was practically unanimous in its opposition to the sentiments of the President's message on the Japanese question. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, a conservative paper that has usually opposed organized labor, was in substantial agreement with the labor organs on this question. Editorially criticising Secretary Metcalf's report, the *Chronicle* said:

"The most astonishing thing is his threat, on the instruction of an overbearing President, that if Japanese are molested the United States army will be sent here to do police duty. By what authority will the President send troops here to maintain peace in the absence of a request to do so by the Governor? Is he seeking to lay the ground for his impeachment? The threat was an insult, and it was utterly uncalled for. \* \* The feeling in this

State is not now against the Japanese, but against an unpatriotic President. From now on Mr. Metcalf will do well to stick by the President who can give him a job. He could get nothing from the people of his own State."

The San Francisco *Star*, in the course of an extended editorial says:

"We have never allowed any such interference by the most powerful of the European nations. We made ready for war with England over the assertion of our rather vague rights in Venezuela; we threatened Louis Napoleon with war unless he removed his troops from Mexico; we told Italy that the Federal Government could not and would not attempt to compel Louisiana to pay indemnity for Italians lynched in New Orleans and were ready to go to war to uphold the declaration. And now comes Japan with a preposterous and insulting demand that California shall modify her school laws under penalty of war, and the President of the United States berates us with a fish-wife's tongue and tries to frighten us with a bogey. He tells us that unless we yield to Japan's demands, the threat of war is imminent. Our reply is that war is a thousand times preferable to dishonor."

After intimating that the fear of the loss of the Philippines may explain the President's precipitate action the *Star* continues:

"There is a good deal of the United States not included in the Philippines. There are men and money and arms and ships here at home, enough to make Japan pay such a price for an attack upon our distant outposts as she will remember to the last day of her national existence. It is no boast—it is the sober truth—to say that this is the most powerful Nation potentially that ever existed in the world, and woe to the enemy that provokes the Republic to put forth in anger its power by land and sea."

Here is Western confidence, in striking contrast to the trepidation of Eastern editors who have been quite as profuse in their apologies to Japan as they have been vociferous in their denunciation of Californians.

A writer from the Pacific Coast in the March number of *The World's Work* has



this to add in regard to the feeling toward the President:

"A particular point on which Californians feel deeply, however, is the attitude assumed toward them by President Roosevelt and the language which he levelled at their State. At the time of his election he was the most popular man in the United States, and his vote in California was the largest ever polled for any candidate. It is not exaggerating to state that now he is most unpopular in California and it is not believed that he could equal the vote of any Democratic presidential candidate. There is evident here a mingled feeling of resentment and regret; for Californians, like the people of other Western states, had come to look upon the President with special affection and pride. He has deeply wounded them."

It should be remembered that the foregoing lines were written before the President had issued the order prohibiting Japanese immigration. If he succeeds, along the lines of his later efforts, in getting what the Californians desire, and does not insist upon the naturalization of the Japanese, it is quite probable that he will regain any temporary loss of popularity in the Far West, and add the settlement of this delicate question to the remarkable achievements of his administration.

The Japanese question, though considered by Congress in its legal and ethical aspects, was not extensively debated in the Senate or the House. Of more than passing interest was the speech of Senator Gearin, of Oregon. His appeal to the South suggests the basis of a new political alignment, which, if the question of Mongolian immigration should again become acute, may add to the solid South a solid West. In this appeal the Senator said:

"And we of the West sympathize with the South in the crisis through which she is passing; and we say to our brothers there, It is your trouble, and we would help you if we could, but we can't. You understand the situation—deal with it as best you can in the interests of humanity, good government and righteousness, and in fairness to all, and it shall be 'hands off' as far as we are concerned, and we will trust to your honor, your loyalty and your patriotism to deal with it justly.

But we say to you, at the same time, in God's name, do not aid by your advice or assist by your endeavors the plans of those whose efforts, if sufficiently carried out, will bring down upon us a condition which will be far worse, in the end, than the troubles which now beset you."

The passage of the immigration bill, with the amendment empowering the President at his discretion to prohibit, practically, the immigration of the Japanese, was not accomplished without expressions of bitter hostility from the minority. Senator Carmac was at times especially caustic in his remarks. Among other things he said:

"I believe, Mr. President, speaking in plain words, the fact is that a foreign power has browbeaten the Government of the United States and it has browbeaten a sovereign State of this Union into a surrender of its rights to control its own affairs. The attitude of this Government toward California has been harsh and turbulent and offensive to the last degree. Its attitude toward Japan has been cringing, obsequious and almost pusillanimous. One of the President's favorite aphorisms has been to speak softly and carry a big stick. He seems to have interpreted that in this instance so as to speak softly to foreign nations and carry a big stick for the backs of his own people."

In a cursory review of recent utterances on this question the views of certain correspondents of the gentler sex are worthy of notice. Like some of their brothers among the knights of the pen, they favor the practical unlimited admission of Mongolians, partly because they are so intellectual and interesting, but chiefly because they are industrious, faithful, obedient and cheap laborers. Their presence in generous numbers, by eliminating the troublesome whites, will solve, it is believed, that greatest of all American issues, the servant problem. Perhaps the most entertaining and certainly the most picturesque of these magazine writers is a certain Mrs. Babcock, of New York City, who writes Oriental fiction under the euphonious and poetic pseudonym of Onoto Watanna. Her most successful literary performances have been devoted to the natural and inherent beauties and felicities of Mongolian

and Anglo-Saxon amalgamation. She enters upon the discussion of our "Japanese problem" with much fervor and relates some illuminating experience in the solution of that "most important of all problems to American women—the servant problem." Here is her story:

"I myself have had servants in America of nearly every sort and kind. I had best service from the Japanese, for the simple reason that I found them less dissatisfied with their thankless work than were the others. But even they were affected by the attitude of Americans toward the servant. I remember Dan, a cook and butler, whose surliness, independence and resentful looks I never understood till I questioned him. He said, 'Mrs., in America to be servant is to be dog. Velly well—dog bark and bite. Me too'. Later I obtained the service of a new recruit—an optimistic apple-faced new-comer, whose shining eyes beheld everything American with astonishment and delight. Him I regretfully dismissed because of his inability to understand morals—as viewed by a Westerner. Taku was wont to take his daily bath in a tub, openly set out in the center of my kitchen floor, and when a scandalized Irish maid would walk into the kitchen, he would arise politely and bow to her from his watery retreat."

It was "real naughty" of Bridget to object to this felicitous arrangement of Mrs. Babcock, alias Onoto Watanna, by which the servant problem was happily solved through a combination of bath-tub and kitchen. It is really too bad that the Irish lass would not bow to the evident desire of her mistress and adjust herself to the pristine simplicity of Oriental ways.

"I am not Oriental or Occidental either, but Eurasian," declares Onoto Watanna. "I am Irish more than English—Chinese as well as Japanese." The mysterious Watanna at one time was proclaimed to the literary world as a Japanese lady whose real name was Kitishima Kata Haschi. Later biographical sketches suggest a different extraction and leave the public in doubt. Her foregoing statement may be accepted as literally correct, however, for the production from which it is taken bears the marks of genuine hybridity. Possibly she has a name for each of the

racess so happily represented in her exquisite personality.

While Mrs. Babcock has the support of sister magazine writers of pure Anglo-Saxon antecedents, there are those who will question the superlative importance of the "servant question" and the wisdom of its solution through unlimited Mongolian immigration. Some may even incline to the opinion that this gifted writer might better serve the cause dear to her heart through the agencies of pure fiction, in which she is altogether charming.

It may not be out of place to observe that "the servant question" has a more serious aspect than the Watannas, the Mrs. Bacons and pampered dames of luxury have given it in the somewhat ludicrous solemnity of their discussions. It was the desire for cheap and docile service, coupled with the purpose to escape the arduous but salutary lesson of honest toil, and the failure to recognize the true nobility of labor, that gave us the institution of slavery and ultimately brought the scourge of civil war. Those who resolve, over pink teas, that the Orientals shall come freely to wheel Missus in a 'rickshaw and fan away the flies, are perhaps to be commended for their efforts to reach the goal of innocuous and inane uselessness, but for the future welfare of the Republic it may be just as well that there is between them and the object of their desire the Pacific Ocean and that greater barrier—those sturdy Americans who inhabit the Pacific slope and bear upon their ample shoulders the destiny of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

The political aspect of our new problem is the one that will earliest claim public attention. The Pacific slope has been thoroughly aroused on the subject of Japanese exclusion, and the dominant element of that section will not be satisfied until this is an accomplished fact. The arrangement concluded in the closing hours of the last session of Congress is not accepted as final. An influential labor organ of San Francisco, in an extended editorial under the caption, "Surrendered but not Settled," expresses dissatisfaction and declares:

"With the exception of an inconsiderable minority who recognize no higher

motive than that of monetary advantage, the people of San Francisco, California, and the Great West are still true to the principle at issue in the controversy with the governments at Washington and Tokio. The demand for Japanese exclusion by act of Congress will be persisted in until it is won, and won upon its own merits."

Ambitious statesmen and political parties that are at all concerned about the electoral vote of the Pacific States may do well to remember the Garfield campaign and the Morey letter. Although the Republican candidate for the presidency denounced this letter as a base forgery and declared that its "brutal sentiments" in favor of Chinese immigration, he had "never expressed or entertained," the simple suspicion that he might favor a liberal admission of the Mongolians lost him one electoral vote in the state of California. In spite of her alliance with Japan, England has been compelled to consent to the exclusion of the Japanese from Australia, New Zealand, British Columbia, Natal and the Transvaal. The Pacific States will find a way to keep out the coolies, and they are entirely satisfied to accept President Roosevelt's definition of a coolie—a Mongolian laborer "skilled or unskilled." That is simple and sufficiently inclusive.

What the ultimate results will be is, of course, a matter of conjecture. An eminent and conservative journalist, who has spent much time in the Orient, in the *North American Review* of April 19th, gives expression to his views in a thoughtful contribution that may well be read by

those interested in the future of the Far East. Among other things, he says:

"They (the Japanese) hold us in a quality of contempt which has in it an intellectuality deeper, better defined and more destructive to unity than any repugnance of race prejudice. They have entered the field of modern fads, simply by modern methods to regain the ancient ascendancy which they believe is theirs by prior right. Therefore is ultimate war inevitable. \* \* \* Our aims upon the Pacific and those of Japan have the same end in view; and at some spot, somewhere in the future, as a matter of simple destiny, the ways will converge to the point of inevitable conflict. The utter impossibility of even remote amalgamation renders the absolute supremacy of one or the other imperative."

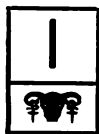
An eminent Japanese scholar and sociologist has expressed the conviction that war between the two nations for the mastery of the Pacific is certain to occur in the not distant future. He inclines to the opinion that the interest of Japan would be subserved by a precipitation of the conflict before the completion of the Panama Canal. The undercurrent of comment in the press on both sides of the Pacific is far from reassuring.

While we incline to a more optimistic view, a reliance on the policy of reciprocal exclusion and a larger measure of faith in the efficacy of arbitration, it is well to recognize the fact that the Anglo-Saxon vanguard has reached the Pacific, where it faces problems, the issue of which may not be pacific.



# New Work for State Makers

By Howard Louis Conard



Is there to be an end of state making, under and by the authority of the government of the United States, with the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union, either as one or two states, in the near future? In these two territories, which have just refused to be joined together in statehood, is contained all the continental raw material left for the construction of new states.

During every decade which has elapsed since 1791, when Vermont purchased her liberty from New York and added the first star to the original thirteen on the flag, one or more new commonwealths have come into the Union; and almost every congress has had before it for consideration questions pertaining to the formation of new territories or the erection of territories into states.

Is there to be an end to all this, and are the state-makers to be left without an occupation; or shall new fields be opened for their activities? In our insular possessions and Alaska work may be cut out for them, by and by, but is there not material nearer at hand upon which they can exercise their creative genius, along these lines, to the advantage of the government and people of the United States?

These questions suggest themselves when one considers the relations of several of the larger American cities to the states of which they are, respectively, a part, and the influence which they exert and are likely to exert in the future over the destinies of these commonwealths.

"More and more," said Mr. Henry Litchfield West, in a magazine article on "American Politics," published some time since, "the cities are dominating state politics." And he then goes on to say: "The day will come, and that ere long, when

the counties will simply be the automations to register the will of the political bosses who rule the city wards, unless, indeed, the farmers and other rural voters combine in order to secure for themselves a voice in political control. \* \* \* The fact is that we are approaching, if we have not already reached, a condition which means that cities will govern and control."

In rural communities such a thing as an unfair or dishonestly conducted political convention or election is only heard of at rare intervals, while in large cities such a thing as a convention or election entirely free from the taint of fraud and various sinister influences has scarcely been heard of at all in recent years. City politics are very different from country politics; and methods of manipulating conventions, seeking, winning and controlling votes, regarded as legitimate in the metropolis, would shock the most unscrupulous party manager in a rural electorate.

The proportion of American born to foreign born citizens is much smaller in the city than in the country. The ignorant immigrants who flock to this country from all parts of the world and who take on education and Americanization slowly, if at all, but who, nevertheless, soon become voters, are dumped into the great cities by thousands every year. The vicious and criminal classes congregate there. Hence the average of honesty, intelligence and patriotism is, unquestionably, lower in the city than in the country. It follows, therefore, as a natural consequence that the standard of political morals will be lowered throughout the state as the result of city domination of its politics. This is a tendency of the times to be regarded with alarm rather than indifference.

The "political bosses of the city wards"

are, for the most part, unclean products of unwholesome politics. It is bad enough that the making of mayors, city courts and city legislatures should be, in the main, their handiwork. Under existing conditions, however, they may make governors of states and presidents of the United States. Government by the "ward boss" is surely an evil from which the state and Nation should be delivered, if possible, and while his elimination from our politics is hardly to be hoped for, the sphere of his influence ought, at least, to be circumscribed by confining him to his metropolitan lair.

If the people of Greater New York choose to make their city a game preserve for the Tammany tiger, that, perhaps, is their own affair; but the remainder of the state of New York should be detached from the jungle and thus be enabled to escape the peril of the animal's political and legislative forays. If an epidemic of official and political wickedness prevails in Philadelphia, would it not be wise to isolate that city from the rest of Pennsylvania by a permanent governmental quarantine, which would be mutually advantageous to city and state? And may not the anarchism, socialism and general turbulence of Chicago be prevented from infecting the entire state of Illinois by divorcing the city from the state?

The undesirability of city domination of state politics, fraught with danger as it is, to both state and National institutions, is only one of numerous strong arguments in favor of severing the ties that bind certain large cities to their states. Great cities have little in common with rural districts. New York City is more closely in touch, in many respects, with Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago, or with London even, than the rest of the state of New York. The dweller in the country differs from the denizen of the city in thought, speech and action. The ways of the one are not the ways of the other. In customs, habits, manner of living and methods of doing business, they differ from each other as widely as do their respective environments. Their interests are seldom identical and are not infrequently antagonistic. The countryman, as a rule, has little knowledge of the governmental,

legislative and civic needs of the city, and his ignorance of city affairs is fully equaled, if not surpassed, by the average city legislator's lack of capacity to understand the things that are of most importance to the country. Hence it happens that at every session of a legislature, in a state in which a large city is located, there is more or less misfit legislation—legislation adapted to the city but unsuited to the country and *vice versa*. Dead letter laws encumber statute books as a result—laws enforced in one part of a state and ignored in others; laws respected in one place and treated with contempt in another.

Sometimes it is the city and sometimes the rural population that is sickened by doses prepared by legislative doctors without understanding of their respective cases. It was such lack of understanding as this upon the part of rural members of the general assembly of Illinois that caused them, some years since, to fasten upon the city of Chicago a law relating to the granting of street railway franchises, which received the unqualified condemnation of three-fourths of the people of the city and which so inflamed public sentiment that threats of violence prevented the city council from making the act of the legislature operative. A similar lack of understanding, or worse still, a consuming hunger for political spoils, caused the Bourbon, backwoods statesmen of Missouri, half a dozen years ago, to impose upon the chief city of that state a police law obnoxious to a large majority of the citizens of St. Louis. This invasion by the state of city rights, was unique in many respects, providing, among other things, that an appropriation for the maintenance of the partisan police force should be made in advance of all other appropriations for departments of the city government, and regardless of the needs of these departments.

Instances of like violence done to the principles of home rule and government by consent of the governed might be multiplied. The fact is that the government of our great cities—which involves problems not easily solved under the most favorable conditions—is hampered, complicated and made more difficult by the organic laws

and legislative enactments of states. In some cases matters are still further muddled by county and even township governments extending over city territory, with a multiplicity of useless officials and totally unnecessary expenses aggregating vast sums each year.

The government of a large city could be reduced to its simplest, least confusing and least burdensome form by making such city an independent commonwealth, subject only to the government of the United States. Let its relations to the United States be similar to those of the three imperial cities of Germany to the German Empire; or in other words, let us erect the city into a city-state, with all the rights and privileges of a state. Let it have a government, Federal in form, a constitution suited to its particular needs and laws entirely of its own making. The imperial city thus erected should have the same representation in the United States Senate as a state, and its representation in the lower branch of Congress, being based on a fixed ratio, would, of course, be the same as that of a state of equal population.

Is the creation of independent states in this country practicable under existing conditions? It seems to be entirely so. Clause I of Section 3, Article IV of the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

"New states may be admitted into this Union, but no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned as well as of the Congress."

The Constitution confers upon Congress the power to admit new states, and this authority would certainly cover the admission of city as well as "sage brush" states—metropolitan states as well as states of primitive wilderness. To be sure, Con-

gress could not pass any law, other than an enabling act, without precedent action by the legislature of the State from which a proposed city-state would be segregated. But an act of the New York legislature, for instance, might place Greater New York in position to knock at the doors of Congress for admission into the Union, and, Congress consenting to receive the applicant, would settle the matter and place another star on the flag of the Republic.

Illinois might say to Chicago, by legislative enactment, "I resign my parental relationship to you and consent to become your sister; go ask Congress to sanction the change." Pennsylvania might give Philadelphia her blessing and send the City of Brotherly Love into the sisterhood of states. It would seem that these states might be glad to be rid of the cities and that the cities might cherish a reciprocal feeling. Each of these cities has population enough and is rich enough and great enough to constitute a splendid independent commonwealth, and the remainder of the state, in each instance, would still be a populous and powerful member of the Union.

The cities named would naturally be the first imperial cities created. Others might follow, as conditions justified their formation. Of course, a condition precedent to the establishment of the independence of a city would be the willingness of the city and its state to part company, the ability of each to maintain a government of its own, and perhaps a written or unwritten law that the city should have a population of half a million or more. These are details to be worked out by the state-makers who may turn their attention to the independent city problem. The writer seeks to do nothing more than propose the creation of such cities and to ask if the matter is not worthy of the serious consideration of statesmen, publicists and reformers.

# The Last of the Shakers

By G. W. Berry



LITTLE over a hundred years ago, when Ohio had just begun to doff her virgin grandeur, and when only here and there were dotted a few log cabins, mostly upon her river banks, and when the Red Man still roamed in his wild delight through his tangled haunts of glory, and when the bison and the elk and the deer and the bear knew little of their despoiler, three weary travelers trudged through her forest gloom, through the darkened shades of the wilderness and the darker shadows of disease and savagery. They had come from the East afar, and for days and weeks and even months had bent their unwavering paths toward a new and fertile soil, where the seeds of a new faith might spring forth into an abundant and glorious harvest.

In the Turtle Creek valley, between the two Miamis, on a soil of wonderful fertility, a settlement was started as early as 1795. This settlement grew rapidly, and in a few years the burly backwoods-man, with muscles like the withes of a hickory and a heart as strong as steel, had come and gone and the sturdy, intelligent pioneer, bringing with him from the East the lingering traditions of Europe; the circuit preacher, whose study was his saddle horn; and the long, lank school teacher with his musty lingual preserves of antiquity, had come to make it their home.

Here these three broad-brimmed, simple-styled, pure-hearted travelers, John Macham, Benjamin S. Youngs, and Issachar Bates, came, responsive to the bidding of "Mother Anne Lee," who twenty years before, looking toward the South-West, pointed her anointed hand, saying, "There is the new field of labor." And so from New Lebanon, New York, they set out on January 1, 1805, and through long winter days came onward, and on the evening of

March 22 arrived at the Turtle Creek settlement and the log cabin home of Malcham Worley, a wealthy, intelligent, religious pioneer.

A great revival had swept over the western settlements, and the hearts of these Turtle Creek pioneers were ready for the new faith and doctrine of a dual deity; a paternal and maternal God; a combination of Christianity, Spiritualism, communism and asceticism—a faith that demanded purity, chastity, and celibacy; a complete surrender of worldly possessions and life; a heart that forgave and loved and sympathized in all distress; an entire consecration.

When these messengers from the East began to tell their stories of faith they found many followers, and within a very few weeks a large number of families had taken up the new cross. Malcham Worley was the first, surrendering all his possessions of lands and valuables, which were considerable. This formed the nucleus of the new settlement, and of Union Village, with its present 4,005 acres of land, three miles west of Lebanon, Ohio.

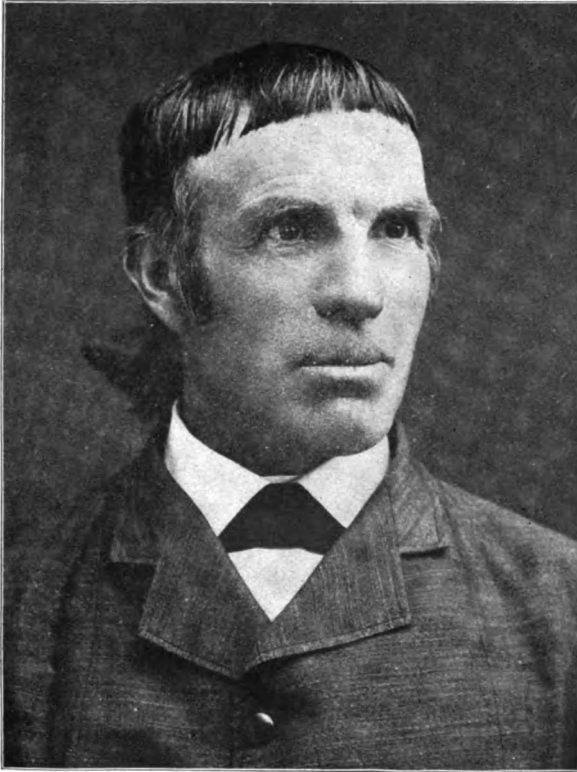
This was the first Shaker community west of the Alleghany Mountains. It grew rapidly and within two years numbered more than three hundred people. In 1829 it reached its zenith, there being over five hundred in the community; in 1859, two hundred fifty-five; at the close of 1867, one hundred fifty-two, and it has gradually declined until now there are only thirty-three left at Union Village. Of these, twenty-seven are over seventy years of age and five over eighty; Mary Ann Holland, the oldest member, is eighty-seven.

Like every sect that has broken away from the general trend of the masses, the Shakers have been persecuted.

In the early days, when the minds of

the people were more simple, inflammable, and credulous of prevarications, no matter what nor whence the source, the Shakers, because of their exclusive regulations, were made the subjects of vile imaginations and the lowest kinds of blackmailing by people who possibly were unworthy to loose the latchet of a Believer's shoe. Such unfounded rumors often enraged the neighboring inhabitants, and in 1810 a mob composed of 2,000 people, men and

mittee to investigate the conditions as they were; and the report of that committee, that it found the Shakers of both sexes and all ages, happy, content, well provided, and voluntary members of the association, led the mob to depart without violence. But false rumors and licentious imaginations were not yet through with this community, and in 1812, and again in 1813, and the last time, in 1817, mobs marched to Union Village to lay it low;



ANDREW BARRETT.

women, armed with guns and clubs, swords and axes, marched to Union Village for the purpose of exterminating the Shakers and leveling their homes to the ground; but the cool-headed persuasion of such men as Judge Francis Dunlevy, Joshua Collett, and Mathias Corwin, Sr., citizens of Lebanon, who met the mob at the village; the honest persuasion of the Shakers themselves, and their invitation to the mob to send a representative com-

mittee to investigate the conditions as they were; and the report of that committee, that it found the Shakers of both sexes and all ages, happy, content, well provided, and voluntary members of the association, led the mob to depart without violence. But false rumors and licentious imaginations were not yet through with this community, and in 1812, and again in 1813, and the last time, in 1817, mobs marched to Union Village to lay it low;

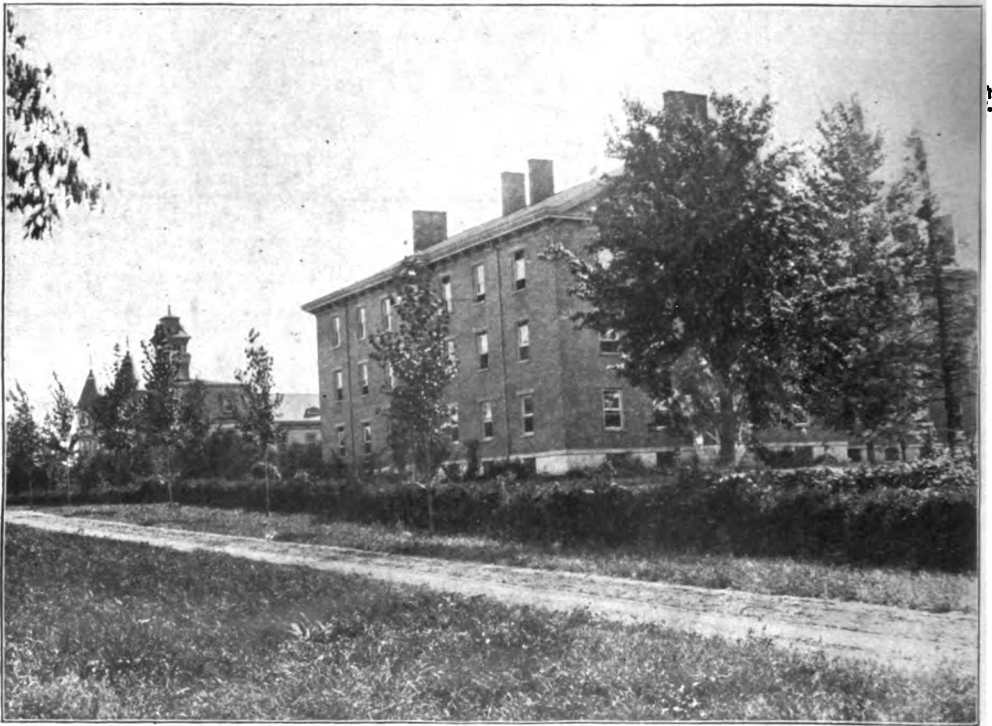
The Shakers are a religious organization of men and women who believe in a community or village, having surrendered all their possessions to the society. No one gets wages for his labor, all profits going into the common treasury and all



are fed from a common store-house. Formerly they did their own farming, made their own clothing and manufactured many of the necessities of the household. Their industrial departments have been productive of some splendid inventions, such as the buzz saw, babbitt metal, match siding, and the planing machine. They have given the world such common articles as cut nails, the one horse carriage, the horse collar, metal pens, the flat broom and the clothes pin; and they

the language and the life of its members. In its earlier history it taught universal celibacy; but its modern contention is that Shakerism is only for Christian men and women whose physical or psychical or financial condition unfits them for parentage.

There are four standings, or offices, of members. The highest is that of the ministry, composed of men and women chosen for their marked intelligence and religious consecration. This body forms a kind of bishopric over the communities under their



SHAKER BUILDING AT UNION VILLAGE, ERECTED IN 1844.

hold the honor of having initiated the seed industry.

But the more important purpose of Shakerism is spiritual promotion, godliness in living, purity of heart, the spirit of peace, chastity, simplicity in style and language. Their doctrine teaches humanity's selfishness, the evil of warfare, confession of sins, unspotted Christianity and consecration to God. That such a life may be realized, the society brings its members under a rigid, seclusive discipline which attempts to train the thoughts,

charge. They have the appointment of the elders, trustees and new ministers, and also the general and religious welfare of all their societies. The elders stand second in rank, but their sovereignty is limited to their immediate community and their office is that of spiritual protector. The trustees are the financiers and have the oversight of the property and estates of their community. The deacons and deaconesses have charge of the domestic affairs.

Once the Shaker's dress was uniform,

simple and plain, much like that of the colonial Quakers and Quakeresses; but now they dress in costumes like their neighbors. Their church was without fur-



ON SHAKER HILL.

niture, except for benches at the sides, which were for visitors. On each wall were rows of wooden pegs upon which the men hung their hats and coats, and the women their bonnets, during worship. On Sunday morning at a given signal the men came from their apartments in single file and entered the church on the right, removed their hats and coats, hung them upon the pegs, then drew up in perfect order on their side of the house. At the same time the women, coming in like manner, entering their side of the church, removed their bonnets, hanging them upon their pegs, and took their places in perfect regularity. At a given signal the whole company sat down flat upon the floor and after some moments, as if by one movement, arose and began singing some lively tune, and dancing, keeping perfect time to the music and keeping their hands moving gently up and down before them. Hence the name, "Shakers." They would continue this dance for hours, their clothes often becoming saturated with perspiration and only stopping long enough at intervals to change the music. On some occasions, after dancing an hour or so, they would stop and sit upon the floor,

while one of their number would address them — after which they would renew the dance.

If you were to go back seventy-five years, and look into their spacious dining halls, you would see two long, plainly, but neatly spread tables. At meal time, at the blast of the dinner horn, the men entered two by two, on the one side of the room, drawing up in regular order a few feet back of their table; at the same time, the women entered similarly and filed back of theirs, and the waiters formed between the tables. At a signal, all fell upon their knees and after a few moments of prayer arose and sat at the tables. Not a word was said during the meal, and after they had finished they left the hall in the same manner in which they had come.

There's a thriftiness in the atmosphere about Union Village, in its systematic arrangement, its massive buildings, its beautiful grounds and modern improvements. The main buildings are imposing structures, with interior artistic and substantial. The officers' building contains the reception room, the offices, living apartments of the officers, dining rooms, kitchen, bath-rooms, etc. Next to the office building, and about one hundred feet from it, stands a splendid brick structure erected in 1844, and containing a large number of living rooms; a spacious



SHAKERS' OFFICERS' BUILDING.

chapel, in which are only four short rows of chairs, an organ and a stand; the main dining room and kitchen, with ample size and furniture for feeding a multitude.

The basement is used for a dairy, for store-rooms of vegetables and fruits and a depository for various living necessities. These buildings are in perfect condition, clean and neat. Across the road stands a building erected in 1819, a splendid piece of workmanship for the day in which it was built. It is finished in black walnut and is used for a laundry and shoe shop. A little to the south, on the same side of the road, stands the old church, long since abandoned for worship, but whose walls might tell the tale of many a Shaker religious joy. In this building hundreds have participated in the divine service of dancing, a form at which the world has often laughed in derision; but what matters the form and formality, if the heart be right?

The Society has 4,005 acres of the best improved and most fertile land in Warren County. The yield of corn, wheat, oats, hay, vegetables and fruits is splendid. Last year's corn crop was over 5,200 bushels. The stock is fine; great droves of hogs and cattle and splendid horses are raised. The Shakers do no farming themselves, but let the land out to tenants who farm on the shares.

Under the careful management of James Fennessey, the present trustee, the institution has been lifted from its financial embarrassment and is now free from debt. The other officers are Andrew Barrett, Mary Gass, and Climena Minar, who form the ministry. George Baxter is elder.

Union Village is an ideal old folk's home, with its beautiful grounds, fine orchards and splendid farms; its spacious, cheery, richly furnished and equipped buildings well fit it to supply physical needs and comforts and its soothing, restful, pervading quietude. Today the few remaining people of the community, assembling in the chapel for worship, sit

upon the four short rows of chairs, the men on the one side and women on the other, all facing the middle, and sing, pray and speak, much in the fashion of a Methodist prayer-meeting. Here assemblies, perhaps, the most venerable group of worshippers the world has ever known, the average age being about seventy-five years.

These old people are cheery and good. They are liked by all who know them. They go about their tasks with a spirit that is beautiful. They read papers and good books, and love to talk of the noble characters of great men and women. They love the beauties of Nature, and their hearts throb with the joys that beat in the bosoms of purity. In a very few years the story of the Shakers will be a tale of the past. The few that yet remain have donned the silver robe of age, and soon will descend into the darkening shadows of Eternity. When they are gone, there will remain their beautiful home, with its splendid equipment, once filled with the devout faces of men and women who consecrated their lives to God; and there will remain that splendid estate, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

May I presume to wonder what monument will be erected there to Shakerism? May I presume to say what a beautiful memorial it would be, if in their passing, since it is an old folks' home and a religious institution, it should be perpetuated as a home for ordained ministers of the gospel and the wives and widows of such as have grown old in the service, and are no longer able to care for themselves? What a splendid company would be gathered there! What grand reminiscences of consecration would pass in feeble breath, and what devout prayers would ascend from fervent lips! That would inaugurate a fitting and permanent good work, to follow the exit of the last of the Shakers.

# Ohio in Southern California

By Kenneth J. Murdoch

*The present article is the first of an illustrated series to be published by THE OHIO MAGAZINE, reciting the history and usefulness of the many Ohio societies which flourish in various states of the Union. For years Ohioans abroad have evidenced their loyal attachment to the State of their nativity through the establishment and growth of these organizations. Their distinction in this regard surpasses that of citizens from any other American commonwealth, for Ohio societies are by far the most numerous and progressive of all state societies. The series thus introduced will pay deserved tribute to the Ohioan on other than his native soil and will be as interesting to those whom he has left in the old home as to his compatriots abroad.*



IF the individual who was the originator of that old saying, "You can't keep a good man down," live in the present day and age and in Southern California, the chances are that, if he were of an observing nature, he would so amend his words of wisdom that they would read, "You can't keep an Ohio man, or woman, either, in the rear."

Of course, if the said individual were a pessimistic, cynical sort of chap, disgruntled with the world and its ways, he might close his eyes tightly and shut himself up, so that he could not see what is so obvious to those of us who are not averse to using our eyes for their intended purpose.

Even a passing glance by the busiest man shows Ohioans to the fore in our political, commercial, professional and social life everywhere, and in no place is this progressiveness and real worth, so characteristic of the true Buckeye, more in evidence than in Southern California.

Time was, and not so very long ago, when Southern California was looked upon as a rather good sort of place for people who did not enjoy the best of health, or for those mollycoddle folk who are too lazy to move around fast enough to keep warm in the good old winter time. However, some Ohioans whose health was good and who were not lazy, came out,

saw the possibilities that were here and remained to take advantage of the opportunities as only an Ohioan could.

These Ohioans wrote back to their relatives and friends at the old home, and they came out and kept coming, until today there is no State in the Union that is better represented, either in point of numbers or in the character of its representatives, in Southern California than Ohio. There are enough natives of the land of politics in Southern California to make a good-sized city by themselves, and many of them call Los Angeles home. Others are living in some of the nearby towns and still others enjoying life and living literally, if not on, at least by the fruits of the earth in the orange and lemon groves.

Now naturally every Ohioan is justly proud of the fact that he is a Buckeye, and if he is a bit boastful of the State in which he was so fortunate as to first see the light of day it is not to be wondered at. Nor is it strange that, when two or three Ohioans are gathered together, either by accident or design, they immediately begin to talk about the greatness of their native State, so that the organization of an Ohio society by Buckeyes abroad follows as a matter of course.

New York has a very flourishing Ohio Society. So has Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Atlanta, Seattle, Portland

and many another populous city; but it is doubtful that any of these societies are more successful or have a more enthusiastic membership than the Ohio Society of Southern California. This Society is a sturdy youngster in its seventh year, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Today it has a membership of nearly 700, increasing by leaps and bounds. Its success has been so great that the natives of other



LUCIUS M. FALL,

Present President of the Ohio Society of Southern California.

states now living here have organized similar societies, but not one of these organizations has met with the favor that has crowned the Ohio society and everything it has attempted.

It was in the fall of 1900, on October 17, to be exact, that the first meeting of Buckeyes in Southern California was held. It was called to order by L. P. McCarty of San Francisco, a native of Ohio who firmly believed that the Southern Cali-

fornia Buckeyes should be organized. It was explained that a number of native Ohioans had talked over the feasibility of organizing a society and decided that it was time to call a meeting and take some action. Professor J. M. Guinn was called to the chair and presided over the meeting.

The matter of organization was talked over at length, and it was the unanimous opinion of those in attendance that an association should be formed. The question of a charter was taken up, and 213 persons signified their desire to become charter members. A charter was duly obtained, and at a meeting held November 17, the constitution and by-laws were formally adopted and an organization effected.

The object of the society is, in the words of the constitution, "to promote social and fraternal relations among its members; to collect and distribute information concerning the States of Ohio and California and their people; to make welcome visiting Buckeyes to our State, and to co-operate with other organizations in their efforts to advance the interests of Southern California."

All white persons over 18 years of age, natives of Ohio or residents therein for five years or longer, are eligible to membership, and members are to be found throughout Southern California.

Meetings of the Society are held the first Tuesday evening of each month, and so popular are these meetings and so rapidly has the attendance grown that it has been necessary, within the last few months, to change the place of meeting from the Woman's club house to the big auditorium of the Fraternal Brotherhood building, in order to accomodate all who attend.

All Ohioans, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to these meetings, which are most delightful affairs. There is usually a short program of music and recitations and often times an address by some Buckeye who has attained particular fame. Sometimes the speakers are residents of Southern California, and sometimes Buckeyes who are merely sojourning here for the time being. Then after the program refreshments are served, old acquaintances renewed, new ones made, and sometimes there is dancing.

Especial effort is always made to invite visiting Ohioans to these meetings, and many a tourist who has been a bit homesick for the sight of a familiar face and



GENERAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

the sound of a "home" voice has thus found new friends who knew old mutual friends in Ohio, and the cordiality of his welcome has driven all thought of homesickness from his mind.

Every summer the Society has at least two outings. Last summer they were at Venice and Naples, with more than 600 persons in attendance each time. At the Naples outing the Society members and their friends were the guests of Messrs. A. M. and A. C. Parsons, natives of Chardon, Geauga county, Ohio, who conduct one of the largest real estate businesses in Los Angeles and are the founders of the City by the Sea.

In addition to the social feature of the Society, a register is kept at the office of the secretary, of all members, the part of Ohio they came from, when they came, and their Southern California addresses. A register is also kept of all Buckeyes, tourists as well as permanent residents, who care to leave their names. These registers have been of much assistance to

more than one Ohioan who was seeking to locate old friends who had come to California. They have also been most helpful in tracing Ohioans for inquiring relatives and friends at home.

A perusal of these registers is most interesting. The membership register shows but eleven of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio unrepresented. The eleven are: Ashland, Hancock, Madison, Mercer, Ottawa, Perry, Pike, Tuccarawas, Van Wert, Vinton and Williams.

Hamilton county has the largest representation, with seventy-eight former residents enrolled. Cuyahoga comes next, with fifty-five. Then Franklin, with thirty, Butler twenty-four, Warren twenty-two, Stark twenty-one, Columbiana nineteen, Clark seventeen, Trumbull sixteen, Lorain fifteen; Ashtabula and Wayne fourteen each; Crawford, Montgomery, Muskingum and Washington, thirteen each; Highland and Lucas, twelve each; Jefferson, ten; Clinton, Knox, Preble and



LEE C. GATES,  
Fourth President of the Ohio Society.

Summit, nine each; Belmont, Brown, Darke, Miami and Richland, eight each; Clermont, Fairfield, Geauga, Huron, Lake, Morgan, Pickaway, Ross, Sandusky and

Seneca, seven each; Champaign, Delaware, Erie, Guernsey, Lawrence and Mahoning, six each; Coshocton, Licking, Medina, Portage and Scioto, five each;



W. G. TANNER,  
Treasurer of the Ohio Society.

Adams, Defiance, Gallia, Greene, Harrison, Noble, four each; Allen, Athens, Fayette, Logan, Meigs, Monroe, Putnam, Union and Wyandot, three each; Carroll, Fulton, Hardin, Hocking, Morrow and Shelby, two each; Auglaize, Henry, Holmes, Jackson, Marion, Paulding and Wood, one each.

On both the members' and the visitors' register are names that are known not only the country over but throughout the civilized world, for there are few famous Ohioans who visit Southern California for any length of time who do not find their way to the secretary's office and register.

The Ohio Society of Southern California first became well known to the other residents of Los Angeles on May 8, 1901, when it gave a reception in honor of the late Governor Nash, which was one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever given here. Then on May 9, 1903, it again came before the public eye with a big reception for the Cleveland Grays,

and now it is always consulted whenever there is anything special going on of interest to Ohioans.

Much of the success of the organization is undoubtedly due to the able officers who have guided its affairs ever since it was formed. Its first president, S. P. Mulford, is a prominent attorney, who hails from Cincinnati, and who has always taken a very active interest in the welfare of the Society. Mr. Mulford was ably assisted during the first year of the Society's existence by Prof. J. M. Guinn, first vice-president; Charles Cassatt Davis, second vice-president; Judge D. K. Trask, third vice-president; J. H. Phillips, secretary, and Walter C. Durgin, treasurer.

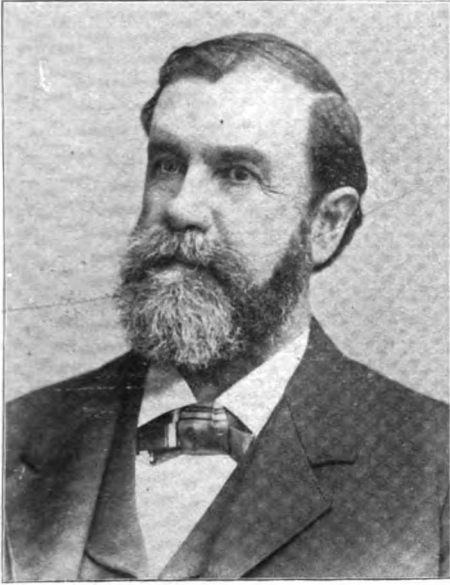
The second and third terms of the presidency were filled by Mr. Abner L. Ross, who was born in Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, in 1832. Mr. Ross was in the hotel business for forty-five years, coming here from Chatanooga, Tenn., in 1898. He started the Hotel Rosslyn here, but a little



NEWTON J. SKINNER,  
President of the Bank of Southern California.

over a year ago sold it to the Hart Brothers, who came to California from Farmington, Trumbull county, Ohio, and now conduct both the Rosslyn and Natick

hotels. Mr. Ross also owned the Hotel Casa del Mar at Long Beach until a few weeks ago, but is now engaged in the real estate business.



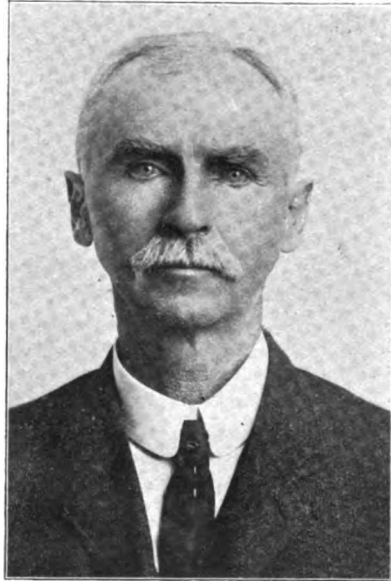
ABNER L. ROSS,  
Second and Third President of the Ohio Society.

To Mr. Ross, Los Angeles is indebted in a large measure for the host of summer visitors it now has each year from Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Old Mexico, as he was the prime mover in starting the summer travel of the mining men and ranchers toward Southern California.

The fourth president was Mr. Lee C. Gates, a product of Preble county, Ohio, having been born there in 1856. Mr. Gates studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced for some time in Dayton. Twenty-two years ago he took the advice of Horace Greeley and started west. He stopped on reaching Kansas and remained there seven years, then coming to Southern California. He has been most successful in his chosen profession here and at present is attorney for the Title Insurance and Trust Company. Mr. Gates has taken an active part in politics here and last fall was the mayoralty candidate on the Non-Partisan ticket, making a most creditable run.

An educator, Professor J. H. Francis, followed Mr. Gates in the president's chair. Preble county also has the honor of being Prof. Francis' natal place, he having been born at Greenbush in 1867. He began his career as a pedagog in Ohio, coming here in 1896 to be the head of the commercial department of the Los Angeles High School. After that he was principal of the Los Angeles Commercial High School, which was merged into the Polytechnic High School, of which he is now the principal. "Poly High," as it is known, has the reputation of being one of the best schools of its kind in the country and has an enrollment in the day school of 2,000 pupils, and in the night school of 1,279.

Mr. Lucius M. Fall succeeded Professor Francis and is still serving as president of the Society. Like Mr. Gates and Prof. Francis, Mr. Fall is a native of Preble county, where he grew up on a farm, attending the district school during the winter months. Afterwards he com-



A. M. DUNCAN, M. D.,  
Present Secretary of the Ohio Society.

pleted his education at Otterbein University and the University of Michigan, graduating from the law department of the last named. He first practiced in Central



Kansas, where he became one of the leading advocates, serving as prosecuting attorney for four years. Mr. Fall has been in Los Angeles five years, and is meeting with equal success at the bar here. He is very enthusiastic over the Ohio Society, and is determined that many new members shall be added before his administration is ended.

Mr. W. H. Gilbert, a native of Hamilton county, is the first vice-president of the Society; Mrs. N. C. Dean, second vice-president; Dr. A. M. Duncan, who first saw the light of day in Crawford county, in 1850, but has called Los Angeles "home" for some time, is secretary, and Mr. W. G. Tanner is treasurer.

Mr. Tanner was born in Dayton in 1850, and lived there until ten years ago, when he came to Los Angeles on a vacation and liked the country so well that he has never gone back. He has been connected with the Dollar Savings Bank for four years and is now its cashier.

Among the members of the Society there are few who are better known than General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times—once a Buckeye, now a Californian. General Otis was born near Marietta, February 10, 1837. He grew up a farmer's boy, with only a "log-house education." He began his political career by serving as a delegate from Kentucky to the National Republican Convention of 1860, when he cast his vote for the first nomination of Lincoln. He served as a soldier and officer throughout the War of the Rebellion, taking part in fifteen actions, was twice wounded and frequently promoted, finally reaching the grade of lieutenant-colonel by brevet "for gallant and meritorious services throughout the war." Thirty-three years later he served in the war against Spain as a general officer, gaining honor and distinction, and retiring as brevet major-general "for meritorious conduct at the battle of Calocan, March 25, 1899."

General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, is credited with this remark: "Few men ever become distinguished in even one line of endeavor, but General Otis is both a great soldier and a great editor."

In 1865 General Otis entered journalism

on a small scale at Marietta, Ohio, and at the legislative session of 1866-67 he was official reporter of the State House of Representatives, after which he became foreman of the Government printing office and later was chief of division in the United States Patent office. He removed from Washington to California in 1876 and took editorial charge of a daily newspaper at Santa Barbara. In 1882 he assumed editorial management of the Los Angeles Times, then an infant, but now one of the most widely known newspapers in the entire field of journalism and a conspicuous financial success. For fully a quarter of a century it has devoted itself to the development and upbuilding of California Del Sur. The Times is recognized throughout the country as the foremost, the boldest, the most aggressive and the most persistent champion of the open shop. Throughout nearly all his journalistic career General Otis was continually aided by his noble, loyal and brilliant wife, a native of Lowell, Ohio, whose editorial, poetical and other contributions to The Times went far toward making it. Mrs. Eliza A. Otis died November 12, 1904, and sleeps in Hollywood cemetery, where a chime of twelve unique memorial bells sounds the praises of her name.

In the financial world of Los Angeles, the Society is ably represented by Mr. Newton J. Skinner, whose birthplace was Northfield, Cuyahoga county. After leaving Ohio he lived in Iowa, Texas and New York, coming here, two years ago, to organize the Bank of Southern California, of which he is now president.

Ex-Mayor Owen McAleer, who has just completed a term as the city's chief executive, is a Buckeye, coming from down in the Mahoning Valley, near Youngstown.

The Society is very proud of Judge D. K. Trask, born in Cincinnati in 1860, who has recently stepped down from the bench of the Superior Court, having refused to be a candidate for re-election.

A Buckeye living in Los Angeles who has not yet joined the Society, but in whom the Society is greatly interested, and who is expected to become a member if he decides to remain here permanently, is one who is known the world over—Major-General Adna R. Chaffee. Gen-

eral Chaffee came into this world at Orwell, Ashtabula county, April 14, 1842, and his education was obtained in the district schools of southern Ash'abu'a and northern Trumbull counties. It was at Warren, the county seat of Trumbull county, that he began his career as a soldier, enlisting there as a private on July 22, 1861. After serving throughout the Rebellion, he continued in the army, finally becoming its head. Shortly after being retired, having reached the age limit, a little over a year ago, he came to Los Angeles and expects to remain here at least a year longer, and possibly permanently. The General and Mrs. Chaffee, as well as their charming daughter, are very popular in society.

There are in Los Angeles hundreds of Ohio people whose names are not on the rolls of the Society, but there are few of them who have not attended at least one meeting of that organization, or who have not availed themselves of the use of its registers to get trace of people they knew "back East."

Every Buckeye receives a royal welcome from the Ohio Society of Los Angeles and all visitors are urged to make themselves known to its officers and members.

"Auld acquaintance" is not easily forgotten by the Buckeyes of Southern California, and the mere fact that you are a Buckeye makes you the "auld acquaintance" of every other Buckeye in the Land of Sunshine.

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## TO A MORNING GLORY.

Not only "glory of the morn'g,"  
But also of the day  
Is thy fair face, embodiment  
Of purity alway.

Thou hast not fragrance — subtle charm —  
But thy sweet innocence,  
Which makes thee seem as just from heav'n,  
Is more than recompense.

When opened are the golden gates  
Of dawn, thy wond'ring eyes  
Unclose upon the teeming world  
With look of mild surprise;

And, heedless of the sun or shower,  
Or winds, in bower and glade  
Thou bloomest all the livelong day,  
As in the dewy shade.

And when the evening comes thy heart  
Is softly folded up,  
Secure from wanton gaze or harm  
Within thy petaled cup.

'Tis thus that Nature marks life's close.  
As e'er with pure in heart,  
Thy spirit sweet is shut in His  
Whose constant care thou art.

— CHARLES KINNEY.

# SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

*Synopsis — The preceding and first installment of "Snowbird," in the June number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, related the adventure of Major Hawley and Captain Cameron, officers in a voluntary cavalry command stationed near Pisga church in the Tennessee mountains, with a band of guerrillas. The events which occurred at the home of the Widow Catlin, where Malvina, the poor mountain girl, had her first glimpse of Captain Cameron, culminated in bringing the central figure of the drama to the Captain's quarters within the Union lines. A lapse of time now brings the scenes of the present and succeeding chapters to a period ten years later. New characters are introduced and the old re-appear.*

## CHAPTER II.



It was April, 1874, that Arthur Hawley went to Knoxville, Tenn. Had it been September, 10 years would have passed since the father, Major Egbert Hawley, and Captain Cameron fought Lige Evans' band of guerrillas at the cabin of Widow Catlin.

Young Hawley had been directed to go to the home of Jack Fallis, the mountaineer who had taken part in the stormy event. He had secured a berth on the through Pullman to Knoxville, and was hoping he might have the entire section to himself, when there appeared at his side a short, heavy-set man, whose first remark proclaimed him a native of that portion of the United States lying south of the Ohio River.

"Beg pardon, suh, but I will have to share this section with you," said the man.

Hawley made room for him, and, after a few remarks of a general character, the stranger requested an exchange of cards.

"With pleasure, sir," replied the young man, well pleased to show a card bearing the names of those eminent lawyers, Beverly Wade and Joseph Hawley. The gentleman from the South read aloud:

HAWLEY, WADE & HAWLEY,  
Attorneys,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I take it your name is Hawley. I know Beverly Wade."

"My name, as you see, is Joseph Arthur Hawley, junior member of the firm of Hawley, Wade & Hawley."

The card the young man received read:

YANCEY EVERETT,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Knoxville, Tenn.

"I am pleased to know you are from Knoxville, Mr. Everett, I am going there."

"You are a very young man to be a partner of such an eminent jurist as Beverly Wade," said Everett.

"I am a member because my uncle, Joseph Hawley, wished me to be associated with him. But for him I should be in business with my father. Have you ever met my uncle?"

"I have not, suh," replied Mr. Everett coldly. Presently he said: "There are very few men in my part of the country who have not heard of your uncle, even though they have not met him!"

"Yes," replied Hawley vaguely.

"We know your uncle as a politician, as an enemy of our people. He is a very intense partisan, suh, very intense."

"We are likely to have a storm," replied the young man, after a pause. "It is lightning in the West." Hawley saw the drift of the conversation, and was wise enough to know that an argument with an

impetuous Southerner was a profitless pastime.

Mr. Everett, however, was not interested in the weather, and, after finding the cuspidor, turned to Hawley and asked, "Are you coming to our country on a political mission?"

"Politics in Tennessee does not interest me particularly," replied Hawley.

"I'm rather glad for your sake that you are not," Everett said.

"I beg to assure you that, if I had occasion to go to your part of the country upon matters political, I would not fail to go." Hawley's smile was not particularly friendly.

"That's all right, young man. I admire your grit more than your politics."

"You will recall that I have not attempted to inflict my political views upon you."

"You have not, suh, and we may as well drop the subject. It is surprising, however, how they breed 'em up in your state," Everett remarked, musingly.

"I beg your pardon, I did not catch your meaning," Arthur said.

"The main crop of Ohio, as we see it, is—politicians, and largely of the Republican persuasion." Everett smiled good-naturedly.

"The opposition crop has never been an entire failure in Tennessee has it?"

"Not entirely," replied Everett, "but we are drifting back into politics. Now, without seeking to be impertinent, may I ask you if legal business is calling you to our part of the country?"

"Yes, and I must confess it is my first case," Hawley answered.

"That is interesting, and if it is your first case and I can be of use to you, you are at liberty to command me," said the Southern attorney.

Arthur then told how his father had campaigned in the mountains south of Knoxville during a part of 1864, and how he fought guerrillas at the cabin of Mrs. Catlin and came near being killed by an outlaw or ranger named Evans. The young man then entered into the details of the purchase of timber lands situated near a country church named Pisgah.

During the recital, Mr. Everett showed great interest and asked questions concern-

ing those who were present on the occasion of the fight.

"Are you from that part of Tennessee?" asked the young man.

"I am a Virginian by birth, and came to Knoxville after the surrender. However, I know a number of the mountain people, and my wife was born near Pisga'," said Everett.

"Do you know Jack Fallis?" Arthur asked.

"I know Fallis well, and Mrs. Catlin, too," he said. "You spoke about a girl being with Mrs. Catlin and who, in some manner, aided in the escape of your father."

"A very brave young woman. My father bade me inquire for her, but I have forgotten the name. Fallis will doubtless remember."

"My wife, when a gal, lived near there, and I was wondering if she might not have been the one," Everett said.

"I recall her Christian name," Hawley said, after a pause. "It is Malvina—"

"The hell, it is," cried Everett excitedly. "Now, do you know that is the style of woman my wife is?"

"Your wife?"

"Yes, suh, my wife."

"There is my hand, Mr. Everett. Let me congratulate you. I am more than pleased to meet the husband of the young woman who dared much to help save the life of my father."

The Virginian grasped the extended hand, and said: "Yes, suh, I married the gal and never had cause to regret it. She is quiet at times and queer, but she is a loyal woman. I am proud that your father has spoken so kindly of her. I do not know him, but I am sure he is a most chivalrous gentleman."

Arthur Hawley congratulated himself that he had not mentioned the affection the girl had shown Captain Cameron. The husband might not have been told of the episode.

"And it is Lige Evans who is living on your land, you think?" asked Everett, who had been silent some time.

"A man named Evans is living on the property, and my father is of the opinion that it is the Evans he fought in '64."

"Your story interests me very much, and

when we reach Knoxville, I must present you to Mrs. Everett," said the lawyer.

"I shall be most pleased to meet her, and, by the way, when I left home, the firm insisted that I should secure the assistance of an attorney if the man attempts to resist my order to move. Now, if it is the Evans of the war days I am to meet, I shall, perhaps, need more physical force than legal. You are familiar with the situation, however, and know the people, so I beg you will assist me in this case."

"You have only to command me," Everett replied.

"Shall we adjourn to the smoker?" Arthur asked. "Do you smoke?"

"I chew and smoke, most Virginians do, I reckon, and I'll join you with pleasure."

When they had lighted their cigars, Yancey said: "I must tell you about the first time I met my wife."

"I shall be interested in the story."

"Our first meeting was rather peculiar"—and there was a reminiscent smile upon the homely face—"but Mrs. Everett is a peculiar woman. Most women are not able to meet an emergency. It is in a crisis that my wife, Malvina, rises to the situation. When it comes to getting up a square meal there are times she falters—there ain't excitement enough about it. At the time I refer to," he continued, "I was called up to the mountains to try a case before a justice named Peters; and, by the way, he is still a justice there. In the midst of my argument, a girl come into the court room and asked the justice to arrest a young man by the name of Dave Wilson, whom, she claimed, had stolen her revolver. The squire tried to hush her up until the case was over, but she would talk. I told the squire I would give way to the lady, and referred to Wilson as a thief. Just then a tall young man, with an ugly glitter in his eyes, came up to me and said: 'Yuh called me a thief; I reckon I'll make yuh eat them words.'"

"'He'll eat nothing he don't want,' said the girl as she came to my side. When the court was over she made me go home with her, saying Wilson would kill me on the road somewhere. I must stay all night at her home, and start early in

the morning so that he would not know when I left. When I got to her home, which was a log cabin with two little rooms, I got to thinking that such a girl wouldn't be a bad sort of companion for a lonely fellow like me, and when she came in and saw me sitting by the open window she said sharply, 'Git out o' thar, yuh wouldn't make a purty corpse nohow.'

"'How would I do for a husband,' says I.

"'Yuh mought do, I reckon,' says she.

"I knew it was crowding matters, but I asked her then and there if she would have me.

"'Ef you want me,' she answered rather sadly, I thought. Then she moved my chair away from the window and out of the range of Dave Wilson's gun.

"'We don't need wait long,' I said.

"'I 'low the Squire's gone ter baid now,' she answered.

### CHAPTER III.

The afternoon of their arrival in Knoxville was spent by Mr. Everett and Arthur in going over the case. There was not much to do, but the papers Hawley brought were gone into that each might be familiar with the situation.

That evening Arthur called upon Mrs. Everett. She was expecting him and greeted him with an easy grace he did not anticipate. It could not be said that Mrs. Everett was a handsome woman, but there was about her that indefinable something men accept and Arthur knew he liked her—liked her from the moment she said: "Eyes like yuh father's only biggah."

It was a low monotone that was restful. Some voices thrill, some put the nerves on edge, while others soothe. The young man thought he should like to hear her talk of those days in '64.

Malvina did not touch upon the adventure at Mrs. Catlin's that day, and Arthur did not deem it wise to bring it up. Arrangements were made for a ride about the city and environs to view grounds made famous by the events of the civil war.

"Yuh will come to see me often," she said, holding his hand as he took his leave.

"So often you will weary of me," he said.

"Come and see," she replied.

The next morning was unusually warm for the time of year, but the team was waiting in front of Yancey Everett's home and Mrs. Everett was waiting also when Arthur and her husband put in an appearance. Mr. Everett was greatly disappointed but business prevented him from going that morning and he urged his wife and Arthur to go without him.

"There is much that will interest you," he said, "and I want you and Mrs. Everett to get acquainted."

Arthur introduced commonplace subjects of conversation at first, but Malvina replied vaguely. Finally, when they had reached the country and were looking to the southward from the top of a hill, he asked, "Where did you live when you met my father and—"

"And that other one?" she broke in.

"Yes, that other one," Arthur said.

"It was way off that a-way," and Malvina pointed toward a distant, wooded knob over which a soft cloud hung as a white plume on the cap of the mountain. "How beautiful it is off there," he said.

"Yes, but so lonesome," Malvina answered slowly, "so lonesome since that time at Saray Catlin's."

"You have not forgotten the dinner at Mrs. Catlin's, I see?"

"Could I ever forget?" she asked in a weary monotone.

Silently Arthur watched the landscape, feeling that the conversation was drifting into that past which the wife of Yancey Everett might prefer to forget.

"Did yuh father tell yuh all about that day?" she asked presently.

"Yes."

"Did he say I was a fool about that other one?"

"He did not," Arthur replied promptly.

"But I was. I was a fool—I am yit sometimes—only sometimes—when in the dark I look out and see a star 'way up yander. Then I whisper to myself: 'It's a-lookin' down on him, it's a-lookin' down on him.' Sometimes in the dark I feel his hands a-holdin' mine as he did that day."

"I see you have not forgotten." There was pity in his voice.

"I know I ortent say this to a livin' soul—not even ter myself fer he is good to me, Yancey Everett is. I keef fer him, too. Shorely I couldn't live with him ef I didn't, but some way it ain't just the same. Did yuh ever feel when some one was whisperin' ter yuh as ef yuh soul wuz startin' ter fly away—yuh war so happy. I wuz that a-way then. Mr. Everett ain't a-mounting man, or I couldn't a-married him. I hate the ways of the mounting people. No saft whisperin' when the moon is a-lookin' down through the pines. No love growin' slow and sweet, like the maple buds comin' in Spring. They jist ax yuh, brutal like, ter marry."

Malvina recalled how a mountaineer, over whose weak chin and straggling beard a brown rivulet was flowing, once stood beside her in the cabin door and said: "I sort o' like yuh, Malviney, but I'm goin' ter wah. Ef I come back we mought marry." She remembered how he walked slowly away, buttoning tightly a coarse gray coat, a coat that was afterward stained with blood at Shiloh Church.

Life had been uneventful for the hungering girl until Captain Cameron had said: "I will not forget you." Then he had gone away, and long after the days seemed to have no mornings. In the midst of that loneliness Yancey Everett came. The mountain pines were ever whispering, and she had caught their low murmur—"He is gone; he is gone."

"I orter keep this ter myself," she said after long silence. "I do, only I couldn't help tellin' yuh all. Don't yuh know thar's things you must tell or yuh suffer torment. I couldn't tell Yancey—it would hurt him—po' Yancey. I'm a tellin' yuh, case yuh father was with him, and some-thin' about yuh makes me tell. I never seemed ter notice eyes," she continued, "till his looked inter mine. Did yuh ever see his big, black, flashin' eyes?"

"No," he replied softly.

"Gawd pity me, they air a-lookin' all the time, an' they won't look away—even when Yancey married me they kept a-lookin'."

#### CHAPTER IV.

The man you wish to see is in the city today," Mr. Everett said, when Arthur

called at his office after the ride. Yancey accompanied Arthur to the hotel, where they found a rugged mountaineer seated in an easy chair looking out upon the street.

"This is the gentleman of whom I spoke, Mr. Fallis. He came here on business and wishes to see you," Yancey said, but he had not mentioned the name of the young man.

"Howdy, I'm proud to meet yuh suh," and Fallis extended a muscular hand.

"I have been desirous of meeting you, not only upon the business that brought me to Tennessee, but to know one who fought side by side with my father ten years ago," said the young man, who smiled genially as he saw the puzzled look upon the face of the mountain man.

"I reckon yuh got the best o' me, young man, but that don't signerfy—ef I knowed yuh father an' fit with him—I reckon his son kin count on me, as far as I'm able ter go."

"You are just as I imagined you would be," Arthur replied.

"I 'low I didn't git yuh name. Ef yuh told me, Yancey, I've done fergot."

"This is Mr. Hawley of Ohio. His home is in Cincinnati. We met on the train when I was coming home from a business trip to that city," Everett explained.

"Hawley, Hawley," Jack repeated.

"You remember my father, Major Hawley, do you not," said Arthur.

"As ef I could fergit him. An' yuh air Major Hawley's son?"

"Yes," and Arthur extended his hand again. This time the great, strong, brown hand closed over one that was slim and white. "I was a shrivelled sort of thing," Arthur explained afterward, "and he did not know that the tears in my eyes were not joy tears at meeting him."

"Ef I understood Yancey, yuh air here on business, but yuh mean ter come an' see me, don't yuh?"

"My father said it would be necessary to see you, Mr. Fallis, and it was my intention to go to your home this week. Perhaps now that I have met you—"

"What's that?" Fallis asked in a sort of low rumble. "Air yuh thinkin' that a son of Major Hawley kin come ter Tennessee

and not visit me? I live only 30 miles from here, an' that's merely a good ride on a nice day."

"I have long wished to come to this part of the country, Mr. Fallis; I have desired to visit the mountains, and being here you need not repeat the invitation," Arthur said.

"Now yuh air talkin' sense; we will look fer yuh."

"Can you tell whether it was Lige Evans who once fought my father, who lives on that tract of land the Blairs used to own?" Arthur asked.

"Yes, it is Lige, and he is sellin' the timber. I sort o' acted agent fer the widder Blair an' sold that timber to yuh father and others up thar," Fallis said.

"I have come to request Evans to leave the premises."

"I am glad ter hear that, but the best way to get Lige to move is ter move him off in a coffin. Thar is no argument so convincing to Lige as a gun.

"He is just as dangerous and ugly as he used to be, I suppose," Arthur said.

"He don't improve much," Jack replied.

"We may have trouble with Lige. Mr. Hawley wishes me to assist him, and we will likely go up there together," said Yancey.

"I'll be waitin' fer yuh, an' when yuh come, bring Malviney with yuh."

"That reminds me that you two must come to my house and stay all night," Yancey urged.

"What's the use in mussin' of Malviney's baid's?" asked Jack. "My name is thar on the book an' I mought as well git all that's comin' when I hev to pay fer it. We'll fix it this way," continued Jack: "tell Malviney we'll come over arter supper an' talk till baid time."

With that arrangement Mr. Everett was content. Perhaps he remembered telling Arthur there were times when she faltered—getting up a square meal.

Arthur observed in the lobby of the hotel a well-dressed man whom he recalled seeing in the Pullman as they came down. He wore a tall silk hat that was replaced by a silk cap when he was finally seated. Yancey Everett had called his attention to the expanse of cranium and rim of dark

hair by saying: "That's quite a deadening."

Presently the stranger approached the group and asked if Mr. Fallis was not one of them. Jack bowed and the gentleman proceeded. "I am in the lumber business in Chicago and contemplate putting up a mill or two in this country if we can make a deal for timber."

"I think we kin fix yuh as far as timber goes," said Jack when they were seated. They were discussing lumber at the supper table later and Yancey was with them.

"I'll look fer yuh not later than Thursday," said Jack as he rode away the next morning.

The gentleman from Chicago accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Everett and Arthur to the mountains. He and Yancey occupied the front seats, leaving Malvina and Arthur together. The lumber dealer, Clay M. Caine, and Yancey indulged in an animated discussion upon the value of mountain timber lands. Malvina and Arthur said little, for she was looking away toward the mountains and he imagined he knew of whom she was thinking.

Presently they heard Mr. Caine say, "my partner, Captain Cameron, is coming in a short time and I will go back to Chicago."

Malvina started violently and Arthur saw the wave of red that came and receded. Her eyes sought his a moment and then she steadily stared at the mountains again. "You are not saying much, Malvina," Mr. Everett remarked.

"I'm jes' a-listenin'," she answered.

At last they drew near the mountains and Malvina pointed to a desolate mountain side on which stood a lonely cabin. "Over thar is whar I was born," she said.

"We are not far from Fallis' now," Mr. Everett announced.

An abrupt turn in the road brought them in sight of a house much more pretentious than any they had seen since leaving the city. The place showed evidence of thrift and care and was not a mere patch upon the mountain side, as were most homes in that part of the country. Mr. Everett had quaintly alluded to these as "scabs on the lips of the mountains."

"He is waiting for us," Malvina said

as they observed Jack waving his wide-brimmed hat; awaiting the coming of his guests as eagerly as a boy to greet his playmates.

Fallis led the way to a wide-spreading walnut tree around the trunk of which was built a rustic seat. There were heavy chairs also, made of hickory poles bent and fashioned into storm-defying seats that were restful.

"I reckon it's more comfortable here than in the house," Fallis said as they were seated in the grateful shade. Arthur thought it pleasant. From the nearby orchard were wafted odors "sweeter than the perfumes of Araby the blest," he said to himself.

"Jack, this is comfort, sure enough," said Yancey as he let the south wind lift and toss about the curling locks that were beginning to turn gray.

Arthur observed a young girl standing in the door intently watching them. Presently she started as if about to join the group, but paused suddenly and looked back.

"What do yuh want?" she asked impatiently.

"Come in heyre this minnit." The voice was that of an aged woman and the young girl retraced her steps reluctantly. The girl had come near enough for Arthur to observe that half hidden under a tangled mass of red-brown hair were large expressive eyes and full red lips which were pouting as she turned away. Arthur was about to ask Jack if the young miss was his niece when he observed coming toward them a young woman of graceful carriage and prepossessing appearance.

"Yuh all know my niece, I 'low, except Mr. Hawley and Mr. Caine." She greeted Yancey and Malvina heartily and took for a moment the outstretched hand of Mr. Caine. Leading her to Arthur, Fallis said: "Lina, this is the son of my good friend, Majah Hawley."

"You are very welcome here." The voice was low and musical.

"Miss Burrell," he said, "the kindly welcome I have received from your uncle and yourself will make the visit a beautiful memory."

Into the fair face there crept a faint



flush and her brown eyes, limpid and soft,  
fell before his ardent gaze.

Over the strong bronzed face of the  
mountaineer a proud smile swept as he  
viewed the picture they presented. He

knew she was handsome in her gown of  
simple white muslin, and Arthur, tall and  
elegant, impressed him as a fit companion  
for his niece.

*(To Be Continued.)*

## PROMISE.

Each side the river, in the sun  
The green fields lie in billowy swells,  
And from the belfries floating down  
The silver voice of village bells;  
The green sward joyously foretells  
The fragrant scent of new-mow hay,  
And, looking through the mists, I see  
The gold that crowns the harvest day.

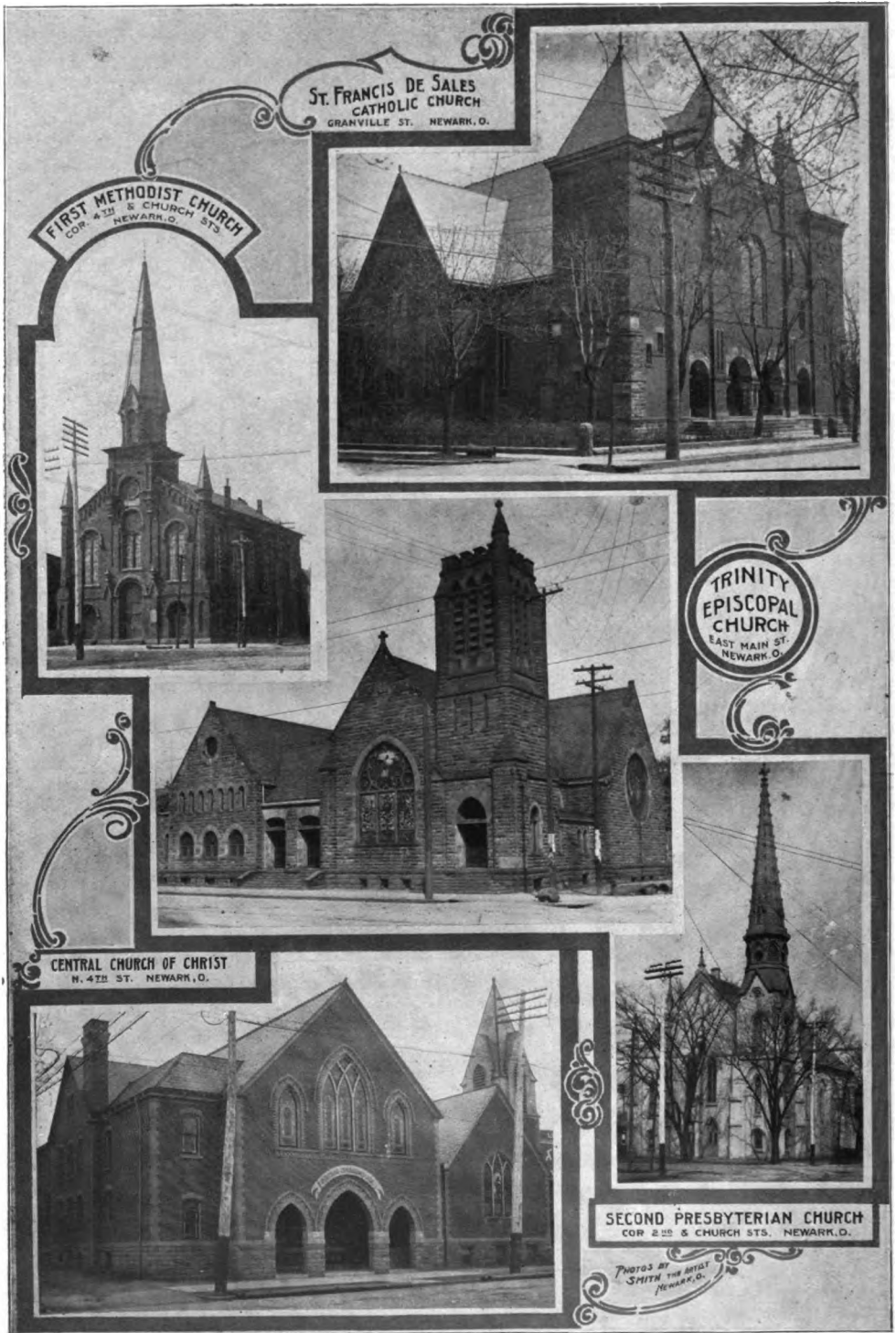
O, joyful Promise! Sun and rain  
Across the furrows come and go;  
The song of Promise, not of Pain,  
Comes on the winnowing winds that blow;  
My sweetheart's cheeks like blossoms glow —  
The sweetest promise hidden there  
Amid the boskage of the spring,  
Resplendent in her beauty rare!

From field and forest, em'rald-crowned,  
Down to the river at our feet,  
There comes a dreamy, joyous sound,  
A soulful music, low and sweet,  
Until our hearts responsive beat;  
And, looking through the light, we see  
The sweet completeness that shall crown  
The rapture of the yet-to-be.

Each side the river, in the sun  
The green fields speak of summer hours,  
The nodding wild-flowers dreaming on  
Of summer warmth and summer showers —  
We, of the opening orange-flowers —  
Until our feet in clover bloom  
Pause, and her ripened lips foretell  
The sweeter promise yet to come.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

The  
City of Newark  
and  
Licking County  
Ohio



TYPICAL CHURCHES OF NEWARK, OHIO.

# The City of Newark and Licking County, Ohio, Historically Considered

By Hon. E. M. P. Brister

Probate Judge of Licking County



WHEN the first permanent white settlement of what is now Ohio was made by General Rufus Putnam and his 'forty-eight Revolutionary associates, where the Muskingum joins the Ohio river, on the 7th of April, 1788, the territory now known as Licking county was a wilderness, filled with wild beasts and wild men. The constant warfare between the white pioneers and the Indian occupants of the land continued, until the Indian hostilities were terminated by the treaty of the Government with the Indians, at Greenville, in 1795. From that time onward a regular tide of emigration began to pour into the fertile and undeveloped forests of Ohio.

The first settlers of what is now Licking County were Elias Hughes and John Ratliff. Ratliff was a nephew of Hughes, and in the spring of 1797, eleven years before Licking County was organized, both the Hughes and Ratliff families came on foot and on pack horses to the mouth of the Licking. The following Spring of 1798 they moved up the Licking and settled on a broad expanse of prairie called the Bowling Green, four miles east of the present city of Newark.

Benjamin Green, a Revolutionary soldier, and his son-in-law, Richard Pitser, came from Maryland, and settled in the Spring of 1800 on Shawnee Run, two miles east of where the north and south forks of the Licking join. The same spring came John Van Buskirk, with his family. In August of that year, Isaac

Stadden and Colonel John Stadden came from Pennsylvania. In September Captain Samuel Elliott and family arrived. From this time on, the tide of emigration poured steadily and swiftly into the new county.

Emigrants from Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, New England, Germany and Wales, settled this county principally, an important settlement being that of the Welsh Hills, which was made in 1802 by David Lewis and David Thomas. The descendants of these pioneer Welshmen are among the leading citizens of the county.

Licking was set off as a county, from Fairfield county, on the first of March, 1808. It derives its name from its principal stream, called by the whites the Licking and by the Indians, Pataskala. The extreme width of the county, north and south is twenty-two and one-half miles, the extreme length, from east to west, being thirty miles. The county is 985 square miles in area, being the second largest county in the State; Ashtabula, the largest, having 700 square miles. The surface is diversified, the eastern half being hilly and the western half level or undulating. The soil, on the whole, is well adapted to agriculture, and Licking has always been noted as being one of the foremost agricultural counties of the State. For many years, too, it was largely devoted to sheep raising, being the first sheep county in Ohio. Nine-tenths of the county lies within the old United States Military district; and a narrow strip of two and

one-half miles, lying along the southern border of the county, is in the old Refugee tract.

Two great improvements ran through Licking county that greatly accelerated its early development. The first was the National Road, or "pike," as it is generally called, from Cumberland, Maryland to Jefferson City, Missouri, which runs through the southern portion of the

scenery, especially in the eastern part, where are the Licking Narrows, where the Licking River has made a cut fifty or sixty feet deep, through the sandstone cliffs, which project along the course of the river in rugged and picturesque outlines. The I. C. and E. Electric Railway, from Newark to Zanesville, follows the Licking River, making a very picturesque route.



HON. E. M. P. BRISTER,

*Probate Judge of Licking County.*

*Photo by Hempsted.*

county, from east to west, and was built about 1825. The Ohio Canal, made about the same time, runs through the county, from east to west, five or six miles north of the pike. The highest portion of the canal, Licking Summit, lies within this county; and great ceremonies took place at the Summit, four miles west of Newark, in 1825, when the first spadeful of earth was removed by Governor St. Clair.

Licking county abounds in picturesque

On one of these cliffs was painted, many years ago, the noted "Black Hand," supposed to have been done by an Indian artist, which was destroyed when the canal was built. Rain Rock, thirteen miles east of Newark, is a beautiful spot, where a stream of water pours constantly over the sharp rocks that project at the height of fifty feet and form the entrance of a small cave. Fallen Rocks, in the same locality, are among the attractions of the county.

visited by many tourists. And, in fact, the scenery of the entire county along the streams of the north and south forks of the Licking River, the Rocky Fork, the Raccoon and the Wakatomica, is very beautiful and picturesque.

Flint Ridge, in the south-eastern part of the county, on a range of high hills, beginning about seven miles south-east of Newark and extending eastward along the cap rocks of the Ridge a distance of some ten miles toward Muskingum, is very interesting. Flint Rock forms the top of this ridge, which for the entire distance is filled with trenches and holes that the aboriginal tribes have left, while for a

Flint Ridge was as valuable to the Indians as coal and iron mines are to men of modern time.

Licking county, long before it was inhabited by the Indian was inhabited by a race of men called the Mound Builders, traces of whose work are still found in many portions of the county. There is a mound on the top of a hill near Granville, which has been in the perfect shape of an alligator. A mile and a half west of Newark, on the Cherry Valley, are a well preserved lot of earth works, built by the Mound Builders, in the form of a military fortification, covering some fifty acres. The grounds are now used by the



LICKING COUNTY COURT HOUSE AND PARK.

*Photo by Smith.*

mile or so, on either side of the Ridge, the chippings and even large amounts of flint and quartz are found. The stone is principally jasper and chalcedony, very beautiful and capable of a high polish; it is found on the surface and at depths varying from three to eighty feet. It is supposed that the aborigines would remove the top earth and build fires on the rock, which cracked and loosened it; the pieces were then removed and dressed by stone mallets to the size and shape for arrow and spear heads, hatchets, etc. Large quantities of these flint chippings have been found hundreds of miles from the Ridge, where they have been carried by their manufacturers. It is supposed that

State for the State military encampment. Circular mounds of earth, of the height of forty or fifty feet, used, it is thought, for signaling from one point to another, or watching the approach of the enemy, are found all over this county.

But the greatest of all these earth works is what is commonly known as the Old Fort, about a mile and a half south-west of Newark and used now as the Licking county fair grounds, also as a resort known as Idlewilde Park. This work consists of a circular wall of earth in the general shape of a horseshoe, about one mile in circumference. This wall of earth is about fifty to seventy-five feet through, at the widest part of the base, and twenty-five

or thirty feet high. Its antiquity may be judged from the fact that huge trees are growing upon the summit of the wall, three feet in diameter, which were undoubtedly planted there after the wall was made, centuries ago. An interesting feature of the remains is the ditch, or moat, that runs around and inside of the wall. It is twenty feet across and twelve or fifteen feet deep, and, when the accumulated debris is removed, the bottom of the ditch is seen to be beautifully paved with cobble stones. Near the center of the large ring of earth is another mound in the general shape of an eagle with outstretched wings, and called the Eagle Mound. In the center of the Eagle Mound an excavation was made some forty years ago, and the remains of an ancient stone altar was found, with charred bones and embers. While this ancient work was originally thought to have been a fort for military purposes, it is now thought that it was a place of religious ceremonies and sacrifices for some great tribe or tribes among the ancient Mound Builders.

Licking county has always been noted for the energy and enterprise of its citizens, who are full of push and "get up." This is evident, even in the early pioneer days, in numerous industries, most of which, in the progress of time, have become extinct. An early industry in Licking county was the Mary Ann Furnace, established at Mary Ann Township, about seven miles east of Newark, about 1825, by David Moore and named in honor of his wife, Mary Ann. At this furnace were made pots, pans and kettles, and the old-fashioned five-plate stove—iron and coal being found at that time within convenient distance. At the present time, coal, especially canal coal, is mined in reasonable quantities in the south-eastern portion of the county. Among larger enterprises of an early day was the old Smith distillery, about two miles east of Newark. This distillery did a large business in the early days, consuming much of the native corn that was raised in the vicinity.

Aaron Vanatta had a stove and plow foundry at Vanattasburg, six miles north of Newark, at an early day and did a

large business. There was a plow factory at Luray conducted by Richard Porter. Three pork-packing establishments were built at Hebron, which enjoyed the advantage of the National Road and canal, long before the railroads were built. Granville contained a foundry and a pork-packing establishment. Near that village Mr. Linnell manufactured a large quantity of mustard. Not far from the mustard factory was a woolen mill which was operated by water. Another pioneer establishment of Newark was the woolen mills conducted by the Wilsons.

A peculiar and anomalous highway was constructed in Licking county at an early date, called the "Plank Road." It was built from Jacksontown, on the National pike, to Newark, a distance of six miles and was a decidedly unique thoroughfare. Logs, or sleepers, were sunk in the soil and to these were firmly spiked large planks, forming a road-way wide enough for teams to pass and much preferable to the almost unfathomable mud-bogs of that early day. As the "plank road" became old, however, and the loose planks flapped up and down at each end, the road possessed decided additional hygienic properties as a liver agitator.

The Licking Reservoir has been and remains a prominent feature of Licking county and the delight of fishermen for generations. It is an artificial body of water, with a small natural lake as a basis, about twelve miles long from east to west and from one to three miles wide, and was constructed as a reservoir for the Ohio canal, when that enterprise was at the height of its usefulness. The Reservoir is the largest artificial body of water in Ohio, containing three thousand acres and has always been the home of the finny tribe, to the delight of all disciples of Isaac Walton. A few years ago the Ohio legislature made the old reservoir a public park and it now rejoices in the name of Buckeye Lake Park. Cottages have been erected, boat houses and hotels and various places of amusement have been built on the lake, which is about ten miles west of Newark and is reached by electric cars of the I. C. & C. Road at all hours during the season, from Columbus, Newark and Zanesville and other points; and the Lake

is one of the most attractive and popular summer resorts in Ohio.

A most important adjunct in the progress of any community is railroad facilities. Newark and Licking county are highly favored in this respect. The old Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark railroad was the first railroad completed to Newark, in 1852, extending from Sandusky to Newark, and is now a part of the Chicago branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The second railroad that came to Newark was the old Central Ohio, which was finished to this point in 1854 and ran to Columbus. It is now jointly leased by the Baltimore and Ohio and the P. C. C. & St. L. roads and forms a link in the chain of both of these western lines. The Newark, Somerset and Straitsville road, now controlled by the B. and O., was completed from Newark to Straitsville about 1875. The old Toledo and Ohio Central, from Toledo to Pomeroy, runs through the western portion of Licking county and was completed about 1872. These various lines give two great trunk lines, the B. & O. and the P. C. C. & St. L. from East to West and afford Newark and Licking county the very best facilities possible for shipping and transportation, at low rates and in all directions. This fact is one of the many reasons why Newark has become such a large and important manufacturing center, as she has transportation facilities equalled by few cities of Ohio.

With the onward march of progress has come the electric road. The I. C. & E. Railroad, originally the C. B. L. & N., is a splendidly built and well-equipped line, running from Zanesville on the east through Newark to Columbus, with a branch to Buckeye Lake and another to the college village of Granville. This splendid road, from the first, has done a large and rapidly increasing business and has been a great promoter of the progress and prosperity of the City of Newark. Another electric road is projected south to Lancaster, and two others north to Mt. Vernon and Mansfield.

In addition to the City of Newark, Licking county boasts of a number of towns, some of them being quite noteworthy. Granville, six miles west of Newark, was settled by a colony of New Eng-

landers, in 1804, from Granville, Mass. Granville has always been an educational center, being the seat of Denison University, the Baptist college of Ohio, established about eighty years ago, and boasting a large number of distinguished alumni, among whom are Dr. Samson Talbot, since president of the University; Dr. William Ashmore, for fifty years missionary to China; Hon. Judson Harmon, attorney General under President Cleveland, and many others. The Granville Female College was a noted Presbyterian institution that flourished for many years under the able management of Dr. William P. Kerr; also the Shepardson Female College, ably conducted for a quarter of a century by Dr. Daniel Shepardson.

Utica is a city of some 2,500 inhabitants, north of Newark on the Chicago branch of the B. & O., which is very prosperous, owing largely to the development of natural gas in that locality. Among other enterprises, Utica has four successful glass factories.

Johnstown is a hustling business town of 1,500 inhabitants in the western part of the county and is the home of the present Congressman, Hon. W. A. Ashbrook and the present State Senator, Hon. W. L. Atwell.

Other flourishing villages in Licking county are Pataskala, Homer, Hebron, Hanover, Hartford, Alexandria, Brownsville, Jacksontown, Kirkersville, Gratiot, Chatham, Etna, Fredonia, Linnville, St. Louisville, Fallsburg, Vanatta and High Water.

Licking county did her duty in the different wars of the country, sending a large quota of volunteers to the War of 1812 and to the Mexican War. In the late Civil War Licking county furnished nearly 4,000 men, being over eighty per cent of the whole number of her male inhabitants capable of bearing arms. There was scarcely a battle of the Civil War in which Licking county blood was not shed. In the late Spanish-American War, too, Licking county furnished several companies of her brave boys in blue, who proved at Santiago and San Juan that they were the worthy sons of noble sires.

The 76th Regiment, in the Civil War, was raised almost entirely in Licking



county, and the three leading officers of the regiment, had remarkable fortunes and were among Licking county's most distinguished products. Charles R. Woods was Colonel of the 76th Regiment. William B. Woods, his brother, was Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment and Willard Warner, brother-in-law, was a major. Charles R. Woods came out of the Civil War a Major General of the United States Army. William B. Woods became a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Willard Warner afterwards became a United States Senator from Alabama.

General Rosencranz, and his brother, Bishop Rosencranz, were raised near the village of Homer, in this county. In the same locality were born and raised Madames Victoria Woodhull and Tennie Claflin.

A remarkable character of the Civil War was a little Newark boy, Johnny Clem by name. Johnnie's parents were German citizens of Newark, who followed market gardening; and little Johnny, who was then nine years old, quite small for his age, used to peddle the vegetables about the town in the primitive days of Newark before the war. Sunday, May 24, 1861, Johnny confided to his father, at the dinner table, that he would like to go to the war and be a drummer boy; but his father laughed at the idea as being a childish whim. That afternoon Johnny started with his little sister and brother to church. Leaving the children at the church, he said he was going swimming. It was a long swim, for that was the last they saw of him for two years. Johnny enlisted first as a drummer boy in the 24th Ohio, afterwards in the 22nd Michigan. He was bright and brave and easily made friends; like Lord Nelson, he didn't seem to know what fear meant. He drummed away through the bloody battles of Shiloh, Chattanooga, Chicamauga and many others, and is now a Lieutenant Colonel in the Regular Army.

Archibald S. White, the multi-millionaire promoter, of New York, is not yet forty years old and is a Newark boy.

In the administration of State affairs, Licking county has furnished one auditor of state, William D. Morgan; and one

secretary of state, Hon. William Bell, Jr.

Licking county has produced several literary celebrities. Herbert Howell Bancroft, the distinguished historian, is a native of this county. Mrs. Helen King Spangler, a Newark girl, wrote "The Physician's Wife." Miss Mary A. Sprague, another Newark girl, sprang into fame as the author of "The Earnest Trifler." Hon. William M. Cunningham, is the noted author of Masonic books. Hon. Isaac Smuckler and Rev. M. M. Hervey were distinguished historians. Dr. C. P. King is a writer of medical treatises. Hon. J. H. Newton wrote a History of the Pan Handle, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who wrote "Lazarre," and other well known works, was a Licking county girl.

#### NEWARK CITY.

Newark, the county seat of Licking, and one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities of Ohio, was laid out in the spring of 1802 by Gen. William Schenck, J. W. Burnett and John M. Cummins, while what is now Licking county was still a part of Fairfield county. General Schenck called the new city after his native place, Newark, N. J. The record of the original plat, which was not recorded until the 18th of March, 1803, says that the new town is laid out in block or squares of twenty-five perches.

The following persons, with their wives, were the entire number of inhabitants in Newark township at that time: Richard Parr, Samuel Elliott, Jr., Henry Clabaugh, James Black, Samuel Parr, Adam Hatfield, Mrs. Catherine Pigg, Abram Miller, James McCalley, Benona Benjamin, James Danner, James Jeffries and Beall Babbs.

Newark was laid out at the confluence of the north and south forks of the Licking, with straight, broad streets, bordered by handsome shade trees, that continue to be its greatest beauty at the present time. In the center of the city is a large public square of four acres, which constitutes a public park, in which the county court house is situated.

The first sale of lots in Newark was to James Jeffries, who purchased out-lot number 3 and lot number 59. The first

cabin erected in Newark was by James Black, on lot 80, where the Warden House now stands, and was called Black's Tavern. Samuel Elliott built the first hewed log house, which stood on lot 79, where the Sprague Wholesale Grocery now stands. The first preaching in Newark was in the Summer of 1803, by the Rev. John Wright, a traveling Presbyterian minister. The late Sarah Haughey was born, December 1802, in Newark, probably being the first person born in the new city.

From 1802 to 1810 Newark consisted of a score or two of log cabins, and the estimated population was about 200; in 1820, 450; in 1860, at the outbreak of the Civil War, 6,750. The census of 1900 gives Newark a population of 18,157. Estimated from the number of school pupils, which is 5,000, and the vote cast in the city last fall, which was over 5,000, the present population is 25,000, and still growing. The vote cast in the county last fall indicated a population of 60,000 in the county.

Newark is a wealthy city and stands fourteen from the head on the list of over a hundred cities of Ohio, with a taxable valuation in 1905 of \$7,609,010. Licking county stands sixteenth from the top in the list of eighty-eight counties, for tax valuation, having an aggregate of nearly \$29,000,000 of property. Newark's prosperity is due, under the providence of God, to several natural causes, namely: The rich agriculture country that surrounds Newark; the great abundance of natural gas that has been developed here, which not only supplies all demands at home for cheap natural fuel but is also shipped in great quantities to other parts of the State; the excellent railroad and other shipping facilities; the general healthfulness of the country, and the fact that Newark has always had live and enterprising citizens, who pushed the town and labored together in harmony for its material and other advancement.

Early manufacturing enterprises of Newark were the old Newark Machine Works, established about 1850 and which manufactured portable engines and saw mills on an extensive scale, until the outbreak of the Civil War. Major Willard

Warner, of the 76th Regiment, O. V. I., afterward United States Senator from Alabama, was at the head of this enterprise. Messrs. Scheidler and McNamar sometime during the Civil War started a repair shop for repairing machinery, which, by a process of evolution, through twenty or thirty years, developed into two large machine works, one now owned by the Scheidler estate and one by the McNamar estate.

Probably the greatest material impetus given to Newark was in 1871, when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad located its large western shops at Newark, and made its general headquarters here. These are the largest shops the road has west of the Allegheny Mountains; and the shop hands employed here and the road men who also live here, number over 3,000, and their pay roll is quite an item in the interests of Newark.

Newark has, in all, about forty large and prosperous industries and manufacturing establishments, only one or two of which shall be casually noticed, as the subject belongs to another article.

The Wehrle Stove Works, in the west end of Newark, is not only the largest stove manufactory established in the world, but three times larger than any other. The buildings alone cover fifteen acres of ground. The works, when running full, employ 3,000 men, and the total output of finished stoves is 1,400 a day.

The E. H. Everett Glass Works is one of the largest establishments of its kind in the United States, being employed exclusively in making bottles. The works and grounds occupy about twenty-five acres of land. Sixteen hundred hands are employed, and the daily output of bottles is now 3,500 gross, which, when the proposed addition to the works is completed, will be about doubled.

Heisey's Glass Works, in the East End, is one of Newark's most important industries, employing 800 men, and manufactures all sorts of fine glass ware, such as candelabra, vases, table ware, etc. It ships its goods to all markets of the world.

There are four banks in the City of Newark — the First National, Franklin National, the Licking County Bank and

Trust Company, and the Newark Trust Company, all well capitalized and upon a sound foundation. The Newark Trust Company has just finished a sky-scraper, ten stories high, the first story of which they will occupy, and of which Newark is justly proud. Mr. Eli Hull begins another sky-scraper next spring.

Newark has three newspapers — *The Advocate*, the democratic organ, established by Benjamin Briggs, in 1820; *The American-Tribune*, the Republican organ, established somewhat later; and the *German Express*, an independent paper established by Mr. Fred Kochendorfer a number of years ago.

One of the most important factors in the advancement of the City of Newark is the very efficient Board of Trade, which was organized in this city about 1886, and at present its officers are as follows: William Prout, president; Carl Norpell, vice president; William C. Wells, secretary; I. M. Phillips, assistant secretary, and Fred C. Evans, treasurer.

The Newark public schools were first started under what is known as the Akron law, in August, 1848. Professor J. D. Simkins, one of the foremost educators in the State, is Superintendent of the public schools and is supported by a corps of 100 able teachers. Over 5,000 pupils are enrolled. There are fifteen large school buildings, of which the High School, with the addition that is now being made, cost about \$130,000.

Newark has always been well supplied with churches. At the present time there are three Methodist, two Catholic, three Presbyterian, two Baptist, two Congregational, two Lutheran, one Episcopal, one Christian, one Christian Science, one Seventh Day Adventist, one Christian Union, one United Brethren, one Welsh Calvinistic and one Colored. Our city also boasts of a beautiful modern Y. M. C. A. building, three stories high, costing in the neighborhood of \$60,000.

Newark is a great headquarters for Fraternal and Brotherhood organizations. At the present time there are two Masonic Lodges in Newark; two Odd Fellows; two Knights of Pythias; one Elks; one each of Eagles, Camels, Foresters, Red men, Modern Woodmen of America, Cath-

olic Knights of St. John, Catholic Knights of Columbus, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Druids, Royal Arcanum, Maccabees, Path Finders, A. O. H., G. A. R., and Women's Relief Corps, United Americans, Knights and Ladies of Security, Yeomen Social Friends, A. I. U., Home Protective Circle, Brotherhoods of Conductors, Engineers, Brakemen and Firemen; and labor and trade councils and union labor organizations of every kind. The Knights of Pythias are about to erect their own Castle Hall, at a cost of about \$100,000.

Newark has electric road, as before stated, to Columbus, Zanesville, Granville and Buckeye Lake; miles of paved streets; two systems of water works, one of which the city is now building; electric lights, etc., and her public buildings are among the finest in the State.

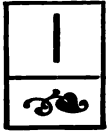
The court house cost a quarter of a million of dollars. The Licking County Children's Home is considered one of the model Children's Homes in the State. The county jail is a large stone structure, costing \$100,000. The Newark Auditorium was built at a cost of \$200,000, in honor of the soldiers of Licking county, and is capable of seating 1,600 people. The Orpheum is a popular priced theatre.

Newark looks back with pride and thankfulness over a happy and prosperous history of over a hundred years. And she looks forward, with faith and hope, to even greater prosperity and progress in the century to come. Favored with so many natural advantages and such abundant material facilities, and the seat of so many large and growing industries, her prosperous and successful past can only be the herald of a still more prosperous and successful future.

In addition to her business prosperity, Newark prides herself upon being an ideal home city. Here the surroundings of Nature are beautiful and the climate is extremely healthful. All the best advantages of city life are found here, without the disadvantages. So, in addition to the unsurpassed opportunities for employment and the investment of capital that Newark affords, it is an ideal place for a home; and, after all, home is the crowning thought of human life.

# INDUSTRIAL NEWARK

By C. H. Spencer



IN considering the industrial conditions of the city of Newark, Ohio, one's ideas are apt to formulate themselves in large terms. Even in a plain and unvarnished resume of data it may be stated without question that here is located the largest stove foundry in the

all over the world, a car manufactory that provides trolley cars for nearly every state in the Union, a machine company with an extensive foreign market and railroad shops with a monthly pay roll of \$142,000, besides a large number of thriving industries of lesser magnitude.

The fact that so many industries of



C. H. SPENCER.

*Photo by Ema Spencer.*

world, the largest glass bottle factory in the world, the largest halter factory in the world, the largest cigar factory in Ohio, a table glass factory that ships its products

such varied character have selected Newark for their field of operations makes the conclusion self-evident that here must be found extraordinary advantages. And the

secret stands revealed when it is further stated that Newark has the largest gas field in the country, that it is a near neighbor to the extensive coal fields of Ohio, that it has a fine water supply and that its shipping facilities are unexcelled, being located on two important trunk lines, with a third, two miles distant, and inter-urban roads leading in three directions, with almost positive assurance of the immediate construction of a fourth.

That Newark is beautifully and healthfully located, with a rapidly awakening spirit of civic improvement, may not be a

the same; if at any time bottle making should be checked, there are the immense car shops and B. & O. railway shops to supply Newark with dollars. Fifteen of Newark's leading industries have a monthly pay roll of \$427,000, the five largest paying to workmen every thirty days more than \$350,000.

Every one of Newark's numerous factories is characterized by a busy activity; all of them are expanding. Today, shortly after the completion of a foundry having twenty-two acres of floor space, Newark is building a glass plant that will cost a



MAIN STREET. EAST.

*Photo by Smith.*

factor in its industrial advancement, but is certainly a feature to be considered in its aspect as a place of residence.

Nor has Newark reached the culmination of its development. Its vigorous and healthful growth indicates a strong vitality. It possesses every material necessity for the comfort of its people. It produces more than it consumes. It has a diversity of manufacturing interests that gives it a supreme advantage over towns that are largely dependent upon the success of one or two large enterprises. If there is a temporary slump in the iron industry, the glass making proceeds just

half million dollars, an additional car building shop, a new steel mill, a ten-story office building, a 140-room hotel, a \$65,000 addition to the high school, several magnificent residences, and the Board of Trade has its hand of welcome extended, offering to prospective manufacturers free factory sites and seven cent gas.

Considering the excellent shipping facilities, the inexhaustible supply of natural gas, the proximity of the great Ohio coal fields, the abundance of soft water — making boiler compounds unnecessary — the absence of labor troubles, good local

government, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, rich surrounding agricultural country, hospitality of the people and energy of the local Board of



WILLIAM L. PROUT,  
President of the Newark Board of Trade.  
*Photo by Hempsted.*

Trade, it is no wonder that capital has its eye on Newark; not surprising that investors in industrial enterprises are increasing the capacity of Newark factories; not remarkable that the population of Newark increased from 14,000 to 18,000 in the years 1890-1900 and from 18,000 to more than 26,000 between 1900 and the present time. Newark is the best manufacturing town in Ohio, and Ohio is the best State in the Union.

Newark "points with pride" to her great stove foundry, a concern that makes on an average one complete stove every minute—the largest stove foundry in the world. It has over fifteen acres under roof, with nearly twenty-two acres of floor space, and, when operating to its full capacity, employs 3,000 men in the manufacture of a product that finds a market in every one of the forty-five states of the Union.

The Wehrle stove foundry was established in 1883 by the late Colonel J. C.

Wehrle and the late John Moser. Like many other giant enterprises, its early history attracted little notice, the small foundry in East Newark being operated by a handful of men, but when the West Newark site was acquired and the "Wehrle boys" took hold, the business began to expand. The company's entire product consists of stoves, ranges and fire proof safes, the safe feature of the company having been added in 1904, when the plant of the Atlas Safe Company of Fostoria, Ohio, was purchased and transferred to Newark. The Wehrle company, of which Mr. William W. Wehrle is president and the active head, Mr. August Wehrle, vice president and general manager, is a close corporation, with more than a million dollars in capital and surplus. The foundry is a model plant. The buildings are nearly all new, and each is equipped with the best labor saving devices and the most improved appliances. The surroundings are cheerful, two parks adjoining the factory site contributing to



WILLIAM C. WELLS,  
Secretary of the Newark Board of Trade.

the beauty of the environment. The foundry is supplied with wash rooms for all employees and with shower baths for the molders.

A feature that is worthy of special notice is the Wehrle fire brigade, consisting of three companies of fifteen men each, under the direction of Mr. Charles Allen, who is manager of the safe department. These men, while receiving full pay, have regular bi-weekly fire drills and are furnished with apparatus for fire fighting. There are seven well equipped hose houses on the ground, with 6,000 feet of standard hose, lanterns, nozzles, wrenches, ladders, and apparatus such as is found at all well regulated fire stations. Each of the three companies is directed by a captain and a lieutenant, and the men are trained to act

beginning October first and continuing until February first from twenty to forty-five loaded cars left the foundry daily, carrying Newark stoves to every section of the country. Now operating new core ovens, enameling ovens, and gas forges, the company is installing a forty-eight foot span electric traveling crane, to facilitate handling the product in the warehouse. With two miles of private railway siding on the company's ground, fully seventy-five cars can easily be "spotted" for loading. Two years ago the Wehrle company took advantage of the natural gas development in this section and leased



SOUTH THIRD STREET.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

with a precision and alertness that excites the admiration of the entire force. Incidentally the work of the Wehrle brigade has prevented serious fires and has a good effect upon the insurance rate.

Of this mammoth plant the main building, in which four cupolas are operated, is 140 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. Two other cupolas are operated in a smaller building 140 by 650 feet, and the several other large structures are used for assembling, mounting, polishing, and storing the ware. One warehouse, 112 by 475 feet and four stories high, at one time last fall was completely filled with stoves, but

several thousands of acres of land and proceeded to drill. So far, the company has struck five good producing wells, the entire output from which is consumed in operating the electric and steam power plant and in running the several gas engines distributed over the foundry. One engine of 125 horse power and others of lesser size are in operation continually.

The company has made stoves at the rate of 1400 a day, but the regular daily average is from 800 to 900. The Wehrles make sixty-five styles of stoves, many of them in two or three sizes.

The new safe factory now produces

thirty-five safes a day, the eighteen different sizes ranging from 300 to 3,300 pounds. Sales agencies have already been established as far west as Denver, east to

loads of Newark-made bottles were shipped from this point—some of them going to Mexico and many to places equally distant. This shipment, however, will by next November look insignificant, for a mammoth machine bottle plant covering nine acres of ground is now building at a cost exceeding a half million dollars. When the new plant, now well under way, is completed, twenty-seven of the celebrated Owens bottle machines will be operated, each one of which manufactures fourteen complete bottles every minute, each machine operating twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours—an output of over a half million a day.

The American Bottle Company, whose great strength lies in its control of the Owens bottle machine, is a \$10,000,000 incorporation, now having an annual capacity of three hundred million bottles. M. W. Jack is the company's president, L. S. Stoehr is vice president and general manager, W. J. Crane secretary-treasurer and O. G. King general superintendent. Edward H. Everett, whose factory has long



E. F. BALL.

Portland, south to New Orleans, and north to Duluth. Within a year the Wehrle company, whose product previous to that time was handled almost exclusively by a Chicago house, has established a sales department of its own and now sells direct to jobbers and dealers that part of the output which is not handled through the Chicago concern. The company recently acquired by purchase a machine die plant at Coshocton. Whether this will be brought to Newark or be operated at Coshocton remains to be told. The Wehrle company's pay roll runs from \$100,000 to \$112,000 a month.

Glass making is one of the chief industries of Newark. The ingredients required in the manufacture of bottles are here in abundance, the shipping facilities are unexcelled by any city in Ohio (freight rates the same as from the State Capital) and the local factories are well located with reference to distribution of the product.

In the month of April over 400 car-



FRANK P. KENNEDY.

been a factor in Newark's prosperity, is general manager of the new corporation and is chairman of the executive committee. The American Bottle Company pur-



chased the factories and good will of the Ohio Bottle Company, with factories located at Newark, Massillon (two) and Wooster, Ohio, the Streator Bottle and Glass Company, with a factory at Streator, Ill., and the A. Busch Glass Manufacturing Company, with factories at Belleville, Ill. and St. Louis, Mo. This vast industry is controlled by Mr. Everett and Mr. Busch, the St. Louis millionaire. General offices are maintained in Chicago, but the chief factory is in Newark, and the enormous natural gas field here, together with the rich sand quarry at Black

money paid to wage earners and greater prosperity for Newark. At the present time the local factory is producing almost an equal number of hand-made and machine-blown bottles. The new plant will increase the output fully fifty per cent and will make the Newark factory the largest bottle plant in the world.

Seven years ago last January the Jewett Car Company moved its shops from Jewett, Ohio, to Newark at the solicitation of the Board of Trade. At that time the company employed only 50 men, but the



SECOND STREET LOOKING SOUTH.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

Hand, sixteen miles away, afforded ample inducement for the selection of this city as the location for the big machine bottle plant now under construction. The American Company controls eighty per cent of the bottle business today, and its trade is growing. Mr. Everett has an interest second to none in the Licking-Knox county gas fields, the largest in Ohio, and he also owns the Black Hand sand quarries.

At present the local bottle factory employs 1700 people, with a payroll exceeding \$75,000 a month. The completion of the new machine bottle plant means a great increase in working force, more

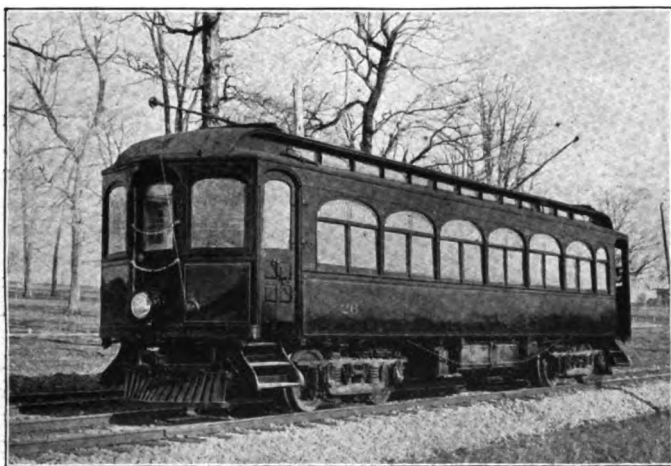
growth starting in 1900 has continued to date, and at the present time the company is building an enormous erecting shop, which will mean an increase of its present force of 500 to 600 men. The Jewett is one of the model car shops in the country, being equipped with most modern machinery in both the wood and iron working departments. The factory today occupies ten acres with floor space, simply for the erection of cars, large enough to accommodate 125 sixty-foot interurban cars. The Jewett, Newark-made cars, being in use from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the gulf, advertise New-

ark the country over. Among the contracts now on hand at this plant are cars for Brooklyn, N. Y., Tacoma, Wash., Billingham, Wash., Portland, Ore., Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., and Key West, Fla. Besides orders from these widely separated points, the Jewett is building cars for Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, Denver, Terre Haute, Auburn, N. Y., Pensacola, Fla., Dallas, Tex., Columbus, Ga., and Chattanooga, Tenn. At present the company has under construction ten cars for the Indianapolis, Crawfordsville & Western Railway. This line will be called the Ben Hur route, because it will run through the home town of Gen-

ager; P. O. Reyman, secretary; W. C. Gardner, treasurer; Edwin Besuden, general sales agent; William Schroeder, superintendent, and W. B. Wingerter, purchasing agent.

The Electric Railway review, referring to a delivery of Newark cars to the Philadelphia and Westchester Traction Company, says, among other things:

"These cars have the same general appearance as the cars previously built for the road by the J. G. Brill Company, but are longer, have wider vestibules and the cars have seats for fifty persons. The new cars are 48 feet 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches long over all and 8 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide over all,



TYPICAL PASSENGER COACH OF THE JEWETT CAR COMPANY.

eral Lew Wallace. Two beautiful limited parlor cars are named Iras and Esther. When finished for operation they will cost approximately \$16,000 each, and they represent the perfection of the car builder's art. The Jewett Company has at present one order for fifty elevated cars for Brooklyn, this being the fifth order received from that company, which shows conclusively the high quality of the product. Another order is for eighteen cars which will go to Tacoma, Wash., the cars being fifty feet over all, one end closed, the other open, this being a standard car for the Pacific slope.

The officers of the Jewett Company are W. S. Wright, president and general man-

the length of the body being 38 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches. The bottom framing is of extra heavy construction, the side and center sills consisting of 6-inch steel I-beams reinforced on each side with wood fillers. Intermediate sills are 4 by 6 inch yellow pine. The bolster is of the steam coach type, made up of 10 by 1 inch steel plates. The buffer is made of 6-inch steel channel and the entire bottom is covered with steel plate  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick. The under truss is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch round iron. The body framing throughout is of white ash, except the long plates, which are of yellow pine in one continuous piece. The roof is strengthened by 12-1 $\frac{1}{2}$  x  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch steel car lines. The cars are equipped with Baldwin

trucks with 34-inch steeled wheels. The wheel base is 6 feet and the gauge 5 feet 2½ inches. The cars are designed to round a 35-foot curve. The drawbars are the Van Dorn type, 28 inches from the rail.

"The new equipment is designed for operation by the General Electric type multiple-unit control, if the traffic shall demand it, and each car has four G. E. 73 motors of 75 horse-power each. The cars are equipped with the Westinghouse automatic air brakes. End doors have been placed in the vestibule so as to permit passage from one car to another when the cars are operated in trains.

"The interior finish of the cars is a very handsome design and is of vermillion wood, inlaid with neat marqueterie lines and ornaments. The ceiling is of full empire type, painted light green with gold decorations. The floor side windows are made to raise to any height with the ratchet stops and locks. The gothic lights and deck lights and the transom lights present a very pleasing appearance and are of the leaded type with colored glass. The cars have been provided with seats of the walkover type with head roll backs and corner grab handles, and are upholstered in green leather. Each car has a smoking room with a seating capacity for twelve passengers and this room has the same finish and seats as the main compartment. The trimmings of the car are of solid bronze throughout. Heat is provided by truss plank heaters. The windows are equipped with pantasote curtains.

"The cars are provided with arc headlights and pilots of locomotive type. The exterior of the car is of very pleasing design and the railroad company and the builders should be given credit for having given prominent attention to the question of artistic outline."

A. H. Heisey and Company, manufacturers of fine table glassware, whose celebrated trademark, (diamond H), is known in every city of the world,—as well in Tokio, Paris, Berlin and London as in New York and San Francisco—came to Newark in 1895 and began making glassware in April, 1896. The company added a second furnace, doubling its capacity,

in February, 1905, and now employs nearly 600 people. The payroll is \$200,000, and the output 300,000 barrels of table glassware annually.

This company, which makes both pressed and cut glass, has an ideal plant of three-story buildings occupying six acres of ground and is especially noted for the color of its product, which is of exquisite purity. Heisey glass has a color and finish that is distinctively Heisey's and that other wares lack, and the designing department is constantly adding new and beautiful patterns and shapes. Many of the leading cut glass factories are supplied with ware from the Heisey factory ready to be cut, and the company also makes some cut glass at its factory, though the pressed glass is made in such perfection as to rival its aristocratic relative.

The Heisey company manufactures all of the Holophane Glass Company's goods, which in itself is a guarantee of the quality of the Heisey glass. The Holophane ware is made primarily with a view of increasing the brilliancy of the transmission of light through glass, which object is accomplished by making it with a prism both inside and out and is manifestly enhanced by using glass of perfect clearness. After many trials of factories both here and abroad, the Holophane Company selected Heisey glass as being clearest and most flawless and gave the Heisey company the exclusive right to manufacture Holophane ware, which is known the world over—and it all comes from Newark. The company, capitalized at \$125,000, is officered as follows: A. H. Heisey, president; E. W. Heisey, vice president; George D. Heisey, treasurer; George E. Graeser, secretary. Captain A. H. Heisey is also president of the Pittsburg Clay Pot Company, president of the Glass Manufacturers' Association, a director of the Franklin National Bank and Newark Trust Company and also of the Manufacturers Bank of Pittsburg. Captain Heisey has extensive natural gas interests, the company operating with gas from its own immense field in Union township, nine miles distant, but he gives the greater part of his time to the operation of his successful glass industry here.

Chief among the industries which bring dollars into Newark is the Baltimore & Ohio railway, which on the average pays to its 2,200 local employees the sum of \$142,000 each month—nearly one and three-quarter million dollars annually. The payroll for June, 1907, was nearly \$150,000. Within the past year the B. & O. company has built a new modern 25-stall round house, equipped with electric turntable, a new depressed ash pit, a new coal tipple, a new office building and a new oil house at a cost of \$224,961. This railway company handles on an average ninety freight trains and thirty passenger trains daily in and out of Newark. The B. & O. handles an average of 3,200 freight cars per diem through the yards at Newark, this work requiring fifteen yard engines double crewed, working day and night. This city is the headquarters of the Newark division, which has charge of 375 miles of track extending from Sandusky to Bellaire, Newark to Columbus, Newark to Shawnee, Zanesville to Parkersburg and also the St. Clairsville and Eastern Ohio branches.

Besides two steam trunk lines, with a third, the Toledo & Ohio Central, running close to the west corporation line, Newark has splendid city and interurban trolley service, electric trains running at intervals of one hour to Columbus, Zanesville, Granville, Buckeye Lake and intermediate points. The Newark—Granville line is the oldest electric interurban road in existence, having been built in 1891 at a time when doubt was expressed as to the feasibility of carrying electricity for power over a line of that length. It was with this company that the Federal Government made its first contract for carrying mail by trolley between cities and it was the first interurban to haul railway express. Rights of way and franchises have been secured for the proposed Newark, Martinsburg, Mt. Vernon and Wooster, the Newark, Utica and Mt. Vernon, and the Newark, Buckeye Lake and Lancaster lines. Promoters of one of these lines give absolute assurance that the road to Wooster will be built soon, and the prospects for all three are bright.

The local trolley lines, including crews working to Columbus, Granville and

Zanesville, have 325 employees living in Newark, their average payroll being \$15,000 a month.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company's payroll at this point is about \$50,000 a month. In 1906 the Pennsylvania company loaded 4,330 cars of freight, including merchandise, from the platform in this city.

Newark cigars are smoked in almost every state in the Union, this city being the headquarters of the largest cigar factory in Ohio—that of Swisher Brothers, who make 300,000 a day or 100 millions a year. This busy firm keeps over 1,000 people at work in three cities and needs more help. The payroll is now \$10,000 a week—over a half million a year. Mr. E. W. Swisher established this business in 1875 and it passed into the hands of John H. and Harry Swisher in 1891 when the partnership of Swisher Brothers, which continues in force, was organized. The firm manufactures over sixty different brands, besides many fine special brands which are made for jobbers from Maine to California.

The Newark Telephone Company, now serving nearly 3,000 local subscribers, connecting with 5,000 independent telephones in Licking county and enjoying long distance service over the United States Company's lines, has the distinction of being a pioneer in the independent field. The first meeting of Ohio independent telephone men was held in Newark. Back in 1894, when this company was farmed, less than 200 telephones were in service in this city. Today Newark has 4,000, both the Bell and the independents being represented. The local company, made up of 175 stockholders, has a plant valued at \$250,000. The company has \$60,000 in common stock, \$90,000 in preferred stock and \$25,000 outstanding bonds. The common stock pays eight per cent and preferred stock six per cent dividends.

The Newark Ice and Cold Storage Company, capitalized in Ohio for \$75,000, two-thirds of the stock having been issued, has the following named officers: Henry S. Fleek, president; Henry O. Norris,

vice president; F. S. Wright, treasurer; F. A. Crane, secretary and manager; F. G. Warden, O. W. Crane and Geo. W. Havens, directors. The plant was established in 1893 under the present management, but the capacity and investment was doubled four years ago when new machinery was installed. Last year this company manufactured 15,678 tons of ice, half of which was shipped out of Newark.

Styron, Beggs and Company, manufacturers of the Great Seal brands of grocers' drugs, flavoring extracts, ammonia, bluing and home remedies, have, from a small beginning in 1895, built up a business with a monthly payroll of from \$1800 to \$2000, and a force of sixty or seventy people, besides a dozen traveling salesmen. The business from its inception has been under the supervision of Mr. Frank L. Beggs, president of the Newark Board of Education, and has been and will undoubtedly continue to be exceptionally prosperous.

Fifty men find employment at the Howell Provision Company's packing house. Mr. Geo. E. Howell, president of the company, has been in the business forty years and is well known among Chicago and Pittsburg stockmen. The Howell Provision Company was incorporated April 20, 1903, has \$100,000 capital and is officered as follows: Geo. E. Howell, president; Samuel Frazier, vice president; C. G. Haddew, secretary; J. A. Flory, O. C. McClelland, Geo. Green, H. W. Botts and H. G. Miller, directors.

The Rugg Halter Factory was brought to Newark by the Board of Trade a few years ago, from Alexandria, the business having been started by E. T. Rugg in 1890. The plant covers two and one-half acres of ground in North Newark, employs 100 to 125 people and makes 15,000 halters and ties a day. The Rugg 60-spindle rope mill produces 8,000 to 10,000 pounds daily. The Rugg halters are sold to the jobbing trade from Maine to California, this being the largest plant for the manufacture of halters and ties in the world.

The Newark Gearwood Company moved its plant from Baltimore, Ohio, to New-

ark in January, 1902, through the efforts of several enterprising citizens. It is a substantial plant, incorporated in Ohio for \$35,000, the directors being Wm. E. Miller, W. C. Christian, F. A. Crane, W. A. Slanker and F. J. Bader, Ex-Senator Miller being president, Mr. Crane, vice president; Mr. Christian, secretary-treasurer. The company manufactures carriage and buggy gearwoods, the product going south and west as far as Missouri, north through Michigan and east to New York. Fifty men are employed, the payroll being \$20,000. The company sells to the largest carriage manufacturers in the business.

The Newark Furniture Company, manufacturers of oak dining tables, was incorporated in 1902. Nearly 100 men are employed in the shop and twelve salesmen distribute the output to retailers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The plant covers eight acres. The officers are: W. W. Wehrle, president; J. C. Brennan, secretary-treasurer; directors, Edward Thomas, J. H. Swisher, Carl Norpell, W. W. Wehrle, Harry Swisher, J. F. Cherry, J. C. Brennan, J. Gleichauf and Ambrose Schaller.

The Scheidler Machine Company, employing fifty men in the manufacture of traction, portable and stationary engines, boilers and saw mills, was incorporated in 1903 with \$60,000 capital, the business having been established in 1861 by Reinhardt Scheidler. The officers are: H. R. Scheidler, president and general manager, W. E. Miller, vice president; O. A. Scheidler, secretary and assistant manager, W. C. Collins, treasurer. The monthly payroll is \$2,500.

The McNamar Machine Shop, now under the direct management of Julius J. D. McNamar, was established by the late John H. McNamar, who was formerly associated with the late R. Scheidler. The shop makes traction engines and boilers and employs about fifty men.

The James E. Thomas Company, producers of ingot molds, with an output of 17,000 tons per annum, is a close corporation whose business was started by Mr.

Thomas in 1867. The incorporation was formed in 1893 with a capitalization of \$30,000. Seventy-five men are engaged in the transformation of pig iron into ingot molds, which are sold to the United States Steel Corporation and other large manufacturers of steel products.

Newark is the home of the centralizing plant of the Licking County Creamery, which in the past seven years under the direction of its present proprietors, W. H. Davis and Sons, has made rapid strides. Besides selling dairy products and frozen desserts here, they sell to consumers within a radius of 200 miles of Newark. Five thousand cows contribute 10,000 to 12,000 gallons of milk daily to this concern. The wagon service embraces 60 teams and 100 names are on the payroll.

The Newark Machine Company, manufacturers of clover hullers and manure spreaders, keeps a force of about 100 men busy. The business is managed by Mr. John P. McCune. A large percentage of the output of clover hullers goes to Germany, while the trade in the United States extends over a wide area.

An index to the increasing prosperity of Licking county, of which Newark is the capital, are the figures from the auditor's office showing the valuation of taxable property. From 1901 to 1907 the tax duplicate showed an increase of six million dollars, the total for Newark city in 1906 being \$8,367,590. Here are the figures: 1901, \$23,221,177; 1902, \$23,873,735; 1903, \$25,103,500; 1904, \$25,689,180; 1905, \$29,481,797; 1906, \$27,745,976.

Auditor J. N. Wright is authority for the statement that the valuation this year will amount to \$29,000,000.

While perhaps not as good an index of a town's prosperity as the bank clearings, the post office receipts afford a good idea of the business of a city. The official figures from the Newark postoffice, furnished by Assistant Postmaster S. E. Siegfried, show a steady growth since 1898, the receipts since that period having much more than doubled. Here are the figures: 1898, \$19,369.28; 1899, \$21,096.08; 1900, \$22,891.19; 1901, \$26,220.99; 1902, \$29,633.16; 1903, \$33,152.10; 1904, \$35,-

244.26; 1905, \$44,948.35; 1906, \$49,817.49.

The figures for the first five months of 1907 show an increase over the corresponding months of last year.

Sixteen regular carriers and four substitutes are required to handle Newark mail, and eight rural carriers daily leave the local office to cover territory surrounding this city. In the Newark office ten clerks are employed. Rural routes lead from Granville, Johnstown, Hebron, Pataaskala, Hanover and Utica so that a large majority of Licking county farmers have a daily mail service. The payroll of the Newark office exceeds \$30,000 a year. At the last session of Congress a bill was passed appropriating \$90,000 for a government building in Newark, but as yet the site has not been selected.

The books of the county recorder showing the transfers of Newark and Licking county real estate, indicate much activity. The transfers for the past two years number 4,743, the expressed consideration being \$5,793,164. Here are the conveyances and expressed valuation for 1905-06:

1906.	No. Conveyances.	Expressed Consideration.
January .....	187	\$218,777.00
February .....	190	210,010.00
March .....	257	325,414.00
April .....	298	340,555.00
May .....	267	282,838.00
June .....	203	226,815.00
July .....	185	285,204.00
August .....	115	157,932.00
September .....	160	223,159.00
October .....	207	175,745.00
November .....	153	141,884.00
December .....	166	151,552.00

Total .....	2,388	\$2,739,885.00
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1905.	No. Conveyances.	Expressed Consideration.
January .....	150	\$182,838.00
February .....	147	338,356.00
March .....	255	320,081.00
April .....	341	507,554.00
May .....	235	255,916.00
June .....	182	200,048.00
July .....	170	187,942.00
August .....	178	180,962.00
September .....	184	184,127.00
October .....	186	214,879.00
November .....	165	242,442.00
December .....	162	238,134.00

Total .....	2,355	\$3,053,279.00
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Seven flour mills in Licking county, three of which are located in Newark, representing an investment of nearly \$100,000, consume 360,000 bushels of Licking county wheat annually and produce 72,000 barrels of flour per annum.

The Licking Light and Power Company is adding \$70,000 worth of improvements to its plant of 750 horsepower and when completed the property will be one of the best of its kind in Ohio. Col. M. M. Gillett is president of the company which is composed principally of prominent local business men.

At present Newark, which owns its own electric lighting system, its Gamewell fire-alarm system, and which has just completed a police patrol, is now building a water-works system which will cost over a half million dollars.

Newark is the home of the Ohio National Guard encampment, but this ground has been offered to the State as a site for the proposed hospital for crippled children.

Newark is twelve miles from Utica, a thriving village which supports three glass factories.

Newark is six miles distant from Granville, the home of Denison University, the great Baptist school which has been liberally supported by Rockefeller, Carnegie, Doane, Barney and others. Trolley cars run between Newark and Granville at intervals of one hour. Denison has a million and a quarter invested in buildings, ground and equipment.

Newark is connected by trolley with Buckeye Lake, twelve miles away. This is one of the largest bodies of water in the State and is becoming famous as a summer resort, hundreds of Columbus, Newark and Lancaster people and others having bungalows there.

Within the past three years five splendid apartment houses, one big hotel and a ten-story office and bank building have been built in Newark. For several years from three hundred to five hundred dwelling houses have been erected annually and work has just started upon a new Warden hotel, which will have 140 rooms.

Newark has two up-to-date daily and semi-weekly newspapers and one good German weekly. The newspapers receive

telegraph service, thoroughly cover the local field and carry many syndicate illustrations. Newark today has more than nine miles of paved streets, and another mile of West Main street will be paved this summer. Newark's high school building is to have a \$65,000 addition constructed this year, the contract having been let and the bonds sold.

Newark has a magnificent Auditorium theatre and Memorial Building erected in honor of Licking county's soldiers and sailors, a splendid Children's Home and a beautiful park, whose distinctive feature is the work of the prehistoric Mound Builders. The architectural beauty of Newark's jail caused the late Bill Nye to remark that prisoners came to this city from many distant points for the privilege of serving time here.

The Newark branch of the Bliss College of Columbus is to be congratulated for having at its head two able and experienced men, Messrs. C. S. Jackson and John T. Yates. With these men at the helm Newark is gaining an enviable reputation for commercial training.

The Newark Paint Company is one of the newer institutions of Newark. It is located in the new Union block and is developing a splendid business by honest and sound methods.

The Ball-Fintze Company is another of the live and growing concerns of Newark, enjoying a rapidly increasing business as jobbers of rubber goods, bicycles, etc. This company was originally a partnership, but continued growth made it desirable to incorporate in 1902. Since then the increase in business has been little less than phenomenal. The capital stock, beginning with \$25,000 in 1902, was doubled in 1903 and again in 1905, and stands today at \$100,000, all held by Newark business men. The company is now shipping bicycle and automobile goods into every state in the Union, and at the same time the company is the largest jobber in talking machines and phonographs, both in regard to the extent and variety of goods handled and the volume of business transacted. The company manufactures the Avalon line of Automobile horns and lamps and the Avalon bicycle. Its lines of talking machine goods include every

make of American machine, record and accessory. The officers and directors are: E. T. Rugg, president; James Fintze, vice president; Eugene F. Ball, secretary and treasurer; William Allen Veach, T. J. Evans, James K. Hamill, W. N. Fulton, E. W. Crayton and Frederic M. Black.

Newark is the home of Goodhair Soap, a product that advertises the city throughout the United States and abroad. Mr. E. S. Miller has had a constantly increasing business in the manufacture of this product for about ten years, and capital stands ready to organize a company, should he consent, but, knowing he has a "good thing," he has preferred to conduct the business alone.

The Pratt-Kirk Company, manufacturers of veneered doors and hardwood interior finish, bank and office fixtures, employs eighty men. The officers of this \$75,000 company are: P. L. Pratt, president; P. S. Phillips, vice president; Miss Claudia H. Williams, secretary and J. F. Hartshorn, general manager. The business was established in Newark eleven years ago. The monthly payroll is about \$3,000.

Newark's newest industry, secured through the activity of the Board of Trade, is now being established by the Ohio Rail Company, which is erecting a plant that will cost \$100,000, employ 160 men and turn out, beginning in July this year, 3,000 tons of light steel rail each month. Its officers are: L. B. Foster, president; L. B. Richards, vice president and treasurer; H. N. Bernheimer, secretary, and T. J. Costello, superintendent. The payroll is estimated at about \$15,000 per month. The company has a branch office in Pittsburg and will open offices in different sections of the country. The men connected with the enterprise are all experienced in their line of work and the success of the new business is confidently predicted by the Board of Trade directors, who personally investigated the proposition and recommend it to the people.

Four years ago the Vogelmeier Brothers, realizing that in South Newark an excellent shale for brick making could be found in abundance, started a brick plant. Today thirty men are employed in making two and a half millions of brick annually.

The A. G. Wyeth factory, which began operation twenty-two years ago, is now conducted by A. G. Wyeth and Son, Ralph. About eighty people are employed in the manufacture of sleigh runners and oil tanks, which are sent to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The Wyeths also enjoy a large export trade.

A few months ago the Smith Shoe Company of Columbus opened a branch factory in Newark and, so well pleased with conditions and results are the managers, that the plant is being doubled in capacity.

Other local industries that deserve mention—for they are live, hustling concerns—are the Simpson Soap Manufacturing Company, the Simpson Heater Company, the Newark Wagon Works, Tucker Boiler Works, Bailey and Keeley, manufacturers of spouting, D. G. Wyeth's buggy factory, the Ball & Ward Carriage Factory, which was established in 1836, the John H. Kates and L. A. Stare cabinet making and mantel building shops, the Cochlan and the Nutter planing mills, the Newark Artificial Stone and Plaster Company, the Reed Wire Cloth Company, and the Central City Stove Works, which employs from sixty to seventy men.

This outline of the city's industries but faintly conveys a picture of industrial Newark; but one fact must have been impressed upon the reader's mind—namely, the diversity of Newark's manufacturing interests, as well as their stability. There is nothing of the mushroom growth about Newark. It has been steady, rapid, sure. And there is a reason. The Newark Board of Trade offers free sites for the right kind of factories, and natural gas at a figure that will be of interest. Correspondence with the Secretary of the Board, Colonel William C. Wells, is solicited.



# Natural Gas in Licking County

By Frederick M. Black



THE greatest gas field in the country! The statement is not a vain boast. Covering an area of over two hundred and fifty square miles of producing territory, with deep wells, heavy rock pressure and an average future life computed at over eighteen years, the Licking field is pronounced by experienced oil and gas operators to be unequalled in the United States.

The history of the field is much similar to that of other oil and gas bearing regions. As early as 1887 tests were made for gas in the vicinity of Newark, with the result that a few small wells were struck. In 1888 a franchise was granted to E. H. Everett and associates, to sell natural gas in the City of Newark, and within a short time thereafter the city was fairly well covered by the distributing system of the new company. At that time the gas was produced from the wells near Newark, but the growing demand for the product caused greater activity in searching for it, and the development went southwardly from Newark, no doubt because about that time the Sugar Grove field in Fairfield county was being exploited.

These early wells finally went dry, the gas consumed in Newark after their failure having been drawn from the Sugar Grove field, which had developed a large number of good wells.

It was this development in the Sugar Grove field that gave rise to the Logan Gas Company, which in 1898 acquired the Newark Natural Gas and Fuel Company. The combination of these two properties was a happy one, because one had the gas and the other the market. Early in 1900 the Logan Gas Company, which had acquired a number of leases in north-western Licking county, drilled in a two and a

half million gasser on the Charles Butcher farm, a short distance west of the village of Homer. The well was begun on June 19th, 1900, by E. A. Kinsey, a veteran oil and gas operator, and on the 28th of July of that year, at a depth of twenty-one hundred and forty-nine feet, a powerful flow of gas was struck.

Immediately, there was a rush for territory. The land in the vicinity was rapidly taken up, and drilling was begun on other leases. Mr. Kinsey drilled the next well on the Frye farm for E. H. Everett; after that, the wells came thick and fast. The development extended in all directions, but especially north and east, through northern Licking county in a northeasterly direction into Knox county, until today the lines of development in Licking county comprise some two hundred and fifty square miles, and only a portion of the available property has been prospected.

The value of such an asset as a gas field is difficult of ascertainment. There are many elements of value, viz: the value of the product to the producer, the value to the land owner as paid in gas rentals, and the general value which accrues to the citizens and consumers living in the neighborhood of the field. Suffice it to say, regarding the first factor mentioned, that, almost without exception, the companies which have gone into the production have earned dividends for their stockholders; and in the majority of instances the earnings have been very generous in amount. Among the companies now operating in the field are The Union Gas Company, a Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, concern, with Theodore Barnsdale at its head; The Newark Heat and Light Company; The Ohio Fuel Supply Company; The Central Ohio Gas Company; The Mohican Gas Company; The Utica Gas

Company; The Waight Levering Company; The Columbus Gas Company, and the North American Oil and Gas Company.

There can be no question but that the development of the natural gas industry is a most decided benefit to the land owner. Out of the ground, thousands of feet below the soil, which he tills and makes fertile for the fruits of the earth, comes

amount. One lucky land owner is receiving on his seven hundred and fifty acres the handsome annual earning of \$3,750, while many others are receiving even more when the sizes of their farms are taken as a comparative basis.

Thus, all through the favored parts of the county mortgages have been paid off, children have been sent to school and college, the luxuries increased and the



FREDERICK M. BLACK.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

this colorless, volatile fluid, released from its centuries of imprisonment, at no cost or real inconvenience to the farmer, to bring him an income as welcome as it is unexpected.

Conservatively estimated, the total gas rentals paid in Licking county exceed the sum of three hundred thousand dollars annually. There are no leaseholds paying less than fifty cents per acre annually, while there are many paying ten times that

hardships mitigated through the beneficent gift of gas. Had the discovery of gas no other result than this, yet would the boon of it be considered incalculable.

But there has been another benefit conferred by these artesian wells of concentrated fuel—a benefit which in itself may not be as directly applicable to the individual, but is nevertheless more widespread because it comes to every man, woman and child living within a radius

of ten miles of the field. It can be briefly expressed in the words—cheap fuel, more factories, more work, more inhabitants, more wealth and in the end a higher standard of living. In the case of the Licking field there has been a healthy amount of competition among producers; enough, in fact, to result in exceedingly low prices for fuel gas, especially to factories.

At the present time gas is offered on a reasonably long contractual period at seven cents per thousand feet. This rate merely for steam purposes is almost forty percent below coal prices, and when used in gas engines the cost of the fuel per horse power is so low that the manufacturer is almost ashamed to pay so little. There has always been a supply for manufacturing purposes at not to exceed ten cents per thousand cubic feet, and at times the gas has been offered as low as four cents in long time contracts. Within the past few months a new company has begun production and has offered a rate to manufacturers of six cents per thousand feet.

It is enough, however, to say to the prospective manufacturer that a seven cent rate is obtainable, if the item of fuel enters to any appreciable extent into his cost of production, not only because of its real cheapness in actual steam producing qualities, but because of its ideal convenience and lack of waste products. A contract for gas is made, the producer brings it to the consumers lot line—a meter, a pipe, a burner, and the equipment is complete. No weekly or yearly contracts for coal; no shut downs because of miners' strikes or inadequate transportation; no controversies about low quality of fuel; no automatic or imperfect manual stokers; no smoke annoyance to the consumer or to neighbors; no carting away of ashes, burning of grates and boilers; all of these disadvantages removed, and at no additional cost to the consumer.

Only those who have enjoyed the use of natural gas as a fuel can properly appreciate its great advantage. What to the household is a luxury of the domestic economy becomes to the manufacturer a positive necessity. There were days when locomotives were run with wood in the

fire boxes; but as soon as coal could be obtained it became a necessity. As a fuel, gas is to coal what coal is to wood.

The qualities of the Licking field which take it out of comparison with other fields are its extent, uniformity, heavy pressure, and vitality. We have already touched briefly upon its extent and will add only a few words upon that feature of the field. As now developed, the field begins near the south county line at a point slightly west of south of Newark; in a strip eight miles in width it extends northerly into Knox county, but veering slightly to the east as it passes the meridian line of the county, it widens to twelve miles, which width carries into Knox county. This comprises an area of some two hundred and fifty square miles of developed territory. As yet the southwestern edge of the field has not been reached by the development, while the same can be said of the northeastern edge in Licking county. The indications are extremely favorable for the discovery of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty more square miles of producing territory. The field as now developed passes from south to north just to the west of Newark. There are producing wells (drilled and used by the Wehrle Company) located within a half mile of the west corporation line of Newark, but in speaking of developed territory we refer to production running from one and a half million up, per well per day. The Wehrle Company, the largest manufacturer of stoves in the world, operates its mammoth plan almost entirely with gas from wells of its own, located within a radius of two miles from Newark.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the field is its uniformity. By this is meant the unbroken extent and regularity of the gas bearing stratum of rock. Old operators who have so often at their own expense become acquainted with the vagaries of geologic nature in other oil and gas fields, consider this the most perfect field ever discovered. Like oil, the production of gas is a gamble. It is a blindfolded attempt to accomplish something, and no means or method is known to science whereby the precious fluid can be accurately located. That is to say, the common experience of operators in other

fields has been to find the fluid in apparently isolated pools surrounded by absolutely dry rock. In such a case it is pure luck whether the gambler draws a gusher or a duster, a blank or a prize.

Therefore Licking county has proved a Paradise—an Eldorado to the operator and the driller. When the fact is considered that not over two per cent of the wells drilled in this county have been found to be dry holes, the remarkable perfection of the field is apparent. In fact, so great are the chances against loss that it must have seemed to the operators "a shame to take the money." It has been almost as safe an investment as a first mortgage note or a government bond. The gas bearing sand, which in this field is the Clinton stratum, varies in thickness from five to thirty-five feet. One peculiar feature of the business is the fact that, in one or two of the very few dry holes drilled in, the operator found from thirty to thirty-five feet of the sand with practically no gas in it. In other cases, where wells of tremendous out-put were found, the gas rock does not exceed five feet in thickness. Therefore, the volume and pressure are not necessarily proportionate to the thickness of the rock.

The rock pressure in the field is an important consideration. The two factors, pressure and volume, determine the output of the well, which necessarily fixes its commercial value. In this field the rock pressure varies only slightly, the uniform initial pressure registering about seven hundred and eighty pounds to the square inch. It is not to be expected that such a tremendous pressure will be maintained, but it is certainly true that wells which have been pulled on for seven years today show a rock pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch. This fact alone proves the statement made at the outset that the field is unparalleled in oil and gas history.

In the Indiana fields, where gas was found at a depth varying from six hundred to twelve hundred feet, the rock pressure was much lower and the life of the field much shorter. The gas there has given out after a lapse of ten years, so that greater depth of the wells and increased rock pressure seem, if not the

cause of a longer life, at least to be concomitant with it. The wells in this field are found at a depth of from twenty-two hundred to three thousand feet. The cost of a well entirely cased is about \$3,500. Uncased it would cost \$2,600.

What will be the future life of the field? This question is of paramount importance to both producer and consumer. If there is a probability of an early failure in the flow, leaving the manufacturer no recourse but coal, he will probably not feel compensated for the expense of his change of location by the advantages of shipping facilities for raw and finished products, and the many other natural inducements of our Central Ohio cities. Therefore, he wants to know about the length of time he can expect to get natural gas from the local field.

To begin with, there is just so much gas down there in the earth to be taken out, no more and no less. No one knows how much there is in store for us. All we know is how fast it is being used and what effect that use during the past seven years has had upon the rock pressure and volume of the wells drilled during the period. As before stated, the pressure has held up to the remarkable figure of five hundred pounds. Upon this basis alone experts have calculated the total life of the wells in more or less constant use at from twelve to fifteen years. In other words, were every acre of the developed territory being drawn upon, the future life of the territory would yet be from five to eight years. But every acre is not being drawn upon. It is estimated that one well will ordinarily take out the gas from under forty acres. On such a basis there is, in the actually developed territory, acreage sufficient for four thousand wells, while the yet undeveloped territory potentially is worth two thousand more wells. At the present time there are in operation a few over a total of 1,000 wells in the Licking territory. All of the developed and potential territory is under lease to companies now in the field, so that it is fair to assume that the production will proceed no more rapidly in the future than it has during the first seven years. With capacity for 3,000 more wells the probable total vitality of the field can therefore be

fairly calculated at not less than twenty-five years, or a future active life of eighteen years.

Another lesser quality of the field which recommends it especially to producers and drillers, is its almost complete freedom from water. This is the bane of many fields and results in drowning out the wells, so as to almost completely stop the flow of gas. Another fact connected with the development of the field is that but little hill land is within the gas territory, the only exception being the Welsh Hills near Granville.

Where gas is found, it is said there must be oil. Thus far there have been oil wells discovered, but all are on the eastern edge of the field. The stratum of gas-bearing rock is in the form of a basin, one edge of which comes out of the earth in the vicinity of Washington Court House and the other edge appearing at Niagara Falls. At Columbus the rock is only one thousand feet below the surface; at Newark it is about twenty-two hundred feet, and at Black Hand, where one oil well was found, the Clinton is three thousand feet down. The dip of this broad plain of Clinton sand is eastwardly to some point as yet unknown, whence it gradually again curves upward toward the surface. Evidently, the gas is found in the higher levels of the rock, but as yet none has been found in paying quantities closer than twenty-one hundred feet from the surface. What oil has been found has been at a depth of at least twenty-eight hundred feet.

Already large leasings have been made of the lands to the east of Newark by

companies more interested in oil than in gas, and the future may reveal a considerable and reliable oil field in that region. Oil in paying quantities was discovered on the eastern fringe of the Sugar Grove field, which lies directly south of the Licking field, and experts view the Licking field as similar in many respects to its southern neighbor.

In closing, it is proper to add that all of the large manufacturing concerns of Newark are operated on natural gas for fuel; not only the American Bottle Company and the A. H. Heisey Company glass plants, and the immense iron foundries of The Wehrle Company, but the Licking Light and Power Company, which produces electric current for light and power by the use of natural gas engines in 350 H.P. units. It is calculated that the saving in cost per kilowatt is seventy per cent over steam.

To the manufacturer, therefore, Newark presents unexcelled opportunities for low cost of production. With cheap gas practically assured for a period of eighteen years, ample coal fields within a radius of a few miles, adequate railroad facilities, Newark has almost doubled in population in the past ten years. New industries are constantly locating here, so that the growth has been steady and reliable. Prices of real estate have not soared out of sight, but a handsome profit has been netted to almost all lines of business that have been in operation here during the past fifteen years. All this has been in a great measure the fruit of the discovery and development of the Licking gas field.



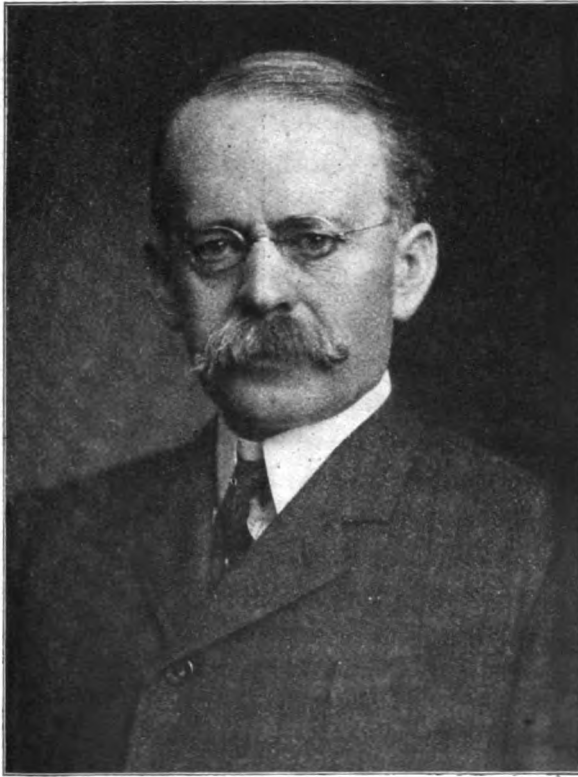
# Financial Institutions of Newark and Licking County

By Carl Norpell



TO carry on successfully the great manufacturing, commercial and agricultural enterprises of a city and county like Newark and Licking county, Ohio, it is necessary to have sound, well managed financial institutions, equipped

Licking county, they are particularly blessed with sixteen banks, with an aggregate capital of \$950,694 and gross assets amounting to \$6,529,336. There are also five building and loan associations, with an authorized capital aggregating \$4,400,000 and assets amounting to \$1,997,109.



CARL NORPELL.

*Photo by Baker, Columbus.*

with a large amount of capital and a big volume of currency. In addition to the many other advantages of Newark and

A detailed statement of the capital, deposits, surplus and gross assets of these various institutions follows.

They are managed and conducted by men of high character and reputation, experienced in financial matters and in whose ability and moral and business integrity the public has absolute confidence. There never has been a time in the history of this city and county, when their financial institutions were in such a healthy condition; when they were so honestly and ably conducted, nor when there were as many banks and building associations with so much capital, deposits, surplus and resources as now.

We have no multi-millionaires, no Rockefellers, no Morgans, but the wealth of the city and county is very evenly and equally distributed among the artisans, farmers, professional men, merchants and manufacturers. None of our citizens is vulgarly rich and none pathetically poor. In the highest and best sense we have socialism or community of interests, without agitation or organization, but by common consent. There is no man, company or corporation in this city or county, worthy of credit, but can obtain all the money he or it needs for an honest and legitimate enterprise or purpose, at the very lowest rate of interest.

It is impossible in an article of this scope to give any detailed history of the various financial institutions of the city and county. I can only allude to a few of the distinguishing features of some of the oldest and largest.

The First National bank of this city was organized under the laws of the United States, February 3, 1856. Judge Buckingham was its first president and Virgil H. Wright its first cashier. From its organization to the present time it has been under the active management of Virgil H. Wright and his two sons, Fred S. and Edwin C., who are now president and cashier. The management has never changed since its organization.

The Franklin National bank is the lineal descendant of Edward Franklin, E. Franklin & Sons, Edward Franklin's Sons and Joseph Rider, Robbins, Winegardner, Wing & Company, The Franklin Bank Company and The People's National bank, and takes its present name from Edward Franklin, father of John H. and Benjamin Franklin, who established the bank in

1845, more than 60 years ago. W. A. Robbins is the present president and W. B. Hopkins cashier.

The Newark Trust Company, which is



NEW SKY-SCRAPER OF THE NEWARK TRUST COMPANY.

about to move into its new and magnificent ten-story building, was organized in 1903 under the laws of Ohio and is the outgrowth of The Security Building and Savings Company. T. O. Donovan, who recently died, was the chief promoter of the building association and the trust company and was succeeded by Frank P. Kennedy, the present president.

The Licking County Bank and Trust Company was organized in 1902 under the laws of Ohio. W. N. Fulton, who was its first president, is still acting as such. He was chiefly instrumental in the organization of this institution. Mr. Fulton has the distinction of having been four times elected treasurer of Licking county. William G. Miller is the present cashier.

All of these institutions have recently remodeled their banking houses, fitted them up beautifully and luxuriously and equipped them with the most modern and up to date fire and burglar proof safes, and all are doing a flourishing business.

Twelve of the sixteen banks of this city and county are located in the surrounding villages as follows:

The First National Bank of Utica, was organized in May, 1905, with A. J. Wilson as president, who claims to be the oldest banker in the county. Its present cashier is C. B. Clark. It succeeds the Wilson bank, which began business in 1891.

The Utica Savings Bank Company was organized October 16, 1905, with D. P. Campbell president and Charles F. Gay, cashier.

The Farmers' Bank of Utica was organized in June, 1890, with Fred S. Sperry as president.

The Citizens' Bank of Johnstown was organized March 1, 1898, with H. B. Rusler as president and W. A. Ashbrook, cashier.

The Johnstown bank of Johnstown, was organized November 21, 1883, with Horton Buxton as president and C. V. Armstrong as cashier.

The People's Banking Company of Pataskala, incorporated in 1904, with Joseph Atkinson as president and H. H. Baird as cashier.

The Pataskala Banking Company, was organized March 29, 1888, with W. H.

Mead as president and M. E. Mead as cashier.

The Kirkersville Savings Bank Company was organized August 14, 1905, with D. L. Mauger as president and C. H. Emswiler as cashier.

The Croton Bank of Croton, was organized May 1, 1898, with H. B. Rusler as president and W. A. Ashbrook as cashier.

The Alexandria Bank Company of Alexandria, was organized April 1, 1906, with Maurice Watkins as president and C. B. Buxton as cashier.

The Granville Bank Company of Granville, was organized in April, 1903, with R. S. Colwell as president and C. B. Slack as secretary.

None of them has ever had any financial trouble of any kind and their growth and development have been phenomenal.

Three of the five Building Associations in the county are located in the city of Newark. The oldest is the Home Building Association, popularly called "The Old Home." It was incorporated in February, 1880. E. Nichols was its first president and Joseph C. Wehrle, father of William W. and August T. Wehrle, was its first secretary. Its first annual statement showed assets of \$6,081.90. Its 26th annual statement shows assets of over a million. C. A. Hatch is president and E. M. Baugher, secretary, at this writing.

The youngest building association in the county was organized by the writer of this article in December, 1900, and incorporated as The Licking County Building and Savings Company. This Association has never had a foreclosure. It is very conservative and makes no loans to its officers or directors. Warren S. Weiant was its first president and is still acting as such, and Oriel C. Jones is its secretary, with Theodore F. Wright acting secretary and manager. Mr. Wright is a brother of Virgil H. Wright, first cashier of the First National Bank.

The Citizens' Building Association of Newark, was organized in January, 1889. John H. Franklin, Jr., was the first president and held the office for one year, when Simeon E. Rhoads, the well known capitalist and real estate dealer, was elected president and is still acting as



such. John H. Moore is the present secretary. The present capital is \$500,000.

The Johnstown Building Association Company, located at Johnstown, incorporated April 2, 1889, and enjoys the distinction of being the largest building and loan association in Ohio in a town of 1,000 inhabitants. H. B. Rusler is the president and Hon. W. A. Ashbrook, secretary.

The Building, Savings and Loan Company of Granville, was organized February 2, 1889. Edward A. Smoots is president and E. J. Dorsey, secretary. This association has done quite an extensive and very conservative business.

These building and loan associations have been a wonderful aid in building up Newark and the surrounding country; through their assistance thousands of mechanics and laboring men have been enabled to purchase and pay for homes on the installment plan, who otherwise would still be renting.

Philadelphia is not the only city that can boast of being a "city of homes." We are satisfied that there is not in Ohio, or any other state of the same size, a city where as many people own their own homes as in Newark. The following figures speak for themselves:

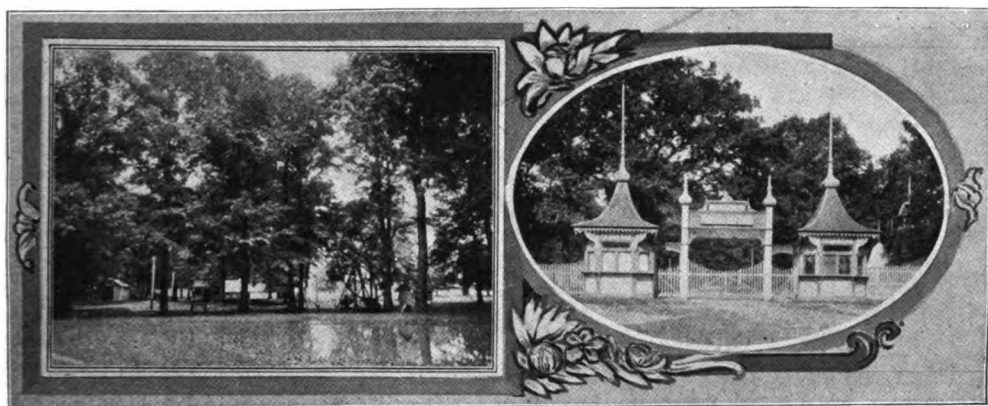
Banks.	Capital.	Surplus and undivided profits.	Deposits.	Assets.
The Franklin Nat'l Bank.....	\$250,000	\$82,205	\$950,000	\$1,333,000
The Licking Co. Bank.....	200,000	40,608	1,113,276	1,353,885
The Newark Trust Co.....	200,000	107,152	915,013	1,222,165
The First Nat'l Bank.....	100,000	93,440	721,800	923,613
The First Nat'l Bank, Utica..	40,000	14,212	364,505	430,170
The Pataskala Bank Co.....	10,000	39,033	259,107	308,140
The Citizens Bk, Johnstown.	.....	1,857	154,143	156,000
Granville Bank Co.....	15,000	4,745	131,791	154,000
Peoples Bank, Pataskala....	25,000	3,000	125,000	153,000
Farmers Bank, Utica.....	27,794	525	102,123	130,444
Johnstown Bank .....	.....	6,686	104,206	110,892
Utica Savings Bank.....	25,000	1,772	81,326	108,098
Hebron Bank .....	18,000	2,800	70,000	90,000
Kirkersville Sav. Bank.....	15,000	2,474	51,094	69,469
Alexandria Bank .....	25,000	1,454	52,850	69,305
Croton Bank .....	.....	.....	40,664	40,664
<b>Building Associations.</b>				
<b>Authorized Capital.</b>				
Home, Newark .....	2,500,000	48,175	714,514	1,081,462
The Johnstown .....	1,000,000	6,466	243,533	401,049
Citizens, Newark .....	500,000	5,012	200,738	262,182
The Licking Co., Newark....	400,000	4,732	138,212	196,096
The Granville .....	500,000	3,320	19,147	56,320
	<b>\$5,850,794</b>	<b>\$469,668</b>	<b>\$6,553,042</b>	<b>\$8,649,954</b>

Estimating the population at 50,000, which is about 3,000 greater than was shown by the last Federal census (1900) we have on deposit \$130, and invested in bank resources \$170, for every man, woman and child in the county. The bank resources of this county have quadrupled since 1906. Most of the sixteen banks above mentioned have been organized since that time and many of them since 1900.

Nearly every farmer in the county for a number of years has been receiving a

dollar an acre gas rental for his land, and many of them are receiving a great deal more, while some receive as much as \$2,000 rental upon a single farm.

The vast amount of money paid into Licking county by various gas companies as rental and royalties, and the amounts received from our agricultural and manufacturing products, make the financial outlook for this city and county exceedingly promising.



# Newark as a City of Homes and Health

By Professor J. D. Simkins

Superintendent of the Newark Public Schools



NEWARK is a city of 25,000 inhabitants and is located in the broad valley of a pre-glacial stream that, at one time, may have rivaled in size the present Ohio or even the Mississippi.

The glaciers filled this ancient valley half full of clay, sand and gravel and left the upper half of the hills to form a two-hundred foot wall surrounding the city. It is upon this drift that Newark is located. This gravelly bed is over two hundred feet deep and furnishes as good natural underdrainage as can be found anywhere in the world.

While the site of the city is comparatively level, the slope is sufficient to furnish excellent surface drainage, as well as a sufficient grade for sanitary sewers. The Mound Builders selected nearly this same site for one of their largest towns, judging from their extensive remains. Newark was settled and organized near the beginning of the last century and has had a gradual growth from the first to the present.

The citizens have always been industrious and rather inclined to conservatism and economy; hence many families own city property. One may travel long distances through our main streets and find scarcely a rented house. Many laboring men of the city earn from four to eight dollars a day. The general aspect of the home surroundings evidences a civic pride and sturdy citizenship that characterize a place of happy homes and remunerative employment.

The three streams that unite in the city to form the Licking river, have considerable fall for several miles; thus they have a rapid current over their pebbly beds, which aerates and oxidizes the water, making it pure and healthful. The city is blessed with an abundance of good water for all purposes. Well-water may be reached at any point by driving a pipe to the level of the water in the streams. The well-water and hydrant water are but slightly "hard" and do not coat vessels a reddish or yellowish color, as is the case in many other places. Newark has a pri-

vate waterworks system and is installing a municipal plant. Whether the latter succeeds in purchasing the former or not, the city is assured adequate protection against loss by fire and an abundant supply of pure water for domestic purposes. Judged either from analysis or from the health record, the water must be pronounced excellent in every regard. It is easy to filter the water, for the valley is filled two

found in all suburban sections and from present indications they will ere long reach the center of the city.

Among the chief residence streets are Hudson Avenue, Granville, Main, Church, and North Fourth streets. The greatest variety of residence architecture may be seen on Hudson Avenue, varying in style from stately colonial to severely rustic. Many of these beautiful homes have spa-



J. D. SIMKINS,  
Superintendent of the Newark Public Schools.  
*Photo by Hempsted.*

hundred feet deep with a great filter. Just west of the city a chalybeate spring furnishes mineral water of excellent quality, which is bottled and delivered to all parts of the city. There are other mineral springs in the vicinity.

The chief streets are paved with vitrified brick, approximately level, and furnish splendid roads for "bike," auto and other vehicles. Several other streets are to be paved this summer. Cement walks are

cious lawns which have been artistically graded and generously planted to ornamental shrubbery. This street is a popular driveway, and the residents take pride in making it an object lesson in home building and civic beauty. In the region of Woodside and along parts of Fifth, Indiana, and North Fourth streets, many of the old homesteads occupy beautiful and well-kept sites. Some of the residences of the city occupy strange terraced natural

sites, or sites planned by the Mound Builders; that of Mr. Eli Hull might be mentioned as an example of the latter. His dwelling stands on the north side of a circular embankment which encloses an acre and a half and which once enclosed a crescent bank near the south side. Mr. Hull now enters the circle at the same driveway used by the ancient people. There are two depressions just to the west, into which the Mound Builders drained the site. It is not unlikely that the embankment was once twenty feet high, and

must be mentioned the beautiful building and site of Woodside school, the high school annex in course of erection, and the government postoffice building that has been assured. The new Warden Hotel is to have one hundred and seventy rooms and is to be thoroughly modern in appointments and up-to-date service. The Hotel Sherwood has just been remodelled and is one of the most luxurious and beautifully located in the Middle West.

There is much rustic scenery around the city and within the county, and many



HUDSON AVENUE NORTH FROM LOCUST STREET.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

it is possible that it was then thatched over. The circle rests on a cobble-stone base. Just to the north are the remains of parallel embankments eighty feet apart, which once indirectly connected the Idle-wilde circle with the works at Camp McKinley and thence extended southward to Lancaster. This old driveway was graded with a crown and may have been the Euclid Avenue of the ancient city.

Several modern flats, an elegantly equipped family hotel and a skyscraper, as well as numerous business blocks, add to the variety of architecture. Besides these

beautiful roadways. There are the drives along the cliff-like walls of Wakatomika, Rocky Fork, Long Run, and the Licking river at Black Hand; while near the city or in it are Hudson Avenue, Lovers' Lane, the level roads leading along our valleys, those on the hills of Franklin and South Second street, and all others leading out over the city walls. From the hills of South Newark may be had magnificent views of the city and its environs. It is from these that the observer realizes that the city lies at the junction of great valleys, that the streams unite here to form

the Licking, that the city is creeping up and down the valleys, that it lies in a forest of shade trees, that great factories have been established—some of them the largest of their kind in the world—and that steam trains, electric cars and automobiles outrun the old Pennsylvania wagons that once crawled through the forest.

Lovers' Lane is what the name indicates. It steals along the base of a mag-



DR. EMORY W. HUNT,  
President of Denison University.

nificent hilly woodland; it follows the windings of the clear, hurrying South Fork; it passes beneath the shade of a great variety of dense foliage; it is the way through birdland; it is the path to the beautiful summer residences that nestle far up on the brow of the wooded hills. Whether one drives in the deeper shade of Summer or in the brighter colors of Autumn, whether one hears the vocal song of the male bird atilt on the twig or the silent one of his mate on the nest, whether one is bowed with the weight of the past or joyous with the promise of the future, it is along Lovers' Lane and on the byways of its wooded hills that the still small voice creeps in upon him and tells him that Man is and that God reigns.

Idlewilde is a beautiful site for a park. It is located within and around a Mound Builders' circular embankment. This ancient curiosity, with its deep meat and Eagle Mound within, with its great American elms and other forest trees, its casino, lake, restaurant, electricity, playground, ball park, race course, and city and interurban cars, distinguishes a most popular and accessible resort.

Camp McKinley Park, one hundred and forty-two acres, not only includes a large circular ancient earthworks but an octagonal one as well. It is also shaded by magnificent forest trees and has a running stream and wooded hills for a northern scenic border. Within the region of what is now West Newark, some prehistoric people erected many miles of embankments and may have had a large city at this point and farmed the fertile valleys; surely they did not live by hunting.

Court House Park is a beautiful public square. Its fountain, velvet lawns, inviting seats, spreading elms, and Court House, pay compliment to those who have gone before, as well as to those who have their present care, and give rest and pleasure to thousands.

Buckeye Lake Park is accessible by interurban. This a beautiful resort and many Newark people have summer residences there. This lake covers 3,100 acres and is the boatman's paradise. "Surrounded as it is by an ever-pleasing landscape of wooded hills and gentle slopes that touch the cool and placid waters, whose crest is dotted with the many craft, from dug-out Indian canoe to little steamer or auto-boat, it affords the pleasure-seeker and the rest seeker all that park, launch, fish, cuisine, pavilion, orchestra, and fine appointment can give."

Black Hand, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Scenic Way," or "The Alps of Licking county," is within easy interurban reach of Newark and is unsurpassed in pleasing natural scenery and historic interest. At one point is a narrow gorge with perpendicular high walls, through which pass the B. & O. railroad, the interurban, the river, a footpath, and the canal.

The Sixth Street Playground is well patronized by boys throughout the sum-

mer. It is here that young base-ball players discover themselves and are developed, that boys learn that other people have rights and that leaders are a necessity. This tract is suitable in every way for a playground and should be fully equipped as such.

The Y. M. C. A. Athletic Field is used by the Y. M. C. A., high school, boys of the grades and other organizations. Besides the fields mentioned are two base-

The Auditorium is an imposing, stone G. A. R. memorial building, located at the corner of the Public Square. Its opera house seats over fourteen hundred and is one of the finest. It is well managed and furnishes a very high class of attractions. It has a large and well-appointed stage, is beautifully and artistically decorated and has almost perfect acoustic properties. The Orpheum Vaudeville theater is well conducted and largely patronized.



RESIDENCES AND PARK, NORTH SECOND STREET.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

ball parks. The young men and boys of Newark are interested in athletics, play clean games and find teachers and others competent and willing to coach them.

Probably no city in the country has a more favorable opportunity for extending its park system than Newark. Nature has furnished unsurpassed sites for this purpose. The wooded hills that skirt the streams are near at hand, quite extensive in area and unsurpassed in contour for a park system.

For several years Newark has had a Spring Musical Festival with a chorus of two hundred voices. This has been liberally supported, largely patronized, and highly appreciated. At these festivals have appeared such celebrities as the well-known lecturer, Dr. A. J. Gantvoort, and such famous singers as Madame Schumann-Heink, as well as Newark's famous violinist, Otto Meyer.

The city has several artists of more than local reputation and is proud to be the

birthplace and home of Belle Havens, the wife of Walcott, the famous painter. Mrs. Walcott almost rivals her husband as an artist. These painters often spend the summer here and the subjects for some of Mr. Walcott's masterpieces were found in this county.

All the fraternal orders are represented in Newark. This city is noted for the number and activity of its lodges. The Masons have two, both as wide awake as any to be found elsewhere. Many of the other lodges have equal evidence of growth and fraternal activity. The B. & O. Orders, Elks and Masons have club rooms and the Knights of Pythias have pur-

ant rivalry among the lodges, but the spirit of brotherly love and mutual good feeling prevails.

Newark is proud of her Board of Trade. This organization is composed of the leading professional and business men of the city. The members have faith in "Greater Newark," are men of ideas, force, and consequence—men who bring things to pass. They know no such thing as indifference to public betterments, or half-heartedness in urging the many advantages of this city as a commercial and manufacturing center. They inspire enthusiasm and confidence and never fail to enlist the co-operation of all citizens in



NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL.

*Photo by Smith.*

chased a property and expect to have club rooms in their new building. The Odd Fellows have two lodges and the Modern Woodmen of America have the largest membership of any Woodmen lodge in this country. The K. O. T. M., Knights of St. John, Knights of Columbus and many others are growing rapidly.

Several of the lodges have women's branches, and these add largely to the fraternal life of Newark. There are many women's clubs, including social, ethical, religious, and literary organizations, all contributing to the social life of the city.

Many of the fraternal life insurance orders are represented as well as those that grant sick benefits. There is no unpleas-

any enterprise that their sound judgment champions. The marked growth of Newark in population, in new industries, and in all attendant phases, is quite largely due to the unselfish, hustling, but sane efforts of the Board of Trade. Owing to this growth, property values have had a gradual upward trend for several years.

Newark has two good hospitals. The Sanitarium is located on West Main street. It is equipped for general hospital service, as well as sanitarium. It is not old, but growing rapidly and can now accommodate thirty-five patients. The institution is incorporated and is controlled by a stock company, maintains a two-years' training school for nurses, has twelve people in

training, and, while having no physician in charge, is co-operative with all physicians, they having a right to take their patients there and treat them.



RESIDENCE OF HON. WM. E. MILLER.  
*Photo by Hempsted.*

The Newark City Hospital is located on Wyoming Street. It is now a public institution but is the outgrowth of the efforts of the philanthropic ladies of the city. In 1898 a board of twelve managers was elected and the hospital thrown open to the public. During its early existence it was maintained by private donations from labor organizations, beneficial societies and pay patients. The foundation of the institution is charity regardless of race, color, or religion. In 1899 the association obtained a charter. Three years ago, after the city had voted a bond issue for the erection and maintenance of a city hospital but afterwards failed to secure a site, a levy of three and one-fourth mills was voted to the institution. The staff is appointed by the Board of Lady Managers and consists of leading physicians and surgeons of the city. It is changed from time to time so as to give every one in good standing in the profession a term of service. The staff gives its service free of charge. All pay patients are permitted to select their own physicians and surgeons. At a recent meeting of the Board of Lady Managers, a training school for nurses was established in connection with the hospital, to be governed by the rules in use in the

leading training schools of this country and to be under the management of the head nurse, assisted by the staff in the technical instruction. The modern appointment, strong equipment, trained nurses, training school, excellent staff, good management, charitable foundation, evidences of growth and efficient service rendered all mark the institution as one that deserves every encouragement, every recognition and every commendation due to such a satisfactory city hospital and training school.

Newark has twenty-one church buildings, nearly all the Christian denominations being represented. A few religious societies do not own a home as yet. Many of the ministers are speakers of unusual eloquence and power. Most of the churches have several branch societies that work earnestly and effectively for the up-building of the church, society and good citizenship. The progress of the churches is keeping pace with the growth of the city. A comparatively large number attend service. One person in four is a member of some Christian church. The Y. M. C. A. owns a commodious and well equipped building, has a large active membership, conducts a lecture course, maintains a night school and is well managed



RESIDENCE OF JOHN SWISHER.  
*Photo by Hempsted.*

in all of its departments. But few realize the value of the moral awakening given by this institution. It has the only apprenticeship school in the country. This



has been conducted for over three years, the attendance doubling last year. Classes will be still further multiplied during the ensuing year. It conducts an athletic park and has at present seventeen baseball teams and several tennis courts. These have been organized from the grades of the public schools, from the Sunday schools and from the industrial workers. The equipment includes a gymnasium,



RESIDENCE OF H. S. FLEEK,  
*Photo by Hempsted.*

bowling alley, pool tables, shower baths, and swimming pool. The Y. M. C. A. is doing something toward lessening the tendency of young men to engage in Sunday games.

There are fifteen public school buildings in the city and two Catholic. The public schools employ one hundred teachers and the Catholic fourteen. Both are doing earnest and efficient service. Within the last three or four years the Board of Education has erected three new buildings, built one addition and has just let the contract for the annex to the high-school, which will more than double the capacity of that building. Besides erecting these new buildings, the board has spent many thousands of dollars recently in repairs on old buildings, including the decoration of inner walls, and, with the

aid of the Civic Improvement League and the Board of Trade, has beautified many of the school lawns. Manual training has been introduced in all seventh and eighth grades.

The maximum salary for all grade teachers has been raised to \$600 and for high school teachers to \$1,100. It is the policy of the board to employ none but efficient teachers.

By agreement the board has been non-partisan for several years and it has urged every progressive movement consistent with public economy.

Newark is fortunate in having a first class college only six miles distant and with hourly interurban connection. Denison has long been recognized as one of the foremost universities in the State. There is also an Old Peoples' Home at Granville.

The city has two private business colleges which are well conducted and well patronized, and the Y. M. C. A. conducts a night school, giving first class instruction. There are also several small private schools.

The city and county take pride in one of the best Childrens' Homes to be found anywhere. The management is superior in every regard and meets the hearty approval of everybody acquainted with the way in which it is conducted. Its school is managed along the most approved lines, the appointments of the Home are adequate and well chosen, the cleanliness of the institution is noted by all visitors, the tone and spirit of the inmates indicate that they are indeed in a home, and everything about the premises shows sound judgment in management and supervision.

It is difficult to see how our Juvenile Court could be improved in personnel or in effective work. Probate Judge Brister is sufficiently tempered with the attributes of mercy to encourage every effort at self-legislation on the part of the delinquent, but has an insight and intuition that locates the cause of the delinquency with the parents, when it belongs there, and governs his orders accordingly. His assistants in the persons of probation officers, visiting board and truant officer, are not surpassed in adaptation for the work, earnestness, power, sound judgment, nor in

that immeasurable personality possessed by a few but which goes so far in moulding child life.

The city has several newspapers—The Newark Daily Advocate, The Daily American-Tribune, The German Express, The Semi-Weekly American-Tribune, and the Semi-Weekly Advocate. All these are of the highest type of county and city papers and some of them a force in state affairs. They preach the doctrine of good citizenship, are among the chief factors in moulding public sentiment, are not unreasonably

power to furnish safety and protection to the people.

The fire department has stations in the central, east, west, and north parts of the city and is well equipped with men and means for fighting fire. The record of the department inspires confidence and makes the citizen feel that all will be done in case of fire that it would be possible for any such organization to do. The new water works will furnish an abundance of water for fire protection. Each of the four companies has a combination ladder-truck and chemical engine, besides a hose carriage. The department enrolls twenty-two firemen, has twelve head of horses and makes use of the police telegraph system. The efficiency of a fire department depends very largely upon its ability to reach a fire in its incipency and the companies of this city make enviable records in this regard, as attested by the rating given by insurance companies. The equipments and appliances are nearly all new, of the highest grade, and thoroughly up to date.

The city electric light plant furnishes arc lights for the streets and has just installed new lamps of the very latest type of Westinghouse. The Citizens Electric Light and Power Company furnishes light and power for all purposes and has just installed two new dynamos and engines.

An abundance of natural gas is furnished for domestic purposes at eighteen cents a thousand and for other purposes at a lower rate. As one of the greatest fields in the world is in Licking county, the city is likely to be favored with natural gas for fuel and light for many years. It has been over twenty years since natural gas was first used in Newark.

On all sides the city has new additions laid out—probably a dozen in all. These sites offer a variety of landscape for home or factory. One may locate along the first bottoms of the streams, on the beautiful terraces that margin the second bottoms, on the level plains of East, West, or North Newark, on the gravelly hills at Woodside, or in the sandstone hills of South Newark. The hills around the city and the famed Buckeye Lake Park offer unsurpassed sites for summer residences.



RESIDENCE OF ARCHIE C. DAVIS.

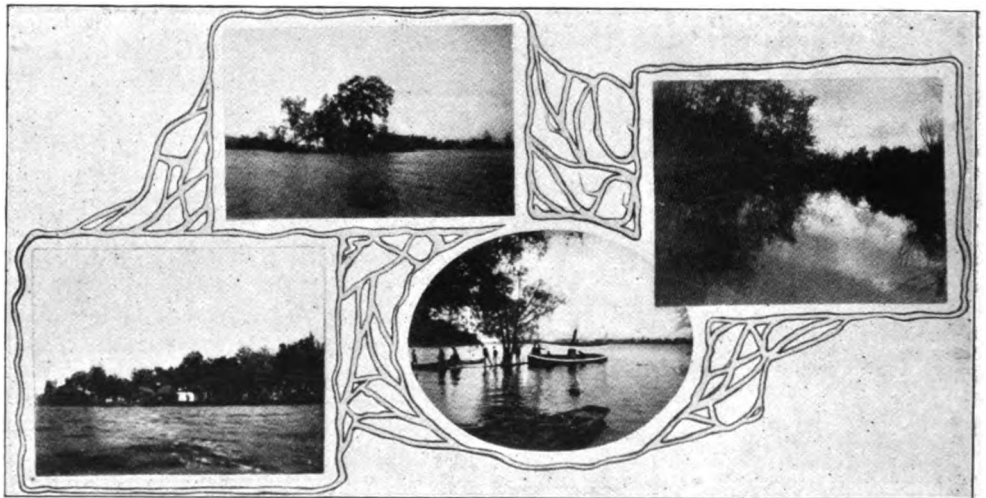
partisan, advocate the policy of placing honest and efficient men in office, are looked to for advice concerning all city and county affairs and are loyal supporters of the public schools. Public betterments generally are championed by the papers and they give no stint of praise and publicity to every movement looking to the general good. They do not live by preying upon one another, nor give so much space to the display of evil and the deeds of vice that they have no room for the life of virtue or the achievements of righteous movements.

The police department enrolls twenty-five men and uses thirty-seven telegraph reporting boxes, each policeman reporting every hour for twelve hours in succession each day. The city is divided into twelve districts, each being patrolled. A first-class patrol wagon is manned by four men. It may be turned into an ambulance also, as is often required. This department is well conducted and does all within its

From what has been said, it follows that Newark is the place for health. Its natural drainage, good water, high elevation above the sea and actual health record, together attest this fact.

Likewise, what has been said points out Newark as a desirable place in which to have a home, and this from many viewpoints. The favorable health record, his-

toric interest, good streets, trunkline railroads, interurban lines, natural gas, fine residences, beautiful scenery, the several parks, good newspapers, social life, good schools, excellent churches, general high class of citizenship, and the opportunities for employment—all these advantages combined—make Newark a most desirable place to call "home."



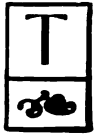
IN IDLEWILDE PARK.



PEACE IN LICKING COUNTY.

# The Agricultural Interests of Licking County

By F. H. Ballou



THE native resources of a country largely determine its future, socially and commercially. A region whose peculiar physical or climatic characteristics, or both, render possible the production of abundant materials and supplies for its people, is possessed of advantages which bestow a prestige recognized and unquestioned among other countries less richly endowed by Nature. The absence of these natural resources cumber a land with a greater or lesser degree of dependence, bequeathing a heritage of restriction and of uncertainty of reward for human enterprise and endeavor.

It is a matter of historical record that the sturdy pioneers found primitive Licking county a section abounding richly in natural resources—a land in which it was possible for the explorer, hunter or home seeker to subsist easily and well. It afforded pure spring water, flowing from beneath “a thousand hills”; numerous running streams abounding in many kinds of fish; abundant game, both furred and feathered; nuts in generous variety and quantity; luscious berries of many kinds; tree fruits of several species; edible and

medicinal plants in profusion, and timber of the finest quality everywhere, for the construction of cabins and primitive farm structures, for fencing and for fuel. As clearings were made in the forest, cereals grown and a demand for a more rapid means of reducing these to flour and meal became of moment, a peculiar quality of flint or “buhr-stone,” native to the great ridge or highland, was discovered and utilized in the building of the ponderous and clumsy buhr-mills or “grist mills” of early days. The slow, laborious quarrying of this substance, which seems almost proof against the action of the hardest steel, and the shaping of the huge, circular, flinty buhrs, was, in the early pioneer days of the county, an enterprise of considerable importance. Not far from the country home of the writer there are yet to be seen several of these buhrs in various stages of completion—from the rough block just quarried and but slightly removed from its bed, to the more nearly finished stone of symmetrical, circular form, through the center of which is drilled a true, round hole six inches or more in diameter. Similar buhrs, though rougher in finish, are said to have been

used for crushing or grinding the dried bark of the chestnut oak so extensively used in tanning leather in early years.

It may be of interest, in passing, to note that from this same great highland known as the Flint Ridge was obtained by the Indians the superb quality of flint so largely used in the manufacture of arrow and spear heads, edge and cutting tools of certain kinds, and small utensils such as

county of today, indebted for the almost unbroken succession, in great variety, of all the staples and luxuries of the North Temperate zone, gained through skilful tillage of the varied soils and placed upon our most excellent home markets—fresh, tempting, appetizing and healthful.

With the exception of a limited number of small, open plains or prairies, the entire surface of the area within the bound-



F. H. BALLOU.

scrapers, perforators, etc., used in the crude life of the forest and wigwam.

To the widely varying topographic and climatic conditions found among the hills, valleys and plains within the boundaries of Licking county, must be attributed these unusual native resources—this remarkable degree of primitive independence.

To the same peculiar physical variations are we, as citizens of the Licking

aries of the county was heavily timbered with many valuable species and varieties of deciduous trees. A few species of evergreens flourished and are yet to be found on the more abrupt slopes of the hills and bluffs bordering valley and stream. This vast area of timber has been a great source of wealth to the county, affording abundant building material of the finest quality, right at hand, and returning un-

told thousands of dollars as a commercial product.

Twenty years ago Licking county had 59,701 acres of woodland—an area by far too insignificant when compared with the 302,167 acres at that period under cultivation and in pasture. Today the acreage of woodland is approximately 34,200—a decrease of about 25,427 acres,

characteristic alike of owners of and dealers in the products of the forest.

It is an encouraging sign of the times, however, that there is an almost universal awakening to the importance of the maintenance of the present woodland area. Our Government and our State are generously co-operating with farmers and land-owners everywhere, in fostering and in-



GROVE OF CATALPA SPECIOSO,  
Licking County, Three Years Old.

*Photo by Ballou.*

or over 1,100 acres per year, while the acreage of cleared land, under cultivation and in pasture, is 241,267.

Thus are we forced, in relating the possibilities, past, present and future, of our beloved home land, to state a few unpleasant facts and to sound certain warnings; for, in a region so lavishly endowed by Nature, thoughtlessness and carelessness unconsciously and unintentionally become

creasing the commendable interest in the improvement of wood-lots and in re-foresting waste areas of hilly land, which never should have been denuded of their timber, by planting both quick growing and the well known standard species of our native trees.

Even highly productive farm land in our county and State is being set to quick growing species of forest trees as an



PRIZE HOGS ON THE KELLER FARM.

Photo by Smith.

economic or commercial enterprise. I am happy to note that this interest in Licking county, while in its infancy, is a vigorously growing one, and that we have reason to hope that the time is approaching when all manner of poles, stakes, posts, railroad ties and building material may be offered upon the market as a skillfully produced farm crop. We are fortunate in being able to present, in connection with this special reference to forestry interests, a photograph of a three-year-old grove of hardy catalpa (*Catalpa speciosa*) growing on the farm of Mr. Geo. H. Taylor, three miles east of Newark and, as a matter of interest, not far from the location of Licking county's first corn field, planted by Elias Hughes in 1798. This particular little catalpa plantation is considered the most excellent for its age of any under the co-operative supervision of the State Forestry Department, which covers hundreds of acres of newly planted forests in Ohio. The young forest shown in the picture is being gradually extended; and other and broader areas are being planted within the county. "Clover Hall," Mr. Taylor's farm home, is one of the ideal homes of Licking County, and the farm itself of more than ordinary interest, not only because of its varied, well-cared-for crops, but from the fact that the old homestead has been in the possession of the family continuously for 100 years—

the present owner being of the third generation.

The deep interest of the writer in all that promises well for his home county, prompts the statement that the farmer or land owner who is in any way becoming interested in forestry, should write to the experiment station at Wooster for forestry literature and suggestions as to woodland improvement and planting.

The clearing away of the forests which luxuriated in and bordered the many beautiful valleys of the county, exposed rich treasures of soil and rare possibilities for agricultural development. Hundreds of ideally situated farms, graced by modern, substantial, neatly kept country homes, each with its living spring of pure, cold water, are located along the irregular margins of the valleys—the land extending into the valley and quite level, used for systematic rotations of farm crops, while the high, round-topped, blue grass hills overlooking the level expanses below afford ideal pasture land for all species of farm live stock.

The western part of the county is mostly quite level, very fertile and excellently well adapted to growing the widest range of agricultural products, for dairying and stock raising. Much of the hill land, too, occupying the eastern half of the county, was originally very fertile, especially the eastern slopes, where for

centuries the forest drift of fallen foliage was carried from the western slopes by the strong western and south-western winds of Winter, over the crests of the hills and deposited on the leeward slopes, rendering the soil on such protected locations rich in humus or vegetable matter and the various elements of fertility necessary in the production of a wide range of agricultural and horticultural products of fine quality.

The greater number of most favorably located farms are devoted to the growing of corn, wheat, oats, hay, sheep, hogs, cattle and the production of milk and

tation. As a farm for general agricultural purposes, however, it is also most scientifically operated. The amount paid by Colonel Crawford in buying and selling horses in Europe and America, including freight, approximates \$10,000,000. The proprietor also operates two other farms in Licking County, aggregating 1,000 acres, largely devoted to the horse breeding and raising. Colonel Crawford is now on one of his frequent visits to Belgium and France, looking for new importations of fine bred stock.

The Fleming Brothers, of near Han-



"PRODUCTS" OF A LICKING COUNTY FRUIT FARM.

*Photo by Ballou.*

other dairy products. Licking County stands especially well up in the front ranks as a producer of live stock, grain and forage. There were, in 1906, 10,240 horses, which places us fourth in the number of horses owned, among the counties of the State. The Sharon Valley Stock Farm of Colonel Geo. W. Crawford, near Newark, is one of the largest and most important horse importing and distributing firms in Ohio. Colonel Crawford purchased the land, which is only about a mile and a half from Newark, about twenty-six years ago, and here he has developed a stock farm of international repu-

over, have also long been engaged in breeding, raising and selling a fine class of horses.

In number of cattle owned, Licking County, in 1906, stood fourth — Ashtabula being first. At that time Licking had, in round numbers, 24,123. Mr. John Montgomery was the pioneer breeder of Shorthorn cattle in the county and probably did more to improve the herds of beef cattle in his section than has ever been accomplished through the influence of a single breeder in this part of the State. Mr. J. W. L. Motherspaw has at present probably the finest herd of dairy



cows in the county. His reputation as a breeder of an exceptionally fine strain of Jerseys extends throughout the State.

Licking has ever been prominent as a sheep and wool producing county. Indeed, only one county in the State, Harrison, led Licking in 1906, in which year our sheep numbered 87,507 and turned off for the market 562,815 pounds of wool.

The number of hogs in 1906 was 18,280.

In growing the necessary grain and roughage and the maintenance of the

per year, with the crop of 1905, grown on 15,139 acres, measuring 414,817 bushels. Of rye there were, in 1905, 1,365 acres, producing 16,180 bushels. Average annual production for ten years, 21,724.5 bushels.

There were 47,392 acres of timothy meadow in 1905, from which 54,454 tons of hay were harvested. This crop placed Licking County third as a hay producer — Ashtabula being first and Trumbull second. The average tonnage of timothy



COLONEL GEORGE W. CRAWFORD'S SHARON VALLEY FARM.

*Photo by Hempsted.*

necessary pasturage for the support of these vast numbers of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and at the same time producing a heavy surplus of farm products for market, the soil of Licking County exhibits its possibilities to a remarkable degree. The production of corn for the past ten years has averaged 1,604,753 bushels per year. In 1905, the last crop of which statistics are at this particular time available, was 1,575,462 bushels, produced on 44,270 acres of ground. Oats for the past ten years have averaged 371,188 bushels

hay in Licking county for the past ten years is 54,543.

Clover is not so largely grown as in some other sections of the State, although its use in rotation with other crops is indispensable in the maintenance of a good condition of the soil as to nitrogenous matter and a desirable physical character. There were 15,579 acres of clover in the county in 1905, from which 20,250 tons of hay were taken. The average annual product of clover hay for ten years is 9,689.1 tons.

The average yield of clover seed for ten years is 5,655.5 bushels, 5,257 bushels being harvested in 1905.

Licking County wheat fields have yielded an average of 354,362 bushels per year for the past ten years. The crop of 1905 was 393,717 bushels, and was grown on 27,260 acres of land.

In addition to the vast quantities of stable manure used, there were 3,992,244 pounds of commercial fertilizers used in

supply. There were 860,663 gallons of milk sold for family use during the last year of which we have statistics — 1905. During the same time our home dairies alone produced 776,033 pounds, or over 380 tons of butter. The tendency, however, is more and more toward the disposition of milk to creameries or skimming stations, increasing the income from the dairy herds and decreasing the labor of caring for the milk product. The use of



APPLE EXHIBIT AT THE LICKING COUNTY FAIR.

supplementing the natural fertility of the soil in 1905.

Licking County pasture lands embrace over 151,000 acres.

It naturally follows that in a section so abundantly favored agriculturally the dairy interests should be particularly prominent. As in the matter of all other of her food supplies emanating from agricultural or rural sources, the city of Newark is especially well served with dairy products of highest quality and in ample

separators in private dairies is increasing — the cream alone being sold. The factory product of butter in 1905 was 381,343 pounds.

The poultry interests of the county are considerable, the egg product alone adding all of \$200,000 annually to farm incomes, which is greater than the financial returns for the butter product of the home dairies. In 1905 there were produced 1,221,680 dozens of eggs in the county.

Potatoes and other vegetables succeed in

almost every part of the county, these reaching a high standard of excellence both on upland soil and in the fertile valleys. Potato growing in the county is attaining a considerable degree of commercial importance. The crop of 1905 was 128,473 bushels. From the fact that the average annual product of potatoes for the past ten years was 95,539.5 bushels, it is evident that this particular in-



COLONEL GEORGE W. CRAWFORD.

dustry, which seems to be the dividing line between agriculture and horticulture, is exhibiting a steady, healthy growth. "Lindenwald," the beautiful farm home of Mr. J. F. Keller, near Newark, leads in the potato interests of Licking County, as this is a seed potato farm whose reputation extends well outside our own State and to foreign countries. Mr. Keller is an expert in potato culture and has tested at various times some sixty varieties, with the result that he has produced superior kinds. He is scientific and enterprising in all his methods. Keller's Improved Green Mountain potato is the result of long and careful experiment and study and is probably the most valuable potato grown for the general market.

In point of number of classes of large

and small fruits produced, owing to the widely differing elevations, soils, locations and slight climatic variations, there are, indeed, few counties, if any, in the State, which surpass Licking. The hills of Central Ohio, of which Licking County has a generous portion, produce apples of a deeper, more brilliant color and, we think, of finer flavor than those of the more northern sections of the State. In these desirable attributes our apples are equal to those grown in the celebrated region embracing the rugged, sunny hills of southern Ohio, overlooking the valley of the Ohio river.

But while we have the necessary conditions for the growing of as fine apples as can be produced anywhere in the world, quality considered, the industry is but in its infancy. The acreage of apple orchard in the county was 3,885 in 1905, with a fruit product of 16,659 bushels. This acreage is almost wholly made up of home orchards, which are, as a rule, not given any special care in the way of cultivation, pruning or spraying, which are necessary in the production of the choicest fruit. There are a few exceptions, of course, as apple culture is being taken up on a scientific, systematic basis by a number of growers and promises liberal returns financially for the special care bestowed. Other tree fruits, even our hardier varieties of peaches, succeed well upon these favored uplands and hill-slopes. The acreage of peaches reported in 1905 was 363, with a product of 4,558 bushels credited thereto. Pears, plums, cherries and quinces are less largely grown, although the demand for these suggests that extra care in their production would add materially to the financial returns of our soil culturists. Especially should attention be given to sour cherries and the finer varieties of European plums, which can be grown to great perfection on Licking county soil. The dreaded twig or "fire-blight" of pears and quinces, for which disease there is yet no remedy but cutting out and burning the diseased parts, renders attempted production of these fruits quite discouraging.

Grapes and small-fruits of all classes and superb quality thrive exceedingly well on the protected, sunny slopes in our hilly

area. More than ordinary care in the growing of an extra fine product of these will, in the future as in the past, return to the horticulturist a generous remuneration, while our own excellent home market of Newark, and others within easy reach by steam or trolley roads, are demanding a greater and greater supply of fresh small and tree fruits.

Foremost among Licking county's several noteworthy horticulturists is Homer C. Price, now Dean of our State Agricultural College at Columbus. Well known, too, is Cary W. Montgomery, a prominent horticultural lecturer regularly employed by the State Board of Agriculture for work at farmers' institutes. But what is of even more significance, Mr. Montgomery's "Chestnut Hill" fruit and potato farm is an excellently well kept and interesting one — well worthy of being visited by any one interested in modern horticulture.

Vegetable growing for the Newark market is a large and growing industry in and bordering the beautiful valley of the Licking river. The quality of the vegetable products is of the best, as is attested by the fact that in competition with vegetable products from many different counties of Ohio, at the State Fair, Licking county exhibits have repeatedly carried away a most liberal share of the prizes.

In recent years the gardening firm of

Kent & Sons has been a leading one; but, the sons having become the proprietors of the foremost seed house of Newark, Mr. Kent Senior is now turning his attention to vegetable plant growing and gardening under glass. T. E. Adams and Alex. Wilson have also long been successful market gardeners and winning exhibitors at the State Fair.

Mr. Walter S. Weiant, one of Newark's leading business men, has recently taken up the business of gardening on a large scale. Mr. Weiant has erected the largest green-houses to be devoted to the winter growing of vegetables, of any near Newark. The growing of green-house products is, as yet, in its infancy in Licking County where our home market, as well as other large markets within easy reach, certainly justify the awakening interest in this fascinating branch of horticulture.

Morally, intellectually and socially the agricultural and horticultural citizenship of Licking County represents a high standard of excellence, as might reasonably be expected from its numerous churches, its modern public schools and its various social organizations. The county abounds in comfortable, well-kept, attractive country homes, in which peace, happiness and prosperity rule, doing honor to its position so near the heart of our great State, which is widely conceded to be one among the best in the Union.



J. F. KELLER'S "LINDENWALD" FARM.



By Himself

A GIRL in the parlor is worth two in a buggy.

\* \* \*

IN the lottery of life the bachelors are the blanks.

\* \* \*

SOME automobiles are run by gasoline and others by lunatics.

\* \* \*

AFTER all, a dead game sport is some improvement over a live one.

\* \* \*

IT is in a logical line of business for a doctor to drive an automobile.

\* \* \*

IT is in the course of Nature that horns are always filled at stag parties.

\* \* \*

LOVE laughs at chains, but it is no jest when they come from the jeweler's.

\* \* \*

WHEN you want to know whether a girl is fancy free or not, offer her onions.

\* \* \*

IN love, as in war, it takes many an engagement to make a real campaign.

\* \* \*

TALK is cheap but is able to do more harm than anything else in this world.

\* \* \*

ENNUI is the feeling that you have money and want everybody to know it.

NATURALLY a man is greatly moved when he is carried away with a woman.

\* \* \*

THOSE who think love is a germ disease might try matrimony as an antitoxin.

\* \* \*

THE man with a baby carriage shows he is willing to push a good thing along.

\* \* \*

SOME men never develop a strong mind except in connection with a strong breath.

\* \* \*

IT seems odd that there were no men of war about when Venus rose from the sea.

\* \* \*

ONE swallow does n't make a summer, but several swallows will make a summer lark.

\* \* \*

WHEN business is slack we can improve conditions by keeping out of other people's.

\* \* \*

IF all the laws were enforced, there would be nobody left out of jail to break them.

\* \* \*

A POET never appears to such good advantage as when he has had something to eat.

It is hard luck when your best girl returns neither your affection nor your presents.

\* \* \*

"LET us, then, be up and doing," says the poet. "Yes," says the practical man, "but who?"

\* \* \*

THERE is no use talking about an income tax at the present price of spring vegetables.

\* \* \*

It must be true that beer is liquid food, because so many people get along without any other.

\* \* \*

AMONG other uses of the automobile its adaptability for producing fines should not be overlooked.

\* \* \*

IN making a formal call on a cannibal king it is proper for the guest to furnish the refreshments.

\* \* \*

SOMETIMES the head of the family gets so desperate that he goes off and spends money on himself.

\* \* \*

SOME old couples wonder at the popularity of automobiles that require two hands to manipulate.

\* \* \*

THE rest cure is doubtless a good thing, but the man with a family is inclined to regard it as a myth.

\* \* \*

A COLLAR button is made without eyes in order to spare it the sight of the man heard swearing at it.

\* \* \*

THE people who are most emphatic in denouncing divorce are either happily married or unmarried.

\* \* \*

AN apartment house is a building in which the rooms are not large enough to be otherwise designated.

\* \* \*

THE wild waves were probably saying that a man in a bathing suit is the worst looking thing on earth.

WHEN a man can't get his wife to listen to him any other way, he can always do it by talking in his sleep.

\* \* \*

IT is right that a woman should share a man's cares after they are married, because that is when they begin.

\* \* \*

WE can believe in the transmigration of souls when we observe how readily some men make asses of themselves.

\* \* \*

AN argument is a joint expression of opinions that neither party to the discussion has any chance of changing.

\* \* \*

WIVES with a conscience are hereby notified that a Michigan man recently dropped dead while washing dishes.

\* \* \*

A RECEIVER is an officer of the court appointed to see that nobody else connected with the business receives anything.

\* \* \*

MANY good people worry so much about what they ought to do that they don't have time to do what they might do.

\* \* \*

THE State of Ohio has \$6,000,000 on deposit, but then it should be remembered that the legislature is not in session.

\* \* \*

IN justification of the Kansas woman who hit her husband with an alarm clock, it might be pleaded that the act was timely.

\* \* \*

WOMEN who appreciate a daily hint from Paris are laughed at by men who have n't sense enough to take any kind of a hint.

\* \* \*

IF the sewing machines worked as hard as the pianos, there might not be so much music in the world, but there would be more harmony.

\* \* \*

THE power developed by electricity in this country would go out of business, if we could utilize the lung power exhibited at base ball games.



### A Yearling



WITH the present number **THE OHIO MAGAZINE** enters its second year and third volume. An editorial announcement in the first issue, July, 1906, declared that the establishment of the magazine proceeded from the recognition of a condition, not the promulgation of a theory. It took into account primarily the fact that the Buckeye State, with a population of more than, 4,000,000, resources vast enough to make it a princely empire in itself, a past justly celebrated in the history of the world's most important Nation and a future brilliant with the promises of inestimable achievements, had no representative in the field of periodical literature such as was then contemplated in this magazine. To quote this salutatory of one year ago:

"We have the men, the memories and the expectations calculated to vindicate the highest ambition in this direction. We have a history, unhappily too rarely enlarged upon, plainly suggesting the desirability of a literary mouthpiece for the State and — because of the lofty position of this commonwealth in the Union of states — for the Nation, if you please. We have the institutions, the industries, the arts, the ideas, the ambition and the pride necessarily affirming a condition which, across the pathway of this enterprise, spells the word 'Opportunity.' Then why not **THE OHIO MAGAZINE**?"

It was asserted that the periodical thus heralded would try to stand for Ohio character and represent what is best in Ohio manhood and womanhood; that it would seek a special sphere in which it hoped to exercise an educational influence for the betterment of material conditions

and the uplifting of moral and mental standards; that it would exhibit what cause might exist that the Ohioan should be proud of his State, by dealing candidly and comprehensively with its history, progress and hope of future development. "In detail," said the announcement, "these objects will be infinitely diversified, but in inspiration and purpose they will be the same."


On the negative side the management declared that **THE OHIO MAGAZINE** would not be exclusively local in interest to the State it represents, but would aim to justify its existence everywhere. Its mission was not to tear down, but to build up; it would have no war with established institutions, State or National, that have proven their usefulness through generations of human experience; if educational, it would not be pedantic; if aggressive, not arbitrary; if dignified, not patronizing. It would assume no scholastic or paternal tone, nor would it pander to the sensational or the low-minded. Finally, it had no ulterior objects in view, no axe to grind, no special interest to promote, no purpose to serve beyond the welfare of its readers and the satisfaction of its business patrons.

It is not for **THE OHIO MAGAZINE** to say how far the intentions and aspirations, briefly outlined in this salutatory have been justified in the first year of its existence. Most assuredly, neither have been rounded out in the fulness of mature endeavor. But it is certain that a degree of progress has been attained unexpected in some quarters, but most gratifying in all. It has been proven beyond question that the field only awaited cultivation, success or failure depending upon the zeal and intelligence with which it should be

cultivated. It has been proven that such zeal and intelligence would meet with the cordial support and godspeed of thousands of men and women in sympathy with the objects in view, and that to them, at the close of the first year of the magazine's career, and even unto the fulness thereof, would be due the grateful thanks of those who have thus far had the good fortune to lead THE OHIO MAGAZINE on its journey of usefulness.

And so the yearling draws a long breath, gathers himself together and strikes out for better things.

### The Picnic

 HERE are people in this world so near nothingness that they look with disfavor and even with contempt upon that great American institution, the picnic.

They see no joy in a Sunday school afeld; they regard a family repast of cold chicken and bread and butter in the woods that were "God's first temples," as a lapse into barbarism, while a pretty girl in a swing appeals no more to their dormant imagination than a blushing peach to a chronic dyspeptic.


But happily these unfortunate people are not in the majority. There is still a controlling element in American citizenship which holds that the picnic has vast advantages over any other form of social communion. For instance, there is joy to the whole gladsome circle when a careless swain sits on a custard pie at a picnic; but what pain and consternation, would ensue, if this pleasing event should occur in a dining room! To be outdoors with Nature, reclining on her greensward, beneath her grateful trees, breathing her revivifying air, but the while concentrating a large part of our attention upon the viands adorning a white linen centerpiece—this is life. Where is the cuisine of a metropolitan hotel that can equal it? Talk of green turtle soup, broiled lobster and champagne—what is the matter with cold tongue, sour pickles, hard boiled eggs and lemonade? The fact is that every other form of repast is an eccentricity, while the picnic is an institution.

On the part of every true American citizen, therefore, it is a solemn duty, as well as a blessed privilege, not only to extol the picnic among the unregenerate, but to acquaint himself, his family and friends, with its manifold virtues. In doing so he will exalt the just pride of patriotism and preserve one of the most useful institutions handed down to posterity by the founders of the Republic.

More than that, he will conciliate his kindred and keep divorce out of the family. The trouble with many men who do not understand women, is that they don't go to picnics often enough. The picnic levels all social inequalities and is the great compromising agent of all family and neighborhood problems. It helps men and women to understand one another and learn that there is a common ground where artificial barriers to true happiness may be disposed of, to far greater advantage than elsewhere.

The happiness of the Nation during this blessed Summer may be estimated by the number of picnics. A bureau of picnic statistics should be inaugurated at Washington, and there could be no objection if a Secretary of Picnic Science were added to the President's cabinet. This would enable the sociologists to keep authentic record of the improvement of the race by this means, and the Nation, politically as well as morally, could not fail to profit immeasurably from the innovation.

### The Destiny of Species

 CIENCE has long made a study of the origin of species, but their destiny has received less attention. Humanity is interested in the origin of species chiefly because Man regards himself as the highest type and definite result in the scheme of evolution. Therefore he is pleased to observe through what forms of life he passed in reaching his present degree of progress. Conceitedly regarding himself as the finality of Creation, he considers the origin of species as an interesting study viewed from the standpoint of his own present condition, but takes no interest in the destiny of



species, because he believes it already fulfilled in himself.

But Man is as thoughtless as he is vain. His countless limitations seldom receive his consideration, while his real powers are tremendously exaggerated in his own opinion. If he thinks he represents perfection in the evolution of species in this world—to say nothing of the next or some other world—he must have formed a very low judgment of the purposes of life in all its forms.

Inadequate Man is very far from a being worthy to be called the last species in evolutionary history. The greater part of his activities are bent upon annihilating space, mainly for the purpose of making money; but he has never put into operation or conceived a visible physical movement that, as related to him, is comparable with the agility of a gnat. The grasshopper is tremendously his superior in the art of pedestrianism. Man's limitations are such that he cannot survive under water nor at any considerable height above land. None of his physical attributes are definitely established, for he would go blind if left in a cave, and his limbs offer no more substantial evidences of permanence than his tail did some generations ago.

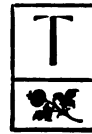
Poor Man builds Pullman cars with spacious observation windows on both sides, but he can only look out of one window at a time. A horse sitting in the car would see the whole landscape on both sides; while a bee, if there were no more obstructions in front and rear than on the sides, would see over, above and around, within the whole scope of his vision. Poor Man cannot even look behind him without turning around. Both the antelope on the mountain and the fish in the sea can do that, at least to some extent, while the insect world is even their superior in this happy faculty.

Poor Man makes a great pretense as a lover and preserver of harmonies, but he cannot even hear the music of Nature. What he does hear is hardly a staccato note in the whole chorus of wonderful sounds that thrill the universe, to the delight of creatures very far from human perfection. So, with all his senses Man finds on every hand tests imposed by other

creatures which he is utterly powerless to approximate.

We cannot very well imagine how to improve on the present species. The addition of another nose or another eye does not appeal to us, although the eye might be of some account. But we are compelled to admit, if we stop to think about it, that the human species, as compared with other species that we know, might be improved with a consequent enlargement of its powers. Man is, therefore, in a poor position to affirm that he is the ultimate thing, even in this world. The jackass might as well boast that his bray is the horn of Gabriel.

### "Our Japanese Question"



HERE is food for no little reflection in the article devoted to "Our Japanese Question," by Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian of Ohio, elsewhere published in this magazine.

The inferences logically proceeding from Mr. Galbreath's statements of fact and opinion we believe will appeal to the American people, whenever understood by them, as vindicating the attitude of the people of California in the present controversy.

But, whatever the final public judgment may be, and regardless of what the General Government or the State of California should do or not do in the premises at the present time, it is fair to assert that there would never be an acute Japanese question in this country, if it were not for our blundering and almost criminal policy of acquiring territory in the Orient. How it was acquired matters little; some say by purchase, but the facts are more suggestive of conquest. It is too late now to go over that ground; and yet we have a right, and even owe it as a duty to ourselves to regard the present situation from the standpoint of our ancient policies.

This country would never invite trouble with Japan; an anti-Japanese feeling could not be fomented here without provocation from Japan herself. Nor would Japan ever dream of a war with America—much less of deliberately conspiring to

bring it about—if Uncle Sam had not developed a carbuncle in the form of the Philippine Islands. This is our vulnerable point, just as Port Arthur was the vulnerable point for the Russians; and it is significant that the two are about equidistant as related to the seat of government of the two countries—Port Arthur about 5,000 miles from St. Petersburg, and Manila about 5,000 miles from Washington. The lesson of the Russo-Japanese war should not be forgotten, notwithstanding it merely emphasized other history relating to the attempts of various nations in the art of exploitation. The great Russian bear crouched across a continent, but the paw that reached beyond the Empire had gangrene, and the blood poisoning which naturally set in at Port Arthur caused the collapse of the beast.

If they have a Roman ambition, the Japanese cannot be blamed for seeing that the United States, since adopting a colonial policy, has placed itself in a most vulnerable position. With American territory confined between the two oceans and the boundary lines of Canada and Mexico, the combined navies of the world would reflect a long time before committing an assault upon us. But with the chain of our national strength disclosing its weakest link in the Philippines, it is hardly stronger in whole than it is in part. The Japanese know this, as the rest of the world knows it; and it is surely time for Americans to realize it.

In large part we shall have ourselves to blame for any unfortunate developments in the Japanese situation.

### Ohio Societies in The Ohio Magazine



THE article entitled "Ohio in Southern California," by Kenneth J. Murdoch, in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, is a notable contribution as indicating the spirit of loyalty to the Buckeye State which still prevails among those of her former sons and daughters who are now living in the far West; but it is still more significant as the beginning of an extended series of articles to be published in this magazine,

which will give the history and status of all the active Ohio societies now flourishing in the various states of the Union.

The New York society may be regarded as the parent one, but it is not numerically the most important. One thousand plates were served to members and guests at the banquet of the Ohio Society of San Francisco previous to the earthquake disaster, and there are probably more Ohioans enrolled in the Los Angeles society than in that of New York. Nevertheless, the precedence which Ohioans in New York City have taken for many years in fostering this spirit of organization and presenting it to the country in its best light, entitles them to the ranking place as the originators and supporters of Ohio societies.

It must be admitted that this example has been followed in other states with a fidelity and enthusiasm unparalleled among other state social organizations. Ohio leads the van in the procession of loyal Americans desirous of signifying their attachment to the State of their nativity. The history of the many Ohio societies which owe their existence to this fact, as now proposed to be published in THE OHIO MAGAZINE, must prove not only interesting to those directly concerned, but, in many instances, of permanent value as a record of progress; because progress is the condition into which the Ohioan immediately throws himself, whatever his environment.

As in the case of Los Angeles, for instance, the history of that city could not be written competently without substantial reference to the men of Ohio who have contributed to its development. Whatever is recorded regarding the Ohio societies of Southern California, therefore, is worthy of preservation as local history, and the same thing is true of many important Ohio societies, too numerous to mention here. In thus presenting the Ohio societies of the country to one another and to the people now living in Ohio, THE OHIO MAGAZINE predicts that all interested will be surprised at their number, history and usefulness. It should be an agreeable work from the standpoint of State pride, and one in which, we have no doubt, the readers of this magazine will take peculiar interest.

### Cities as States



HERE is both novelty and no small degree of common sense in the suggestions presented by Howard Louis Conard's article entitled "New Work for State Makers," in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. They will prove especially interesting to the many persons now devoting attention to municipal problems in this country but may well appeal with equal force to those who do not dwell in our great cities; for the division of government contemplated by Mr. Conard would affect the smaller cities and the country quite as well as New York, Chicago or Philadelphia.

Whatever the remedy is to be, there is no doubt that many evils grow out of the dominance of state politics by large cities. The interests of the people of New York City and of New York State outside of the city are not often identical, when it comes to legislation at Albany. Their mutual interests are not often promoted by such legislation, which frequently results in an inextricable tangle of affairs metropolitan as opposed to affairs urban and rural. The people of New York City are not in sympathy with the people of the remainder of the State, in the sense that the rural communities and cities like Buffalo and Rochester are in sympathy with one another. Even if the influence of the metropolis and the remainder of the State were equal, there still would be a clash of interests, but where that of the former is often dominating the inequality of the situation becomes more obvious and inspires a natural desire for reform by the means suggested by Mr. Conard or by some other means.

Comparatively speaking, there would be no objection to the admission of New York, Philadelphia or Chicago to the Union as separate states, based on population or resources. Any one of them has much better claims to statehood, at least so far as population is concerned, than could have been asserted by many of the Western states already admitted. The beneficial results that would ensue from making states of these cities would give their people the home rule that they de-

serve and relieve New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois of their dominating influence in politics.

This new work for state makers is well worthy of consideration. In any event future states of the Union will be erected from those already existing, for state lines are now laid out practically within our entire territory. There are many reasons for believing that the partition of Texas is not a question as imminent as what to do with the government of our great cities. Mr. Conard's suggestions would have a radical effect upon the latter and should not be overlooked in the consideration of future state making.

### A Coming History Conference



MUCH interest should and undoubtedly will attach to a project now on foot in favor of a "history conference," especially devoted to the historic interests of the Ohio Valley, which is to be held in Cincinnati, November 29th and 30th next, under the auspices of about a dozen organizations in that section representing the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, the Cincinnati Branch of the Archaeological Institute of America, and various hereditary patriotic societies. The meetings will be held in the buildings of the University of Cincinnati, and this institution will interest itself in the objects in view to the extent of no little practical aid.

One of the chief objects of the conference will be the awakening of interest in local history throughout the State, with a view to increasing the number and usefulness of local historical societies. One meeting will also be devoted to considering some practical problem in connection with the work of history teaching. Another will take up the work of the various patriotic societies, and still other means will be elaborated in favor of the same general objects, which relate to increasing popular interest in local history throughout Ohio, stimulating the work of gathering and preserving historical records, and bringing the workers of history into closer relation throughout the State.

The Cincinnati committee having the preliminaries in charge consists of Charles Theodore Greve, Isaac Joslin Cox and Frank Parker Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin is the secretary, with headquarters at 34-35 Observatory Place, Cincinnati; and all persons, in Ohio or elsewhere, interested in the objects which the conference has in view, are invited to place themselves in communication with him. It is needless to say that the enterprise deserves the cordial good will and support of intelligent Ohioans, and it is to be hoped that the conference will be so successful as to require a permanent organization to continue its good work.

### Expensive Peace



WHILE permanent international peace through arbitration continues to make some progress without achieving any real results, the so-called enlightened nations are spending more money on the kind of peace that involves preparation for war, than ever before. The disease of naval extravagance is all-pervading and blights republics as well as monarchies. Preserving the peace by being prepared for war is almost, if not quite, as expensive as war itself and saps the strength of international industry in every department of human endeavor.

In the past ten years the United States, Germany and Japan have more than doubled their annual naval expenditures, and during the same period the expense of the naval program of these nations, with Great Britain and France added, has increased nearly ninety per cent. In all the countries named the increase of expense for the peace that is preserved by being prepared for war, has been vastly in excess of the increase of population and production of wealth.

England recently launched the *Dreadnaught*, the largest and most formidable battleship in the history of navies, but Japan already has specifications for a larger one, and the United States has completed plans for two larger, to be finished

in 1910. Thus the immense expenses to maintain peace by squandering wealth on preparation for war, continue to exhaust the leading nations. It is a sad commentary on human intelligence in this generation—to say nothing of the moral teachings of Christianity—when the bare facts regarding continual preparations for war are laid before a world that is in reality peace-loving.

### Another Phase of the Thaw Case



NEWSPAPER dispatches declare that Harry K. Thaw, still confined in the Tombs awaiting his second trial for murder, is losing his mind. It is freely predicted that he will be declared insane before opportunity will ever arrive to declare him guilty or innocent of the crime with which he is charged. It is significant that the prisoner's mental condition became alarming as soon as he learned that the assistant district attorney engaged in the prosecution of his case in the first trial was about to leave on a two or three months' vacation in Europe.

Few decent people will desire to have the Thaw case recalled, in many of its phases, but this aspect of it deserves general consideration. The man has had a mistrial, amounting to no trial, but the custom of our courts, in violation of his constitutional rights as an American citizen, requires him to languish or go mad in jail, while his prosecutors hide themselves to Europe for rest or recreation.

Nor is this an isolated case. Our administration of criminal law is even worse than that of the civil laws with reference to the injustice of postponed hearings, and Heaven knows that the civil law processes are bad enough. Every man imprisoned for alleged crime has a right and deserves to be tried at the earliest possible moment, which is very far from what will be the fact in the Thaw case and what is the fact in most criminal cases. If public sentiment in favor of Thaw in reference to his crime is not justified, it will at least not be diminished by denying him the early trial to which he is entitled.

# The Trend of Opinion

## Corporations in Ohio

From the Columbus, Ohio, Sun.

IN an important and informing article appearing in the June number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE Hon. Charles Kinney, former secretary of state, points out the advantages of Ohio as a field for corporate investment. This is a subject upon which Mr. Kinney's views are those of an expert, for it was during his administration of the department of secretary of state, from which the corporations obtain their licenses and to which they are required to report, that many of the most important of the present laws affecting those business enterprises were enacted. He is familiar, therefore with the requirements of the Ohio statutes and the privileges and immunities they confer.

Mr. Kinney believes the policy of a state with reference to corporations "is of vastly more importance than is that of the federal government, as a state may prohibit a corporation from carrying on a business that may be engaged in lawfully by an individual, or may impose such burdens as to affect the ability of the corporation to conduct its business at a profit." Federal laws, on the contrary, operate only upon commerce and the instruments of commerce—that is, upon commodities or things transported through, into or out of a state, and on the means of such transportation:—and as to these, they affect all alike. Thus while the federal government may interdict the transportation of articles injurious to public health or morals, a state may permit such articles to be bought and sold among its citizens, and the federal government is powerless to interfere.

For these reasons, if a state pursues toward its corporations a policy of proper regulation without oppression, it is certain to attract such business enterprises. This is precisely the policy the State of Ohio has been pursuing in recent years, notably since the stockholders' liability amendment in 1903, and the result has been an enormous increase in this form of investment here. Mr. Kinney says it is probable "the people builded wiser

than they know when they assented to the change in our organic law which has induced this great influx of capital and stimulated our industries; but it is safe to venture the prediction that, having witnessed the beneficial results of a liberal treatment of corporations, whatever changes hereafter may be deemed advisable in our taxing system, the laws regulating corporations have come to stay."

There can be no question of the soundness of Mr. Kinney's conclusion that the state gains more by a liberal policy that invites investment, thus increasing values, than it does by fleecing the corporations simply because it has the power to do so.

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## The Minister in Demand

From the Baltimore Sun.

THE Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob, pastor of a fashionable congregation of the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, preached a remarkable farewell address to his flock last Sunday. It seems, according to reports, that some of the wealthy "society" folk of Dr. Ecob's church were scandalized at his plain, democratic ways, his disregard of fashions and some social conventionalities and his careless method of dressing himself. These things, it is reported, led to his resignation.

"Many ministers are resenting today," Dr. Ecob said, "the demand of the church for a simply decorative ministry—a ministry that tiptoes gently and graciously at 4 o'clock teas and smiles benignly at the bridge-whist tables; a ministry whose pulpit utterances have the quality of what is known by country people as foxfire, a pale, phosphorescent glimmer, the product of decayed wood." There may be in some congregations, in some localities, in some classes of society, a demand for the kind of ministers described by Dr. Ecob. But he is surely in error when he speaks of such a demand as being the demand of the church. The demand, on the contrary, is for manly men in the ministry—men who understand other men, who comprehend their weaknesses,

their temptations, their impulses and know how to sympathize with them and deal with them.

### Discipline for Students

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE faculty of Princeton University has expelled thirty-one students, nearly all of them members of the freshman class, for conducting a keg party, which is an old practice at Princeton. The participating students doubtless feel that they have been deprived of a time-honored right and privilege, but the practice having become more offensive year by year drastic measures were taken. A procession follows a watercart and a dray loaded high with kegs, which are subsequently emptied in a secluded part of the campus. About three hundred students attended the festivities this year, but only thirty-one of them were safely identified as actual participants. This expulsion, if it is not compromised or receded from, will be a first-rate lesson. Probably college life was more rebellious and in worse taste than now, when men of present maturity were students; but it is by no means straightlaced, not even universally decent, in our day.

Unless the college managements get better hold of their duties some day the honors of graduation will be secondary to the notoriety of rowdyism. Even the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis carry on hazing to such an extent that the officers appear to lose control, or to be participants in the contemptible codes which have often developed under investigation. One class of students, glad to escape from home-teaching, or never having had the benefit of good breeding, determines that some other class shall not be composed of gentlemen. The officers are too often helpless or indifferent, or governed too much by coarse traditions to take any action in the matter unless they are goaded and threatened by Congress. A great many young men who would make the best officers are kept away from the military and naval schools, so that they may not have to undergo insult and humiliation at the hands of those who have themselves been jarred in their young manhood, and seek a cowardly revenge for their experience on innocent people. The student is one of the great hopes of the country,

and in a normal state deserves honor; but he does not "own the earth," and ought to have that fact hammered into him with his classics and tactics. That is to say, the self-sufficient student who wants to be "tough."

### Growth of Trolley Systems

From the Mansfield News.

WE are very familiar with our own trolley lines in a way and have some conception of the amount of business they do. But we do not often think of what the aggregate trolley business of the country at large is. So statistics concerning the same of what a comparatively new means of locomotion is accomplishing. Last year about 6,000,000 passengers traveled by trolley in the United States, which is four or five times as many as used steam cars. An average of 17,000,000 trolley fares are collected daily in the country, and a third of a million employes are connected with electric transportation. The business is comparatively new, and is an illustration of the swiftness with which fresh adjustments of American industry can rise. Though 260 miles of horse-car lines and 240 miles of cable lines are still operated, they are looked upon as curiosities that have been belated, and will disappear as soon as the traffic is put in the best shape.

### New York at Japs Mercy

From the New York Tribune.

THE possibility of a conflict between America and Japan is so remote that it almost seems either preposterous or criminal to consider it. Yet it is quite obvious that most of the talk about naval movements to which we have referred is inspired by the thought—we hope not the desire—of such a catastrophe to civilization. Perhaps it may be fitting to suggest to these amateur strategists, therefore, that if there were not only a possibility but an actual certainty of war with Japan there would be doubts of the wisdom of rushing all our fighting ships to the Pacific coast for purposes of defense and thus leaving our Atlantic coast undefended, for the reason that the distance from San Francisco to New York is almost as great as, and that from Seattle to New York is much greater than,

the distance from Yokohama to New York, and that, therefore, Japan could strike New York with her fleet before our own ships could get back from Puget sound to defend it.

### The "Blue Laws"

From the Crestline (Ohio) Advocate.

AT St. Joseph's Catholic Church last Sunday, Rev. H. E. Boesken, the pastor, said, in the course of his sermon, that he did not disapprove of Sunday excursions; in fact, he rather approved of them. Of course, Rev. Boesken was preaching on the proper observance of the Lord's Day and said that the Lord made Sunday that the faithful might serve Him and rest. It would be a very great wrong for a person to miss attending to their religious duties for the purpose of taking in a Sunday excursion or any other form of amusement. The simple meaning of his sermon was that the people should give to God the things that are God's and that simple and innocent amusements indulged in on the Sabbath Day could mean no wrong.

There is little doubt but that the great majority of people will heartily agree with Rev. Boesken's broad and liberal view of Sunday observance. There is no doubt but that all of us believe in a Supreme Being and with such a belief we certainly ought not be averse to giving a part of the Sabbath Day to serving our Creator. After this has been well done any harmless amusement can be indulged in without fear of doing wrong. Of course there are people the world over who will scoff at the idea of Sunday excursions, Sunday baseball, Sunday band concerts, Sunday theatres, Sunday picnics and every possible form of amusement which could give a few hours pleasure to the man and woman who have toiled earnestly and diligently for six long days with scarcely a ray of sunshine and certainly no amusement to lighten their daily labors.

The great majority of the people belong to the working class. To make ends meet they must work; they have neither the time or the money to take promiscuous vacations of a day or two, or possibly a month throughout the summer. Who is it among us that is human who will expect this class, which is the great majority of the people, to spend their one day of relaxation from work en-

tirely in the church or, when they are not in the church, to the diligent reading of the Bible in their homes? A merciful Creator does not exact such a life from his people.

There should be temperance in all things. The attendance at a Sunday excursion, a picnic, park or day's outing does not give a man the privilege of becoming intoxicated, cut such capers as are likely to land him in jail or to otherwise break the law. There is a happy medium between the blue laws of our forefathers and general smashing of moral and civil laws.

With summer upon us in full swing there ought to be pleasure for everybody. If your pleasure must come on Sunday then give to the Lord that part of the day which rightfully belongs to Him and use the balance as your conscience may direct. Be temperate in the expenditure of your own funds as well as the manner in which you expend them.

### Must Obey the Law

From the Los Angeles Express.

M. E. INGALLS, former president of the many years ago as a "radical" among Big Four Railroad, was regarded not railway managers so far as his dealings with the public and frankness of utterances were concerned. Today he poses as the leading optimist in the transportation business, always ready with a kind word to cheer up his brethren who have been badly scared by the swinging of the "big stick," regulative legislation and ominous mutterings of the public.

Mr. Ingalls sustains his later-day reputation in a recent interview in which he remarks that the railroad business is looking up, due in part to the fact that managers can now wake up in the morning and think of President Roosevelt without having nervous dyspepsia or stage fright. It seems the Indianapolis speech of the nation's chief executive has had a calming effect upon the situation. Mr. Ingalls says it is because the speech can be taken two ways, but he added significantly, "The railroads have got to obey the law and that will be good for them."

The veteran railroader has evidently hit the nail upon the head. Obedience to the law is the basis for all healthy social and business conditions and the railroads will find both profit and clear conscience in it.

## Awful Heresy

From the New York Evening Post.

THE awful heresy of tariff-revision seems to be gaining ground even in orthodox Republican circles; when Secretary Taft spoke at Bath, Me., he intimated that the condition of the national treasury justified a revision of the schedules. In spite of the large appropriations during the past year, there is now a surplus at Washington of \$86,929,425. Even Mr. Tawney of the house committee on appropriations thinks this is too much.

Of course, as long as people cherish the idea that it is the foreign producer who pays the duty, they will continue to stand the expense of piling up this unnecessary surplus. When a nation has nearly ninety million dollars in ready money, it gets careless about the way in which it is spent. We shall also continue to have a lot of radical legislation to remedy some of our social and economic ills, while the chief source remains untouched. Possibly it is thought to be a great patriotic sacrifice that a people should pay taxes to the government which are unnecessary, and foster the very abuses it seeks by special legislation to remove.

## High School Fraternities

From the Indianapolis News.

THE question of school fraternities and sororities grows more acute. These societies are seen to be an interference with proper educational life. Beginning in the colleges the fraternity idea has spread to the high school and even to the grammar school. We are having now interesting efforts to curb the evil in different manifestations. In the Chicago high schools this became so great in many ways, from snob-bishness and inattention to study, to immorality, that the school authorities denied the members participation in special prizes and sought in other ways to abolish the societies.

The evils that flow from the fraternity and sorority system are especially felt in high schools, where the pupils are young and immature, and where the teachers, having no authority over the pupils outside of school hours, are helpless to regulate or control the societies' activities. Experience has shown that they are a hindrance and not a help in

school work. They have become an imperium in imperio, essentially snobbish and undemocratic, demanding an allegiance superior to that of the school from the members and exercising over them, or many of them, an influence inimical to the discipline of the school and detrimental to their own best good.

## An Illustrative Case

From the Columbus Evening Dispatch.

HIS record in the penitentiary was bad, and the officials declared against the commutation of his sentence. Nevertheless the board of pardons acted favorably." This, from recent news of the day, refers to Charles Carson, whose six year sentence for horse-stealing was cut to three years, the reduction releasing him on June 23. On July 1, he was again arrested, for the same offense.

The evident unfitness of the man, as a subject for clemency, and the result of his release, give added point to the governor's demand for more publicity in the matter of paroling and releasing prisoners. The whole plan of parole and pardon was based on the principle of benefiting the man who gave evidence of reform, and of worthiness to be set free among honest people.

## Demand for Better Rails

From the Toledo Blade.

THERE is encouragement to the traveling public in the fact that the railroad managers themselves have gone into the matter of rail construction and are demanding of manufacturers a better quality of product. At a conference held recently in New York it was said that for the first three months of the present year there were nearly 3,000 cases of defective rails in that state alone. In the single month of February 449 rails were either broken or found to contain serious flaws. This discovery as a result of an investigation following many accidents has compelled the railroads to take cognizance.

The manufacturers refuse to accept all the burden of responsibility. While admitting that steel rails are not what they should be, they claim that the railroads refuse to pay the higher price which the better grade of rails should bring and use a lighter rail than the heavy equipment now employed demands.



The market price of rails as now made is \$28 per ton, and the manufacturers purpose advancing the price for perfect rails to \$33 per ton.

Discussing the results of the investigation, the current Outlook suggests that it is another argument in favor of government supervision. But why should federal intervention be necessary in a matter of so much vital importance to the corporations that have everything at stake? The railroad companies ought to understand the value of maintaining a safe track. Every accident is a heavy tax on the property. We have no doubt the total loss to American railways by accidents that can be traced directly to defective rails or imperfect equipment would more than pay the difference required to equip every mile of railroad with sound, heavy rails. The manufacturers must likewise favor a reform lest the railroads, as the Pennsylvania has threatened to do, establish steel mills for making their own rails. From a business point of view, even if there were no humanitarian reasons, we should suppose the manufacturers and railroads would co-operate to improve the quality of rails and bring our railroads nearer to the standard of European railways.

### Greatest of Railroad Projects

From the Railway Age.

FROM South Dakota comes brief announcement of the largest railway project of the season, if not of the century. The United States Central railway company, according to report, proposes to build a road from Portland, Me., to San Francisco, Cal., "touching New York and Chicago"—and possibly some other places. The estimated cost of the road is \$500,000,000; capital stock, \$50,000,000; incorporators, Paterson, N. J. and Delhi, N. Y. capitalists; place of incorporation, Pierre, S. D. Further information as to this great enterprise will be awaited eagerly by investors, supply people and railway men looking for jobs. For a line, say, 3,600 miles long, by the most feasible route touching New York and Chicago, an expenditure of \$500,000,000, or \$138,000 a mile, would seem excessive; but if, as appears to be suggested, the route is to be deflected far northward, in order to touch the capital of South Dakota, where railway regulation is exuberant, it is likely that the half-billion

will be needed. If the unnamed capitalists of Paterson and Delhi have the \$500,000,000 to spare and want to build the United States Central railway with it, as a personal indulgence, let them be applauded, but if they contemplate a popular stock promotion scheme, offering prodigious profits at bargain-counter prices, let them be watched.

### The Wedding "Joke"

From the Hamilton (Ohio) Sun.

THE silliness of some of the "practical jokes" perpetrated on brides and grooms is becoming more and more apparent as the attention of the public is directed toward some new outrage devised by a kind "friend." Some day a genius will arise who, in taking charge of wedding arrangements, will devote his abilities and talents toward making the occasion one of pleasure to the bride and groom and the wedding party and not one of terror.

Only a few days ago a well known couple missed a train after being wedded because some practical jokers had dismantled their automobile.

The arrest of another well known couple in Cincinnati on the strength of a telephone message sent from here to that city is being generally commented on and condemned and the Cincinnati authorities are making an investigation which, it is hoped, may have a tendency to repress the exuberance of future jokers.

There is nothing so silly as a practical joke and there is no more inappropriate time for the perpetration of one than at a wedding.

### Hair Triggers

From the New York Sun.

IN the course of a letter on the proposed movement of battleships, and on the probable relation of the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy of the United States to the promotion of that enterprise, a correspondent asks this question:

"If you really believe, as you intimate, that the President has a perfect right to order any number of war vessels to any quarter of the globe on any errand of peace, why do you discern, or why do you pretend to discern, any possibility of mischief, as regards Japanese opinion, in the exercise of that right?"

Because, to be entirely frank, of a certain historical circumstance generally overlooked in this country but possibly well remembered in Japan, where the specialists are exceedingly diligent and thoroughgoing. We refer to the fact that history credits Mr. Roosevelt with views peculiar to himself and strikingly differentiated from the ordinary theories of international procedure respecting the larger movements of warships in time of peace; views so peculiar and so individual as perhaps to warrant the Japanese of Roosevelt temperament—if any such there be—in making an extremely mischievous use of the authority of his name.

We have no doubt that the libraries of Tokio contain more than one copy of "The New American Navy," by John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy," published in 1903, the year following his resignation from that high executive office. On pages 173 and 174 of the second volume of Mr. Long's respectable book the curious Japanese investigator or the unscrupulous Japanese Jingo will find this passage:

"Mr. Roosevelt was an interesting personality as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as indeed he is in any capacity. \* \* \* He was zealous in the work of putting the navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved. Just before the war, when the Spanish battle fleet was on its way here, he as well as some naval officers, regarding that as a cause of war, approved of sending a squadron to meet it without waiting for a declaration of war."

There are very likely in the public or private libraries of Tokio copies of the narrative of Mr. Roosevelt's career written by his friend Mr. Francis E. Leupp, whose appointment by Mr. Roosevelt to an important Federal office was subsequent to the appearance of this biography. On page 200 and in the sequel the curious Japanese investigator or the Japanese Jingo or Yellow will find further infor-

mation about Mr. Roosevelt's theories of the significance of battleship expeditions and the proper method of dealing with them on the high seas. Mr. Leupp reports Mr. Roosevelt's words from his personal recollection of them:

"One Sunday morning in March, 1898, we were sitting in his (Mr. Roosevelt's) library discussing the significance of the news that Cervera's squadron was about to sail for Cuba, when he suddenly rose and brought his two hands together with a resounding clap.

"If I could do what I pleased," he exclaimed, 'I would send Spain notice today that we should consider her despatch of that squadron a hostile act. Then, if she didn't heed the warning, she would have to take the consequences.'

"You are sure," I asked, 'that it is with unfriendly intent that she is sending the squadron?'

"What else can it be? The Cubans have no navy; therefore the squadron cannot be coming to fight the insurgents. The only naval Power interested in Cuban affairs is the United States. Spain is simply forestalling the "brush" which she knows, as we do, is coming sooner or later.'

"And if she refused to withdraw the orders to Cervera?"

"I should send out a squadron to meet his on the high seas and smash it! Then I would force the fighting from that day to the end of the war."

The Theodore Roosevelt of 1907 is in a position to do much more nearly what he pleases than was the Theodore Roosevelt of 1898. That is one reason why he ought to avoid, even at the sacrifice of his personal inclinations, any naval proceeding which might be used by any young Jingo Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Japan to bring about the immeasurable and irreparable misfortune of a break in the friendship of that nation for the United States.

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**T**HE Buckeye State offers unequalled inducements to manufacturers desiring a change of location, and THE OHIO MAGAZINE is prepared to present abundant evidence to substantiate the statement, without trouble or expense to those interested.

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## THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Columbus, Ohio

# THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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# Foibles and Frailties of Royalty

By William Alexander Taylor



WILLIAM IV. of England, was a gay, festive and eccentric king, and in some particulars, at least, one of the most notable of the English sovereigns. His early and maturer life, his personal habits, his sudden elevation to the throne, when all Europe was trembling over a volcano of revolution, make up a series of most interesting chapters in the history of royalty.

Charles C. F. Greville, who was Clerk of Privy Council, and knew all about the private lives of the Third and Fourth Georges and the Fourth William, belittles, berates and holds them up to ridicule in his "Journals" in which he sets down in regular succession not only his own impressions, but the contemporaneous opinion of the royalty and nobility of the period.

The polished courtier proves himself to be an inexorable critic.

Some twenty-five years ago these "Journals" were printed in two large volumes. The manuscript copy and plates were bought at an exorbitant price, the book-stalls were ransacked and copies purchased at any price, and thus they were suppressed. The pretext was that they contained no end of scandalous stories, unfit to be printed or read.

But this was not true. Occasionally some scandal is delicately hinted at, but that is all. As a matter of fact, the "Journals" simply stripped royalty and nobility of their conventional glamour and presented them to the reader in all their stupid vulgarity. The picture was a startling one. It made the suppression of the "Journals" a sort of state necessity. A few copies survived what was intended to be a universal destruction. To one of them, which came into my possession within less than a fortnight of its publication, I am indebted for the facts and material for this paper. It

was procured in London on the day of its publication and presented to me by Gen. W. Milnor Roberts, an American officer and author, who had engineering charge of the public works of Brazil at that time — in the seventies.

William IV., otherwise known as the Duke of Clarence, was the third son of George III. He became heir apparent to the British throne in 1827, upon the death of his elder brother, the Duke of York. By the death of George IV., in 1830, he became king, and died in 1837, being succeeded by Queen Victoria, mother of the present sovereign, who was the daughter of the Duke of Kent.

That William IV. was wild, wayward and well nigh irresponsible, admits of no sort of doubt. He entered the navy as a midshipman and rose to Lord High Admiral by successive gradations of promotion. And yet he was never actively in command, because of his notorious unfitness. The only way in which he ever distinguished himself was by disobedience to orders and his utter disregard of all rules of discipline. His offices were titular and honorary and conferred because he was a king's son — not that he deserved them.

In early life he married Adelaide, the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Two children were born to the union, but both died in infancy. Subsequently he maintained a morganatic marriage relation with Mrs. Jordan and reared a family of nine sons and daughters, all of whom he legitimized and ennobled after he became king. Their descendants to-day are all of the true blood.

In his every-day life William IV. appears to have been a common enough sort of a character, given to tempestuous drinking bouts with boon companions and often with the commonest rabble. In this day and in this country he would have, in news-



paper parlance, "a police record." When he was elevated to the kingship, it was literally a translation from the slums to the throne. Concerning it, Greville says:

"Never was elevation like that of King

\* \* \* without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little, meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their houses, or thought it necessary to honor him with



HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,\* ETC., ETC.

(George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales.)

William IV. His life has hitherto passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny,

any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on far above forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making

\* The engravings of this royal pair here published are from photographs, by Baker's Art Gallery for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, of two rare paintings on transparent glass which were formerly in the possession of the late William Restieux, of Columbus, Ohio, who obtained them from a sea captain at New Orleans in 1853. The paintings, supposed to have been stolen in England, were so mutilated as to eliminate the artist's name.

him Lord High Admiral at the time of his grand ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness, which was thought to indicate incipient insanity."

was regarded as a relief. The press assailed the character and acts of the late king with unparalleled ferocity the moment the breath was out of his body and it was safe to do so, and extravagantly congratulated the people that it was impossi-



HER MAJESTY, CAROLINE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN, WIFE OF GEORGE IV.  
(Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Princess of Brunswick.)

Strange material, truly, out of which to make a king. But, under existing circumstances, the change was not wholly unwelcome, for George IV. was universally execrated by his subjects, and any change

ble for them to be cursed with a worse or more unworthy sovereign. The Duke of Wellington, the Prime Minister, paid William IV. the high compliment to say that he was tractable and easy to manage, and

that if George IV. had been as excellent in this regard as his successor his reign would have been much better.

But this compliment was paid early in the reign. It was never repeated later on.

When George IV. lay dead the Privy Council assembled to properly witness the signature of William to the declaration of allegiance. It was an occasion of mournful pomp and circumstance, but the new king did not seem to be overwhelmingly impressed. When the solemn formality was over, and the king went to sign his name, the work was a little difficult, owing possibly to his limited literary attainments. But like an expert king he laid the responsibility on his ministers, with the remark: "This is a d——d poor pen you have given me!" Whereat all the courtiers laughed, and the king joined in.

That William rose in public estimation, or curiosity, when he rose in station, was but natural, perhaps. "There never was anything," writes Greville, "like the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by all the ranks; though he had trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned around to look at him, he can not stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels. All the Park congregated around the gate to see him drive into town day before yesterday. But in the midst of all this success and good conduct certain indications of strangeness and oddness peep out which are not a little alarming, and he promises to realize the fear of his ministers, that he will do and say too much, though they flatter themselves that they have muzzled him in his approaching progress by reminding him that his words will be taken as his ministers', and he must therefore be chary of them."

At the funeral of George IV. William IV. was chief mourner, but he indulged in but little pretense of mourning. He talked freely to his favorites of their approaching promotion and enjoined them to lose no time in ordering their dress coats and other court paraphernalia.

"Altogether," remarked the chronicler, "he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very

decent king; but he exhibits oddities. He would not have his servants in mourning — that is, not those of his own family and household — but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert to desire her to put her's in mourning, and consequently they are!"

The idea of having one's official mourning done by proxy isn't such a bad one, after all. The historian, however, does not state how Mrs. Fitzherbert enjoyed the season of grief, or whether the king ever recompensed her.

His inspection of the Coldstream Guards, shortly after his accession to the throne, furnished no end of amusement. For the first time in his life he rigged himself out in full military uniform, buckling a pair of immense gold spurs on the calves of his legs, which gave him the appearance of a game-cock as he strutted up and down in front of the line.

Why he wore the spurs at all, was inexplicable, as he was not to ride, and could not have sat on a horse had he tried, but why he should have buckled them on in this manner was still more puzzling to the crowd. Lady Bathurst gave a reception on this occasion and filled the bill excellently. Speaking of Lady Bathurst, Greville says: "She is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners, and did all this (which she hated) very well." In short, Lady Bathurst, although mortified and amused at the strange antics of the king, played her part perfectly. This should excuse her for her homeliness and horrid complexion.

William could never get the hang of "etiquette." Once he wanted to appear in Parliament accompanied by the King of Wurtemberg, and it was with extreme difficulty that he was brought to see that this would be an inexcusable breach of etiquette. So, also, he could not understand why a tremendous row was raised because he was in the habit of driving in his carriage to Wurtemberg's hotel and taking him out for a ride occasionally.

One day he shocked all propriety by asking Lord Egremont to grant him permission to come down into his country to go shooting. The idea of the king asking permission of one of his subjects to tres-

pass on his lands literally convulsed the Privy Council. This was proof positive of insanity.

He always kept the court guessing as to what he would do next. One night after a swell reception at court, the king grew tired of the mockeries and formalities and concluded to enjoy a few moment's recreation. Accordingly, he slipped away to his private apartments, doffed his robe of state and donned a plain suit and sallied out the back way from the palace to ramble on the streets while the crowd were going through the formalities. On the street he met his friend, Watson Taylor, and arm-in-arm they strolled along. Soon he was recognized and a crowd tagged at his heels. A woman rushed up and, throwing her arms around the king's neck, kissed him, to the overwhelming delight of the mob, who cheered the performance. The Privy Councillors missed him, rushed out on the streets and soon found him in the center of shouting and enthusiastic multitudes. They started to conduct him back to the palace, when the good natured mob formed a solid phalanx and began to crowd king and councillors. At last the Horse Guards came to the rescue and dispersed the mob. William alone remained cool. His councillors were anxious to get him into the palace, but he insisted on walking awhile in the garden. The whole vicinity was in an uproar.

"Oh, never mind all this," said the king, benignly. "They haven't got used to me as king yet. When I walk about the streets a few times, they will get used to me, and I will attract no more attention than other people."

During the early part of William's reign, the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister. The King tried him in no end of ways. One morning the King sent word to the Duke that he would dine with him at Apsley House that evening. This was a short notice for a state dinner to which all the foreign diplomats and ministers and grand dukes must be invited, and almost upset Wellington. But he managed to prepare for the occasion.

In the meantime, William had taken the King of Wurtemberg to Windsor to have a day of it. They no doubt had a jovial time, and were still enjoying themselves at

dinner when some one reminded the King of his engagement and he ordered the carriages to be got ready. Away went the two kings, with their suites helter skelter in three barouches-and-four, out-driving Jehu. The guests were assembled at Apsley House and saw them coming down the road like a hurricane, enveloped in dust.

They didn't halt, but the King shouted to the Duke that they would soon be back. They drove on to the lodgings of Wurtemberg, to allow him to put on his king-clothes for dinner, and got back to Wellington's two hours after the appointed dinner hour. The two kings entered the dining room arm-in-arm, feeling as superbly mellow as any pair of kings ever felt on any similar occasion. King William acted as toast-master and first toasted the Queen of Wurtemberg, responding himself.

Then he ordered the band to play, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and toasted the Duke of Wellington, making a speech that contained much of well-deserved praise for the duke, but garnished with so many strong references to France, Russia and other nations as to fill every one present with apprehension for the peace of Europe. Assuming that the king voiced the sentiments of his ministers, there was no telling how soon the storm would burst. Every foreign diplomat sent a special messenger to his home government that night with a resume of the English monarch's speech.

On one occasion a deputation of Freemasons called upon the king to present him an address upon his accession to the throne. The punctilious Duke of Sussex headed the delegation and desired to present the address at a solemn audience. To this William objected, saying that he would take it then and look over it at his leisure. Having duly received it, he said: "Gentlemen, if my love for you equaled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded."

For a king taken on the spur of the moment this impromptu speech isn't so bad.

While George IV. lay in the throes of death, it was charged, and no doubt truthfully, that wagon loads of valuables were hauled away at night by the palace officials

and servants. Some valuable plate belonging to him seemed to have been overlooked. William IV. had doubtless heard of the peculation, and had an eye to the safety of what remained.

On one occasion he gave a birthday dinner to 100 people at St. George's Hall, using the plate of his predecessor, valued at \$1,000,000, for the table service. But he took the precaution to station one of his most trusted confidantes behind a side-board so situated that he could observe each and every guest, to see that none of them carried off any of the valuable pieces, from which we may justly infer that an air of suspicion pervaded the British court more than a half century ago.

The prorogation of Parliament in 1831, after the Reform bill passed a second reading by a majority of one, and after the supplies had been refused, was a dramatic affair. The opposition were determined to defeat the Government, while the ministers were determined that Parliament should be prorogued. This decision was suddenly made after midnight on the 24th of April, and the king appeared in Parliament in person, before the opposition had the slightest inkling of what was about to happen.

When he entered the hall the Government was being savagely denounced, the booming of the cannon a moment before having apprised the opposition of his coming. His right to dissolve Parliament was even questioned, but he was equal to the occasion and acquitted himself very well.

"The king," says Greville, speaking of the occasion, "ought not properly have worn the crown, never having been crowned, but when in the robing-room he said to Lord Hastings: 'Lord Hastings, I shall wear the crown. Where is it?' It was brought to him and when Lord Hastings was about to put it on his head he said: 'Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself.' He put it on and then turned to Lord Grey and said: 'Now, Lord, the coronation is over.' George Villiers said that in his life he never saw such a scene as he looked at the king, on the throne with the crown loose upon his head

and the tall grim figure of Lord Grey close behind him, with the sword of state in his hand, as if the king had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture "looked strikingly typical of his and our future destiny."

While all was confusion and hustle at the palace preparatory to the start to the House of Parliament, some one said to the king that his cream-colored horses were not in the stables. "Then get some other colored horses," said he, "it matters but little about the color of the horse at this hour of the night."

Both George IV. and William IV. had remarkable memories as to their clothes. Before William was king, his wardrobe was small enough to carry in his mind, but after his promotion he patronized the tailors. He had a suit for every possible occasion and knew exactly on what peg it was hanging, if it was in its right place, and just what necessary articles were in the various pockets.

To facilitate the changing of suits and have with him at all times the necessary articles of comfort, each suit was supplied with gloves, handkerchiefs, snuff-box, purse and a fixed amount of money, etc. Each suit was thus supplied with the articles appropriate to the occasion on which it was worn.

He could thus jump into a suit in a moment and then have every pocket supplied. Some of his servants imagining that he could not remember what he had left in suits taken off six months previously, began to pilfer the valuables.

But no sooner did the king's hand go into the invaded pocket than he discovered the theft. Calling his head servant, he ordered him to produce all his clothes and examine them in his presence. As each suit was brought out the king gave a complete list from memory of the articles the pockets should contain.

In many a portion of them and especially a part or the whole of the money was gone. But after that his pockets were never tampered with. A king who could remember everything that was in the pockets of 100 suits of clothes was not to be fooled with with impunity.

# Fishing in Lake Mendota

By Herbert Brooks



WHEN possessed with the idea that you would like to go to some remote place, where the lake and its inhabitants are calling, it is usually when you are tired, worn out and satiated with care and life's responsibilities. Nerves are all unstrung, vitality at low ebb. You need a building up of wasted energy. It is then that the call of the wild is heard in its most enchanting notes. If the red blood of the true sportsman is stagnant in your veins, it will tingle in anticipation as you begin to cultivate the lust for that most attractive of out-door sports — fishing.

Don't go burdened with a cumbersome outfit; rather, start with one pole, a few hooks and a long silk line. In your pocket carry a devon for luck; you may need it. Play the game upon a high moral plane. Remember you are not a warrior, going to battle with your equal. Have some respect for the gamy attributes of your adversaries and give them a chance for existence. They will be earnest; their struggle is for life. Remember, when you have them safely hooked, common sense and fair play should be the rule. If you lose, congratulate the enemy on his escape and try again.

Perhaps no state in the north presents a better opportunity for fishing than Wisconsin. Hundreds of lakes, large and small, are found within its borders. Fish of all kinds, from the fighting muskellunge, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and small mouth bass, down to the everlasting perch, are abundant.

We were camping on the extreme north end of Mendota — a beautiful, quiet lake — five miles wide and about ten miles long. Madison, the capital, is located upon its southern banks. Just west of the city, at its outskirts, are the large, handsome buildings of the University of Wisconsin, whose grounds slope down to the edge of the lake.

Few boats are seen upon its waters. Only the canoe and skiff of the fisherman disturb the calm and silent surface. There is a universal law in Nature that where natural beauty prevails there is always a calm and an impressive silence. Mendota's reputation as a fisherman's paradise is known far and wide. Here it was that the famous fisherman, Ex-President Grover Cleveland, angled his largest catch of small-mouthed black bass. His joy was so pronounced that he rewarded Billy Dunn, his guide, in a most substantial manner, making him an official in the Madison post office.

On the afternoon of our arrival at the camp site, we pitched our tent on a rocky bluff twenty feet above the beach. Circling inward on both sides of this point were marshy bays full of rushes and lily pads. Great oaks and elms, interspersed with a few cedars, made the forest primeval. Though only ten miles from civilization, we were in the wilds of Nature. Nothing could disturb us now, save the noises of the woods and the swish-wash of the water on the rocks below. We were not long in the preparation and consumption of our evening meal, after which I strolled out on to the bluff, lighted my pipe and watched, through its curling smoke, the close of the day. The scene was grand. Flocks of ducks across the horizon were winging their way back into the marshes, while far overhead the musical call of the brant was faintly heard. The sun, veiled by a blue mist arising from the lake, hung like a great red disc, while beneath every point, every stone, every island, lurked the shadows mystical. The shade of the woods, with its deeper, darker colorings, added its charm.

Presently, the lake wind drove me to bed. I crawled in under the blankets and it was soon day-light. The guide, Jack Willson, prepared the early meal, and dur-

ing the repast we discussed the fishing to be done this day. We were anxious to be up and doing, so it did not take long to decide to try for yellow bass. Putting into our boat a few things for noonday lunch, a bucket of minnows, poles, hatchet and hunting knife, we were off for the fishing ground six miles down the lake. In the gray dawn of the morning the water looked like lead, but under the swift pull of the guide it assumed a silvery sheen, as it rippled away from the bow.

Jack Willson, the young man at the oars, was a born fisherman. He had spent almost

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but I think they are all gone now, and so far as I am concerned, I am glad of it. They are vicious brutes."

"Why are they?" I asked.

"Well, sir, they are called the wolves of the fresh water lakes, and certainly they do not belie their name. Did you ever catch one?"

"No," I replied, "nor have I ever seen one."

"Well, if you'd get one on that small pole you have in the boat you would get busy and, I promise you, have a fight that



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE MENDOTA.

*Photo by Lucien Pickarts.*

the entire twenty-five years of his life upon the water. Tall and lithe of figure, with muscles hard by outdoor exercise, he was the picture of health. He had removed his coat; his arms bared to the shoulder, with the steady stroke of the oars the sinews stood out like the gnarled roots of a tree. I found him alert in his work and ready with information.

"Willson, are there any muskellunge in this lake?" I asked.

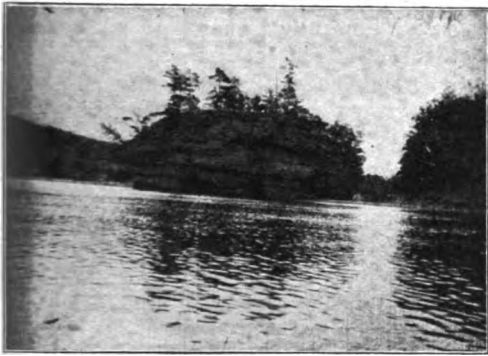
"No, sir; I think not. At least, none have been caught here within the past ten years."

"Were there ever any here?"

would be interesting. They look like a bull dog, have the protruding under jaw; teeth like a hound, a head broad as the stern of this boat — tell you, they go some in a scrap."

We were now approaching the fishing ground and had crept under a rock cliff point, with rod and reel brought out, hook baited and the cast made. On this particular morning the bass were exceedingly dull. Apparently our choicest bait would not lure them. Willson rewarded my patience by occasionally filling my pipe. An hour at least had passed, when a tug at the line made the nerves thrill, and the

argument was on. The battle was short. Two whirs of the reel, a jump out of the water, a reeling in of the line, and with landing net a two pound beauty was tremb-



MENDOTA'S GIBRALTER.

ling in the bottom of the boat. Before noon we had secured five.

The long deep shadows from the overhanging cliff having reached beyond the point of our anchorage, and feeling well satisfied with one day's work, we concluded to break camp. It was my wish to troll back. So, taking out my devon, I put it on the line. Lying back in the stern of the boat with fifty feet of line out and pole resting on my shoulder, I proceeded to doze. We had just rounded the point with the intention of rowing across the bay to the ledge opposite, when the devon came to a sudden stand.

"Hold on, Willson," I cried, "stop the boat, I have snagged a part of Wisconsin!"

I began to reel in, with the intention of backing up to unfasten my hooks, but "Wisconsin" proved to be a fish. Realizing that something had happened, it started off on a run. The way the reel began to sing was evidence I had a big one in tow. Instantly my mind was made up to throw in the pole if all the line went out, but before two hundred feet had spun out the fish stopped. It was then my chance to gather in, which I did as fast as possible. The fish, wondering what was coaxing it back, followed along until within ten feet of the boat. The water being clear, it caught sight of us and with a quick turn that fairly made the water\boil was off again, making the reel hum an air in a

higher key, unfamiliar to my ear but nevertheless pleasant. We could not yet determine what our catch was, but were almost convinced it was a muskellunge.

During the excitement I was careful to hold the pole even with the strain on the line, not allowing it to be in position to bend, because the fight was going to be long and in earnest. A broken pole meant that all would be lost. Moreover, Willson was told to stay by his oars and keep the boat constantly sidewise to the fish. During this run it had not trailed out as much of the line as in its first effort. Becoming dull, I reeled in again. This time it was swimming ahead of the line, so I could not reel in fast enough. Coming to within a few feet of the boat, with his head near the surface, he was plainly seen by Willson, who yelled, "By Jove — a musky! Did you see his head?"

I did not have time to notice much, for instantly the "musky" was going south at a rate that made the old silk line sizzle.

"Swing around quick, Willson," I exclaimed, "this is the time the pole goes out of the boat unless you can row faster than the fish can swim."

But luck was in our favor; his flight was cut short by the rocky bluff which stopped his run. Again the reel was brought into action and we fought it out for twenty minutes. His runs were not now so active, and I at last succeeded in getting him near the side of the boat. In the absence of a gaff, Willson had opened the hunting knife



A LEAFY NOOK.

without my knowledge, and with the long blade reached out to strike the fish in the head. In this effort he only succeeded in nearly dumping us both into the lake, and



if I had not seized his belt in time he certainly would have gone down, but I pulled him in, dripping to the waist.

"You infernal idiot! What are you trying to do?" I ejaculated. "You not only lost the hunting knife, but came near causing us to lose the fish. Straighten yourself up and see if you can't land this fellow accurately. He is about ready to give up. Watch your opportunity and when he is along side the boat, sink your index finger and thumb in his eyes. This certainly will numb him and we can then handle him easily."

Meanwhile the muskellunge had dodged the knife and for the first time had run under the boat. This effort, however, was not prolonged, so, seizing the pole again, I

reeled in and as the fish wobbled about, Willson grabbed it in the eyes and hauled it in.

It would be inconsistent to leave the subject here without venturing to give some expression of our joy at landing such a prize. For fully a quarter of an hour we gazed at the fish and argued as to the weight and length of it. In our exhilaration we went beyond the bounds of sane judgment, but under the circumstances our exuberance could be excused.

That evening in camp the scales told the story — three feet, eight inches in length; weight, twenty-two pounds. Our victory over Mendota was complete, for with only rod and reel we had captured from its silent depths the last warrior of his race.

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## REVISITED

O memories that overwhelm!  
 The pebbled path along the shore,  
 Long branches interlacing o'er,  
 There still the venerable elm  
 Whose gnarled knee often was our seat! —  
 'Twas there two spirits learned to meet  
 One perfect life, in all complete!  
 But now how void the valley where  
 She used to be!

As wistful winter dreams of Spring  
 In May-like days, my whole heart thrills  
 With all the loveliness that fills  
 The world before young Hope takes wing.  
 No blot of change on all I see!  
 Yet nothing any more can be  
 The same. How bleak and bare to me,  
 How empty is the valley where  
 She used to be!

— STOKELY S. FISHER.

# WRECKAGE

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald



JOHNSON himself told me the story, as we sat in the smoking compartment of the Pullman of which he was conductor. He had been one of the very few who had escaped death or injury in the terrible wreck the month before. The passengers had pulled out of Pittsburg without a thought of danger. Then had come the shrinking sensation of brakes suddenly applied, followed by a crash, hissing steam, breaking glass, shrieks, moans and cries for help. Those who but ten minutes ago had waved gay farewells to their friends, were now sitting dazed, lying unconscious, dying, or dead, in the wrecked train on the edge of the city.

Johnson is a fine fellow, tender-hearted and resourceful, and it was while he was moving rapidly about, giving all the assistance he could, that he first saw the woman. She was lying half-under an overturned seat, with a suit case across her face, and Johnson thought of course she was dead. But when he pulled her out he found she was breathing, and he carried her out of the car to a mean little cottage by the tracks, where he laid her tenderly on the ramshackle porch. He roused the woman inside, a slovenly creature grown insensible to outward conditions through the ceaseless, grinding work contingent on raising a large family upon nothing.

"Here, mother!" he said to her, "can you get something to put under this lady's head until I get a doctor? Bathe her face in cold water, and send those brats away."

"Git!" was the laconic command the woman gave her offspring, and they melted into the house, only to appear again with their grimy faces flattened against the still grimmer front window, curiosity rampant in each pair of round eyes.

"G'wan," she added to Johnson, "I'll keer fer her."

Johnson hurried back to the wreck and found many automobiles arriving upon the scene with doctors and nurses, who had been summoned from all directions. There was plenty of assistance, so Johnson felt justified in asking one of the former to go with him to the woman, whom he believed to be dying.

"Lead the way," said the doctor, curtly, and followed his guide over a debris-strewn path. They found the owner of the cottage had loosened the woman's gown and tried to make her comfortable with none-too-clean pillows, while she bathed the white face with cool water brought from a neighboring pump. The water had partially revived the injured woman, and she was rolling her head from side to side and muttering through her moans. The physician knelt down to begin a hurried examination, when suddenly she grasped his arm with surprising vigor and exclaimed, "Stephen! Stephen! stay with me! Don't leave me, Stephen — we have been so happy, dear!" A spasm of pain brought a sharp cry to her lips and she wept weakly. "Stephen, hold me in your arms! You were always—first — dear," and her voice trailed away into unconsciousness.

The doctor motioned Johnson to move nearer. "No hope," he whispered, "she is almost gone. Find out who she is."

The stolid cottager leaned over the woman, lifted a chatelaine bag hanging from a handsome belt and pointed to a silver plate at the top upon which was engraved, "Mrs. S. H. Manning, 917 ——— St., Pittsburg, Pa."

Johnson read it with puckered brows. "I wonder if that is one of the rich Mannings."

"Yes," answered the doctor, "that is their street, and she looks a swell, all right. See here — Johnson, I think they called you — you cut over to the nearest 'phone

and see if you can get her relatives, and you'll have to be blamed quick."

Their enforced hostess jerked her thumb over her shoulder and said, "Grog-shop, next corner, got a 'phone," and Johnson started to run in the direction indicated by the thumb.

He found four families of Mannings in the telephone book, but he quickly singled out the one followed by the initials he sought, and after a little difficulty got them on the line.

"Hello, hello, is this S. H. Manning's residence?"

"Yes, sir," came from the man servant.

"Is Mr. Manning there?"

"No, sir."

"Where can I find him?"

"At his office in the Savings and Trust Building."

"Thanks," said Johnson, curtly.

"Hello, Central, give me S. H. Manning's office, Savings and Trust Building, and for heaven's sake, hurry up."

"Hello," came the answer, "who wishes to speak to Mr. Manning?"

"No name. Just tell him important business."

"Well," came a quiet, dignified voice, "this is Mr. Manning."

Johnson was dumb. He had thought of various ways in which he could break the news to this husband, but now he was at an utter loss, and was afraid he would bungle like a fool.

"I called up your house, Mr. Manning, but your wife was not there."

"No, she left for Baltimore not half an hour ago. Who is this speaking?"

"Mr. Manning, your wife is ill." A smothered exclamation sounded in his ear. "There has been an accident to the train —"

"My God, is she killed?"

"No, but badly hurt."

"Tell me where to come! Quick!"

"To the train at the foot of — street, where I'll watch for you."

Johnson heard the receiver drop, as Manning flung it wide of the holder and dashed out of the room.

Leaping into his auto-car he tore down the avenue at a rate of speed that caused casual pedestrians to flee for their lives. But he had no thought of danger for him-

self or others; his only fear as he dashed madly along was embodied in the prayer which constantly escaped his lips. "Oh, God, save her! God, don't let her die! Oh, my God, save my precious wife!"

\* \* \*

The doctor had done all he possibly could, which was not much. for the woman's breath was growing more labored each second, and a clammy moisture was spreading grayly over her delicate, beautiful features. He placed his arm under her neck and raised her enough to pour some more brandy down her throat, then he sat back on his heels and waited for it to take effect. Her almost continuous, faint moans grew a trifle stronger, and she tried to put out one hand toward the doctor as she sighed, "Stephen, are you still there?"

Dr. Brown took her hand firmly in his and said, "Yes," and she rolled her head restlessly for a while, murmuring to herself, while her face grew more gray and pinched each moment.

"Oh, I hope to heaven her husband gets here in time," thought the sympathetic doctor. "It'll be fearfully rough on him if he cares for her as much as she does for him. Why in *thunder* doesn't he come?"

He turned his head and looked down the road that ran parallel with the railroad tracks to the cross street where Johnson was waiting, and as he looked heard the "honk" of a machine and saw Johnson spring forward.

"Thank the Lord!" he exclaimed aloud, but as he said it the woman cried out strongly, "Stephen! always, always you!" He turned his startled gaze upon her, saw her eyes, wide but unseeing, heard the meaningful gasp in her throat, and as an automobile dashed up the road a quiver passed through her body, she struggled once more for a breath which could not be born and was gone.

Manning ran all the way up the crooked little path to the porch, but when he saw the doctor's uplifted hand he knew that he was, indeed, wifeless, and he sank down beside the prostrate figure in a grief that was beyond words.

Johnson and the doctor, moved by the same impulse, withdrew some distance away, but the woman who lived there sat

on the door step looking placidly on. After what seemed to her a very long time, she grew tired of the situation of a dead woman and grief-stricken husband, so she said in her toneless voice, "She thought a heap of you."

The man started and braced himself up, for he had been unconscious of her existence.

"Tell me, good woman," he said, "was she conscious at the last?"

"Yes, she talked about you. She call you to hold her, she 'fraid you leave her."

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie," moaned the man, "what will life be without you! Oh, my beloved, my first thought was always you!"

"That what *she* says," droned the woman, "'Always you, Stephen, always you.'"

The man's body seemed struck rigid. His face was hidden, but the cords in his neck visibly swelled. A second passed, then by a mighty effort he raised his head and looked at the woman, who started in afright at his expression.

"Tell me more that she said," he said, in a tense, forcedly-calm voice. "Think carefully, woman, and tell me more."

The woman looked uneasily toward the doctor and Johnson, who were returning with a third man.

"Well," said she, "she call 'Stephen, Stephen, dear,' and how happy him an' her been together."

The man's figure seemed to tower above her, as though he would strike her to the ground, then suddenly, as she gave a queer, hoarse cry, he brushed his hand over his eyes in a dazed, helpless way, and lost his anguish in a merciful unconsciousness.

The three men came running up, and the new-comer said, "Sure, I know him. Used to work in an office next to his."

"What happened, mother?" asked Dr. Brown.

"Nothin'," said the woman sullenly, wishing they would all go away and leave her alone. "He asked me to tell him about her afore she died, an' I told him how she kep' callin' 'Stephen' an' beggin' of him not to leave her, an' how happy they'd been, an' then he fell over."

The new-comer suddenly sat down on the steps with his mouth agape.

"What's the matter with *you*?" asked Johnson, who was working with the doctor over Manning. "Haven't you any sympathy for a man who hears about his wife's last words? Didn't I hear how pitifully she begged him, 'Stephen, Stephen, don't leave me?'"

The man on the steps shook himself as though to cast off any assumption of pity, then he said, dryly, "*His* name is Samuel," pointing toward the man's prostrate form, "and his best friend and his partner is Stenhen Bates."



# The Handling of Big Things

## III. Cranes of the Case Manufacturing Company

By Conrad Wilson

*The present article is the third of the industrial series appearing in THE OHIO MAGAZINE under the general title, "The Handling of Big Things." Its predecessors were "Coal and Iron on Ohio Docks" and "Locomotives at Collinwood," published, respectively, in July and December, 1906. In relating the evolution of the electric crane the author of the present article selected the plant of the Case Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, Ohio, as the best type in this branch of manufacturing enterprise in the Middle West, calculated to elucidate the subject. Here is indicated what relation the electric crane now bears to modern industry, in a manner to engage popular interest as well as to invite the consideration of manufacturers and engineers.*



OF ALL the labor-saving devices that have made possible the great industrial works now regarded as a necessity in this progressive age, none is more awe-inspiring from the standpoint of the layman, and none more important in the results achieved for commerce and manufactures, than the electric crane. What the heavyweight pugilist is to the prize ring, the modern crane is to the domain of machinery. It is the levathan of the industrial world, bearing to modern society something like the relation which the elephant bore to the labor of mankind in the days of the ancient Hindus. The latter probably thought that human ingenuity had about reached its limit when the pachyderm was taught to carry logs by the aid of his ever-ready trunk; but if the prophets of India had beheld his Elephantship grabbed bodily — trunk, logs and all — by a mysterious monster of steel and iron, and swung around like a baby, they might have had a dim conception of what labor-saving ingenuity would accomplish in succeeding ages. Even to the modern man of affairs there is no spectacle more impressive than the giant strength and almost human intelligence exerted by the electric crane.

Only within a few years the crane manufacturers have realized that this invention might be employed to advantage in the lifting and carrying of burdens of widely varying weights. Formerly the crane was employed only to carry materials of very great weight. Nowadays, while it is true that the manufacturers are turning out cranes of the largest capacity ever made, it is also true that they are making others for a lighter kind of work than this invention was originally intended to perform. A crane is now made to carry only half a ton, while the biggest brother in its family will waltz off with two hundred tons, with an indifference that is almost sarcastic. Between these two degrees of weight-carrying capacity are cranes of all dimensions and possibilities in the way of performing the work of many men. But perhaps the most noteworthy tendency in the manufacture of these monsters of industry is the success with which they have been adapted, in the smaller sizes, to manufacturing enterprises which formerly did not seem to require them. Thus the field of their usefulness is being widely and rapidly extended, so that there is to-day hardly any manufacturer whose business requires the handling of moderately considerable weights, who would not profit by the installation

of a crane in his establishment. The fact is that many classes of manufacturers are rapidly learning this fact and acting accordingly, supplanting slow and painful labor with the advantages of the electric crane.

A crane in operation is one of the **most**

hundred feet long would not take a peanut and carry it to a certain spot on the floor three hundred feet in front of him and a proportionate number of feet to the right or left, with more accuracy and precision than one of these big cranes grabs up seventy-five or more tons of steel and conveys

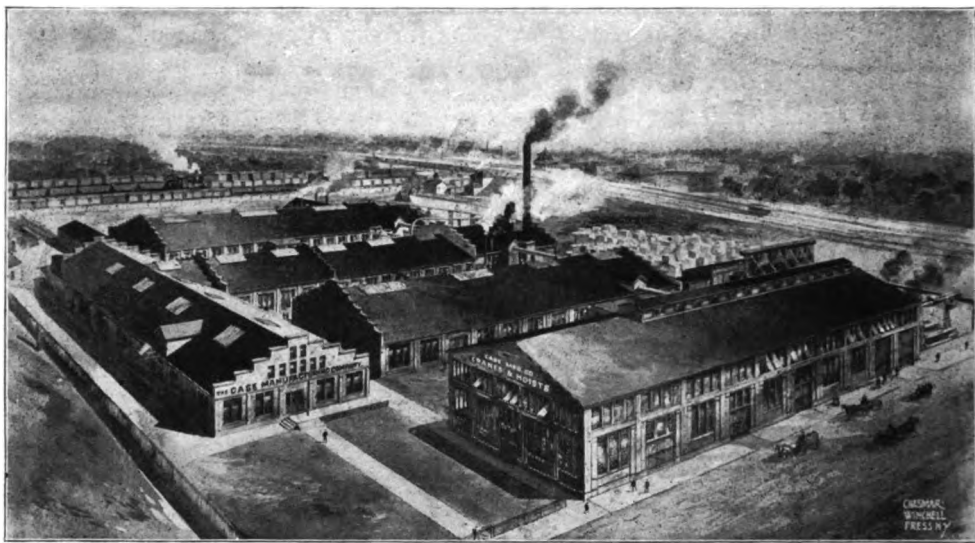


A 1-TON AND 75-TON HOOK — A STRIKING COMPARISON.

interesting sights in the world of mechanics. It carries out two objects at the same time, traveling forward with its immense burden in the direction of the point at which it is to be delivered, and at the same time swinging it to the right or left, so as to deposit it exactly where wanted. A man standing at one end of a machine shop five

hundred feet long would not take a peanut and carry it to a certain spot on the floor three hundred feet in front of him and a proportionate number of feet to the right or left, with more accuracy and precision than one of these big cranes grabs up seventy-five or more tons of steel and conveys

Some years ago 100-ton cranes were



PLANT OF THE CASE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

about the limit, but they are now built to carry two hundred tons with neatness and despatch, and all under the direction of a single workman, who operates the immense machine by the turning of a lever and travels with it. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see a dismantled locomotive weighing in the neighborhood of twenty tons, rushed into a repair shop, seized by a great crane, drawn high in the air and conveyed over the heads of numerous others, standing on the floor of the shop, to the particular spot where it is to be lowered and operations begun to make it fit for the road again. In one repair shop in the State of Ohio this performance can be gone through with twenty-three consecutive times, in one big repair shop of a single railroad company, before the capacity of the shop is reached, and the number thus handled is never less than from forty-five to fifty per month.

A smaller crane, with the same precision, takes up, conveys and deposits a piece of metal or stone of only half a ton's weight, and this with a saving of labor proportionately the same as if the machine were the largest crane made and its burden two hundred tons. There is probably no other device having capabilities so varied. Ordinarily a machine will do but one thing in one way, but an electric crane appears able

to do almost anything in its line, in "any old way," and do it to perfection. These machines cost, from the smaller to the larger sizes, from \$2,000 to \$20,000 each, but the investment is inevitably an economy, because of its saving of time and labor.

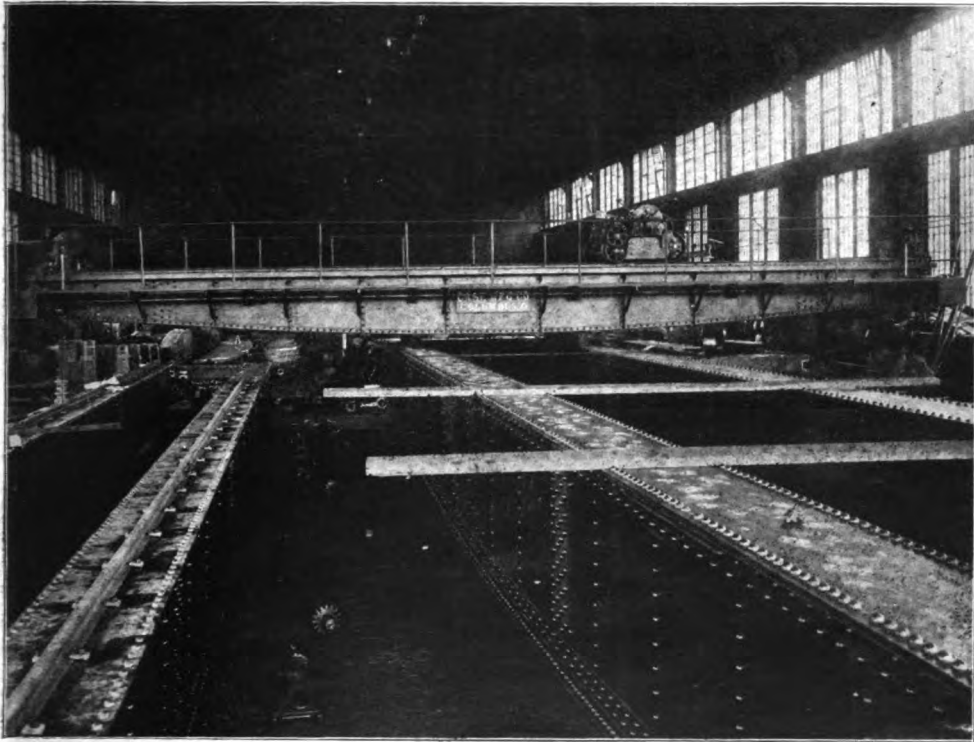
There is no better place to observe the designing and building of these monsters of industry than in the plant of the Case Manufacturing Company of Columbus, O. Here are to be found the most practical and economical developments in this line of engineering work. The company has recently added to its plant ten thousand square feet of shop area and has otherwise greatly increased its facilities for expediting deliveries—a step required by its growing business.

This company for a long time has made a specialty of improved cranes and hoists, dating back thirty-five or forty years. Up to September, 1880, the business was conducted as a partnership under the name of J. M. Case & Co. Then a corporation was formed, and since that time the plant and its operations have been growing at a pace that could only characterize the success of a well-managed and thriving concern. The executive officers now are: President, Edward K. Stewart; vice president and manager, Henry S. Waite; secretary, Harford

T. Stewart; treasurer, John H. Roys and chief engineer, Charles H. Tucker.

The plant includes the older and numerous new buildings, with ample floor space, and liberal yard areas commanding the very best of shipping facilities. The buildings are conveniently arranged with regard to the various departments, and each is completely equipped with the latest machinery and appliances required by the nature of the work conducted in the best

accidentally it may be observed that this is strictly an Ohio enterprise, which has grown to its present dimensions through the joint operations of Ohio capital and brains. It has now, however, acquired a very extensive foreign market and must be regarded as a manufacturing concern of national proportions, ready to reach out to the markets of the world, which it has already entered to a very considerable extent.



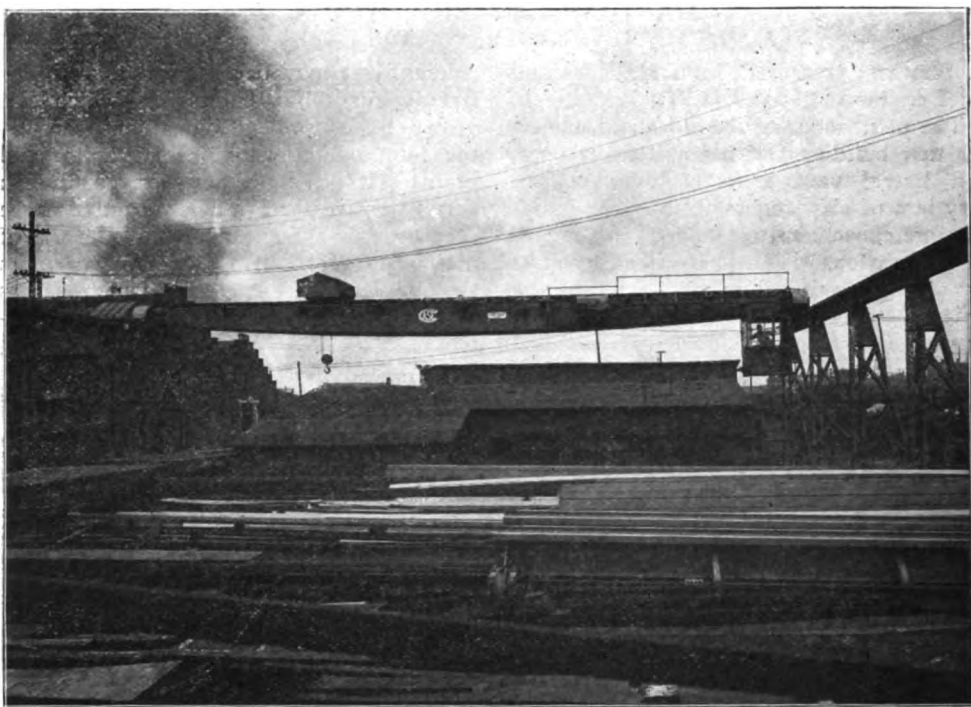
STRUCTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CASE COMPANY.

A 50-Ton Crane in Process of Manufacture for the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y.

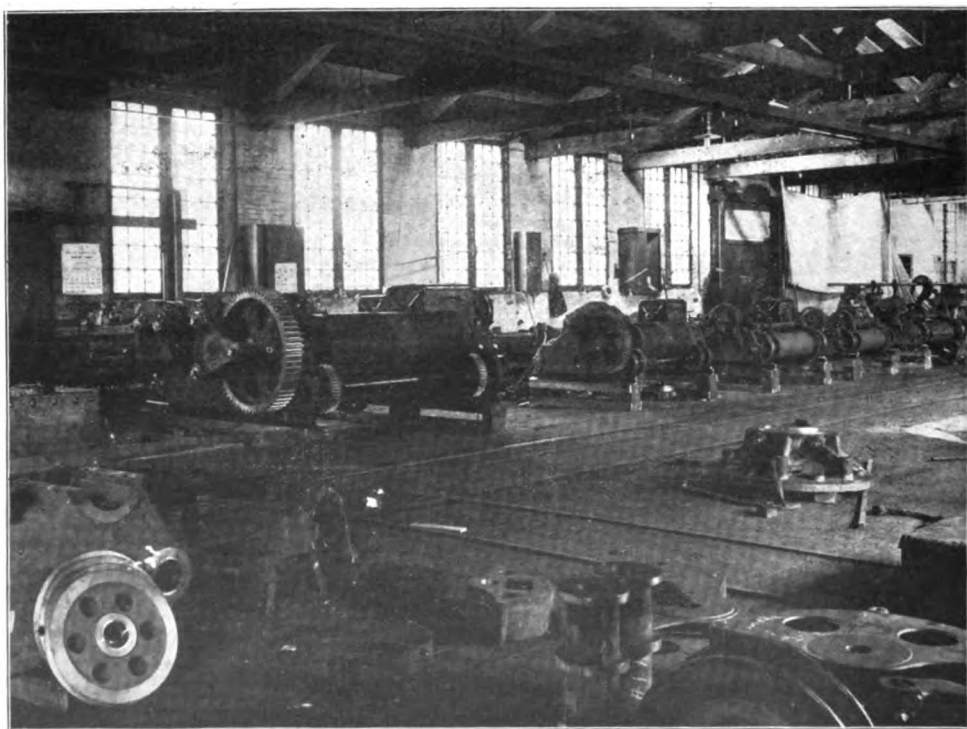
manner possible. The business is under the control of practical and progressive men, who have well-defined ideas regarding the commercial value of strictly high-grade material, expert and efficient workmanship, reliable and durable construction and moderation in charges of every description. The company attributes its growth to this fact and to its policy of fairness and no small measure of liberality in its dealings with customers who concede the undeniable merits of its products. In-

It was natural that the early sales of the company should be extensive in Ohio, and it was noteworthy that the customers thus obtained have ever since continued to give the Case Manufacturing Company their patronage. They include, in this State, such representative firms as The Buckeye Steel Casting Company, The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company, The Hocking Valley Railway, the Ralston Steel Car Company and the Kilbourne & Jacobs Manufacturing Company, all of Columbus; the C. &





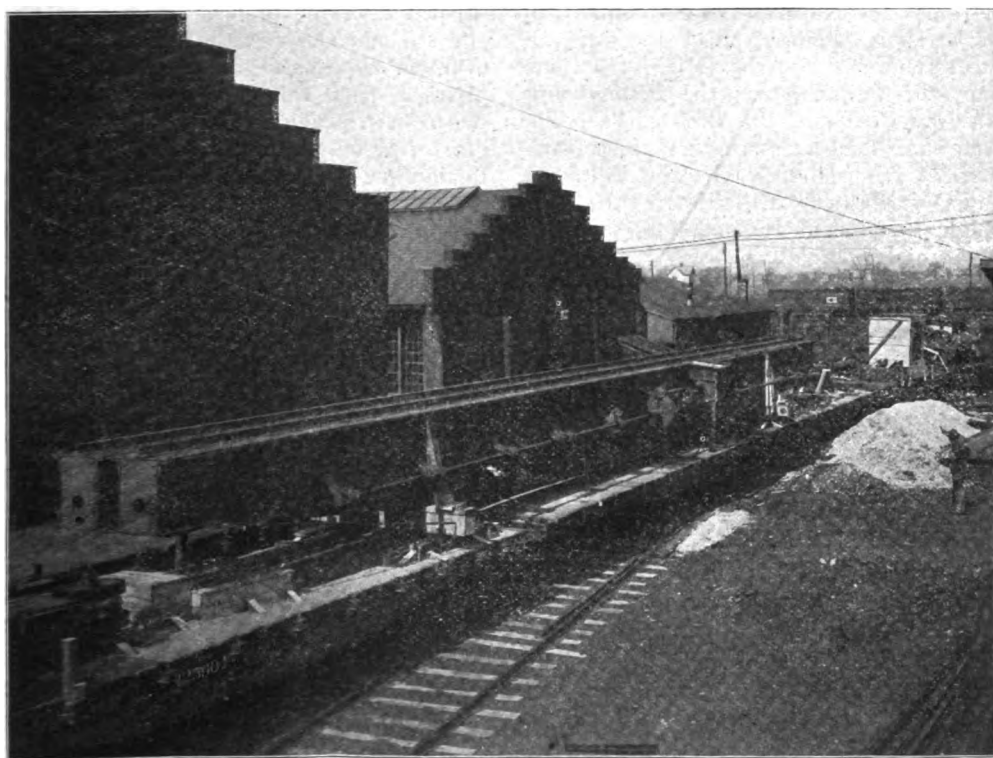
**STEEL STORAGE YARD AND OUT-DOOR CRANE.**



**TROLLEY SHOP OF THE CASE COMPANY.**

G. Cooper Company, of Mt. Vernon; the Carnegie Steel Company and the Republic Iron and Steel Company, of Youngstown; the Allis Chalmers Company of Cincinnati; the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, of Canal Dover; the American Steel and Wire Company, of Cleveland; the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Dennison; the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Company, of Addyson;

There are Case cranes in use in Europe, Mexico and Canada, and the European market will undoubtedly be rapidly extended. But to an American observer the character of the purchasing concerns in this country is perhaps even more significant. In the State of New York they include the New York Edison Company, of New York City; the St. Lawrence Power Company and the



BIG GIRDERS ON FOUR FLAT CARS.

The view is taken in the yards of the Case Company, and the shipment is to the Pennsylvania Railway Company at Altoona, Pa.

the Marion Steam Shovel Company, of Marion; the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway at Collinwood, and the Barney & Smith Car Company, of Dayton. There are from one to fourteen of the Case Company's cranes in each of these establishments, with a capacity from one to fifty tons.

But substantially all of the states of the Union having large industrial establishments are now customers of this company.

Pittsburg Reduction Company, of Massena; the Pittsburg Reduction Company, of Niagara Falls; the Lackawanna Steel Company, of Buffalo; and the General Electric Company and the American Locomotive Works, of Schenectady. In each of these concerns are from one to eight Case cranes, with capacities ranging from one to seventy-five tons.

Throughout the country the products of this concern are finding a place in the most

important industrial plants of America. Among the purchasers are the United States Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the navy yards at Mare Island, California and Boston, Mass., the Southern Railway Company, of Ashville, N. C.; the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, the Carnegie Steel Company and The United States Engineering and Foundry Company, of Pittsburg; the Pressed Steel Car Company, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania; the National Tube Company, of McKeesport, Pennsylvania; the Midvale Steel Company and the J. G. Brill Company, of Philadelphia; the Pennsylvania Railway Company, of Altoona, Pa.; The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, at Kingsland, N. J.; the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, at Baltimore; the Atlas Engine Works, of Indianapolis; the Lake Shore and Southern Railway, at Gibson, Ind.; the Inland Steel Company, of Indiana Harbor, Ind.; the American Steel Foundries, the United Railways Company and the St. Louis Car Company, at St. Louis; the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway; the Northern Aluminum Company, of Shawinigan Falls, Quebec; the Chicago and Alton Railway Company, at Bloomington, Ill.; the Chicago, R. I. and P. Railway, at Moline, Ill.; the Otis Elevator Company, Joseph T. Ryer-

son & Son, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, of Chicago; the American Steel and Wire Company, of Worcester, Mass.; the Fore River Ship and Engineering Company, of Fore River, Mass.

It is evident that, wherever in factory, mill, foundry, machine and repair shop, stone yard or other place, in doors or out doors, where ponderous weights are continually being lifted and shifted, and it is deemed desirable to have a safe, efficient and economical apparatus capable of being operated by a half grown boy, under the direction from the floor below him, there the modern productions of the Case Manufacturing may be installed with the satisfaction and profit of all concerned.

The company enjoys the unexcelled shipping facilities peculiar to the city in which the plant is located. Practically all the Eastern and Central trunk lines converge in Columbus, and material can thence be laid down in any part of the United States, both quickly and cheaply. The activities of the Nation are almost at the door of Ohio's capital, and the State itself is the highroad of transcontinental commerce, to which fact the success of large industrial concerns like the Case Manufacturing Company is in part due.



# Crawford's Campaign Against Upper Sandusky

By J. J. Bliss, A. M.



RAWFORD and Wyandot, Ohio, counties lying about the old Indian portage between the Sandusky and Scioto rivers, are well named to preserve something of the early history of their soil. Here met the streams of forced migration of the powerful Huron-Iroquois of the north, and their rivals, the Algonquins, from the east. First came the Wyandots, a tribe of Hurons which settled along Lake St. Clair and southward along Erie and up the Sandusky river, on which they established their capital, Upper Sandusky, Old Town, three miles above the present Upper Sandusky. Here, at the time of which we write, Pomoacan, the Half King, rules as their chief; here they stalk the deer, shoot the wild fowl, catch the fish of the streams and lakes, trap the bear and beaver, and here their squaws scantily till the soil for meager crops of maize. From here their braves make forays upon the neighboring hostile tribes in true savage style and return in triumph with scalp-locks as trophies dangling at their belts.

But now come the sad days when white men wage war with white in nearly as savage a struggle for the soil. The red men are invited to the fray; they accept, and the American Revolution has a stain of horrors that makes Sherman's famous definition seem a weak synonym for war. And the horror of horrors is the Gnadenhuten massacre in Ohio's present county of Tuscarawas.

In that section dwelt the Delawares, a tribe of Algonquins that had been driven over the Alleghenies and westward until they had arrived in the fine hunting grounds about the Muskingum. During

the most of the period of the Revolution they remained friendly or neutral toward the Americans, but in 1780 the British at Detroit succeeded in winning them as allies. The borderers then forced them to leave the Muskingum, and they pushed on westward, many of them locating near the Wyandots in the present counties of Crawford and Wyandot, from whence they still kept up their murderous raids upon the settlers of the frontier.

Some of the Delawares, however, had become converts of Moravian missionaries who had established the villages of Gnadenhuten, Salem and New Schoenbrun, near where now is New Philadelphia. But suspicion of these Christian Indians developed among both Americans and British, and in 1781 the latter sent Captain Elliott, Pomoacan, and Captain Pipe, chief of the Delawares, to bring these suspected converts to the Wyandot country. Here in a camp near the Wyandot's village, the poor creatures nearly starved during the winter, and late in February about a hundred and fifty of them returned to their plantations on the Muskingum, to gather the unharvested corn. Unlucky date! For about the same time Colonel David Williamson set out to raid their villages as the British had done; and for the same reasons, not knowing that the latter had already done the shameful work. He found the harvesters at their task; corralled over half of them in two huts, and the next morning a portion of his band entered and mercilessly slaughtered them all but one, who escaped to tell the awful tale. Those who fled from the fields when the attack began returned to the Sandusky and naturally gave up the white man's religion, relapsed into barbar-

ism, and readily joined their brethren in alliance with the British. Thus the Delawares, both Christian and pagan, were by the suspicion, madness and atrocious deed of an irresponsible band of raiders, a mob, welded into a closer union with the Wyandots and other tribes against the whites,

vanquished by the Iroquois and made subject under the name of "women." But Ohio soil and air had their normal effect even upon this conquered savage tribe; and courage and love of liberty reasserted themselves, so that the British found them good allies and the colonists



THE CRAWFORD MONUMENT.

and made the more willing tools of the British at Detroit.

Thus it was that the Algonquin stream of retreating Indians fused upon the banks of the Sandusky with the Huron-Iroquois. Quite different this meeting from that long years before in Pennsylvania, where in pagan battle the Delawares had been

most dreadful foes throughout the Revolution and the subsequent border warfare that only ended with the Treaty of Greenville in 1795, which opened the great Northwest to peaceable white settlement. Of the eleven tribes to whom General Wayne dictated the terms of this treaty the Wyandots were the most powerful.

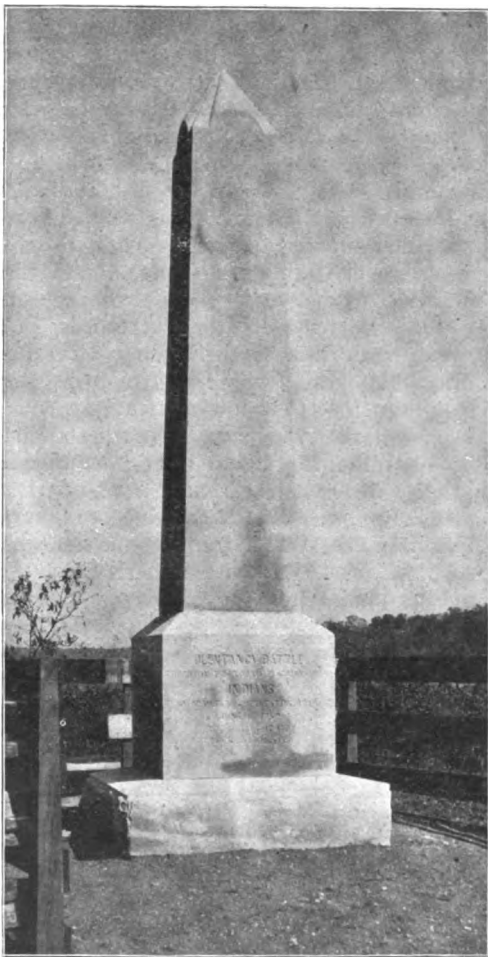
In fact they held the grand calumet, which was the symbol of their influence and even authority among the tribes of all the territory.

Their capital village was known as Upper Sandusky, to distinguish it from Lower Sandusky on the site of Fremont, and it was in the heart of the county named from them Wyandot. A series of minor villages were scattered along the Sandusky to its mouth and along Lake Erie to Detroit. But civilization was moving westward, and the advance guard in the form of trappers, traders and adventurers were roaming about the Ohio country, while many actual settlers were dwelling in western Pennsylvania and Virginia. The clash between natives and invaders was inevitable. The Gnadenhuten massacre was the white man's response to the red man's continued atrocities, which were themselves but a response to the invasion of the land, a challenge to "the star of empire that westward takes its way" the bloody star that had led the van of Empire from Chaldea's plains across continents and ocean, till now it moved with cruel force across the fields and forests where a mightier empire than Chaldea should ere long write for its motto "Imperium in Imperio."

And of all those who "dip into the future far as human eye could see, saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be," none saw more clearly than Colonel William Crawford that the stronghold of the forces of savagery was the Wyandot capital. This trained and experienced frontier warrior well knew that Upper Sandusky and Detroit were places where the British distributed supplies to their savage allies; and he knew well that it was after the distributions that these same savages made their most villainous raids upon the white settlers. He knew that, located near the portage between the Sandusky and the Scioto, amid fertile fields and game-filled forests, Upper Sandusky, held by Wyandots backed by all the neighboring tribes and by British greed and British gold, must be destroyed before the land could be safely claimed for civilization. His appeals to the officials, to Congress and to the settlers for this destruction

remind us of Roman Cato's famous bitter words, "Carthago delenda est," Carthage must be destroyed.

Yet who is he that urges this strategic move — some wanton frontier marauder, some lover of strife and carnage, some young upstart who would win glory and



OLENTANGY BATTLE MONUMENT,  
Erected, 1896, by the Crawford County Historical  
Society.

renown, some avenger of friends or family whose scalps adorn the wigwams on the Sandusky? Colonel William Crawford was none of these; a retired warrior he, at his happy home on the banks of the Youghiogheny, with wife, children and grandchildren about him,

"Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near."

Born in the same state and in the same year as Washington, with whom at the age of seventeen he began a lifelong friendship, and from whom he learned in the field the art of surveying, like the Father of his Country he early inclined to military affairs. Like him, too, he was a natural leader, a quality developed, no doubt, in being the oldest of eight children; all save a sister, Elizabeth, who died when a child, being large, vigorous boys of Scotch-Irish blood. William and Valentine were sons of the first husband of their mother Onora; the other five bore the name of the second husband, Stephenson. The father's first name and the mother's maiden name seem to have been lost in the chaos of frontier records, but tradition ascribes to them the typical intellectual vigor of mind and body of the Scotch-Irish settlers in America. In what is now Berkeley county in northern Virginia, William grew to young manhood, getting little from books, but learning leadership, woodcraft, farming and surveying. Like Washington, his mother was a widow and he lacked a father's guidance and training, but, again like him, his mother was well fitted to largely supply the lack and develop in her son a noble character and habits of industry and prudence.

At the age of twenty-three his warrior instincts asserted themselves and as ensign, still again like his friend George, he went with Braddock to the great defeat in the ambush near Fort DuQuesne, where his bravery and good judgment gained him soon after the rank of lieutenant. Three years later, serving as captain under Washington, he went with him once more to the Fort, which they found deserted by the French and ready for English occupation. This yielding of the fine strategic point at the junction of the rivers that form the Ohio, was a great gain for the colonists and caused the French to close the campaign for the year, November 28, 1758. The name of the Fort was now changed in honor of the great English statesman whose name the marvelous city that has arisen there still bears—Pittsburg.

Between the two campaigns against Fort DuQuesne, Crawford had been in service along the Pennsylvania and Virginia frontiers in garrisons and as a scout. His peculiar genius and his experience in Indian fighting especially fitted him for this work, and in it he was highly successful. What a different fate would have been that of General Braddock, had he placed in command such a native leader as Washington or Crawford! No ambush ever trapped these wary warriors when they were in command.

But the Indians were being won from the French, and in that Summer of 1758 at Easton on the Delaware river in their great council the Six Nations agreed to friendship with the English. Doubtless this was best, even for the colonists, at the time, but that friendship in the days of the Revolution proved most disastrous to their interests when as allies of Britain the Indians did such cruel, effective service. Had the savages remained enemies of the British, could or would the colonists have used them as allies? Perhaps we should ask whether Britain could have beaten the French, if she had not bribed the Indians to friendship or neutrality. No sage can tell the answer to either problem.

Three years more of warfare as captain in the militia of Virginia in this French and Indian war, and Crawford resigned his commission and retired to his home in Berkeley county at the foot of the beautiful Shenandoah valley, since made otherwise famous by a modern military hero, gallant Phil. Sheridan. Why it was that this brave man, whose courage, tact, leadership and experience were so valuable as an officer in the militia, laid by his sword two years before the close of the old French and Indian war, we are unable to ascertain. Did the conditions in his home require his presence there? His beloved wife and three young children possibly needed his strong help and manly care. Or was it his aged mother who desired the tender sympathy and loving aid of her eldest son? Did he feel that with the surrender of Ft. DuQuesne the war was practically over and that six years of faithful, hardy service entitled him to a rest from the exposure and hardship of

border warfare? His patriotism, his generous nature, his whole character as manifested throughout all the other circumstances of a varied life forbid even the suspicion that he retired from any personal pique toward either associates or superiors.

The annals are silent on the question, but at the age of twenty-nine we find him at home, farming, hunting, surveying and living the life of a borderer of the time—such a life as Daniel Boone, who was his junior by two years, was living a little farther to the south. For Boone, like Washington and Crawford, was a surveyor of the new lands. In Crawford's home was the wife, Hannah (Vance) Crawford; the oldest daughter, Sarah, who later married William Harrison, to whom she bore four sons and two daughters; John, the second child and only son, who became like the father that fondly loved him, a fine soldier and a good citizen; and the youngest daughter, Effie, who married William McCormick, to whom she presented but one child, Anne. Stories of the bewitching beauty of Sarah's oldest daughter, Sally, are still told in the valley of the Youghiogheny; for in six years after leaving the army General Crawford in 1767 mounted his horse and made a trip up the charming valley of that river and selected three hundred and seventy-six acres of fine land in the present Fayette county, just opposite to where now lies the village bearing the name of Anne McCormick's husband, Connellsville. Here in the Youghiogheny valley he built a little cabin and began the gigantic task of cutting and burning the forests from such portions of the fertile lands as he proposed to till. His knowledge of Indian traits and language still availed him; for he at once began to trade with the friendly natives who trapped and hunted in those wilds. His family were still at the old home in the valley of the Shenandoah, but he invited his half-brother, Hugh Stephenson, to share his cabin and aid in clearing land for their families, that he himself might have more time to survey for other settlers. In 1769 their two years of toil, with the aid of their slaves, had resulted in fine clearings and two good cabins, to which they brought their

families. Here Crawford's children all married and settled about him.

We can imagine something of the emotions in the breast of our hero as he left the home, hallowed by the associations of the thirty-seven years of his life, to go into the distant wilderness with his little family. Why the removal was made we are not told, nor why the new land was taken in the name of his son, nor yet whether it was purchased, granted, or gained by squatter sovereignty. Enough for us to know that here his family grew up, married and settled about him and that here he had a permanent, comfortable home, to which he could return for rest from the arduous labor of the fields, the wearisome surveying trips, the exciting and dangerous raids of border warfare. Here he entertained his friends and travelers with such cordiality that "Crawford's Place," until the death of its noble occupant, was recognized as a center of hospitality and influence for many miles round. On the estate has since grown the little village of New Haven.

Among the friends to seek him here was Washington, who came in the middle autumn of 1770, to visit Captain Crawford and to inspect the country. The quarries, coal mines, water power, forests and fertile fields of Crawford's Place were much admired by the visitor, and then the two friends made the forty mile trip to Pittsburg, where they found some two dozen log huts occupied by traders and a garrison of soldiers in Fort Pitt—small prophesy of the future city. But of special interest is the canoe voyage these now historic persons took down the Ohio as far as Gallia county, where at the Great Kanawha they began the more difficult return trip against the current. On the down trip they had gone on shore occasionally to inspect the land. Returning, at the great bend in Meigs county, they made a cut across the neck, a distance, as they estimated, of about eight miles; but a longer and a final experience in the coming Buckeye state was had on reaching Jefferson county, where at Mingo Bottom, two and one-half miles below Steubenville, three days were spent in rest and exploration. The remainder of the voyage was uneventful, and soon after



Washington left Crawford's Place for his own Mt. Vernon. This memorable excursion on which he was for the first and only time in Ohio, was made by Washington for the purpose of selecting lands for himself and others who were entitled to them by an act of the Virginia Council in favor of soldiers and officers of the French and Indian war, which had nominally ended in 1763. Their hope of the future value of the lands must have been considerably raised when on "La Belle Riviere" their canoe passed "a canoe going to Illinois with sheep"; and little wonder that eleven years later John Fitch as he made the same voyage felt that something better was needed for water transportation! However, doubtless both Crawford and Washington felt as Whittier later wrote,

"I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves  
Where soon shall roll a human sea."

The next year Washington was to have accompanied Lord Dunmore on a visit to Crawford; but certain business prevented and Lord Dunmore made the visit alone. Washington entrusted to Crawford the selection of nearly all his western lands and found that his confidence in his friend's judgment had not been misplaced.

It was in 1770 that Crawford was made justice of the peace for his county and the next year he was again appointed by Governor Penn, and this put him on the bench with Arthur St. Clair, Robert Hanna and other distinguished men. Two years later he was made presiding justice of the courts. But this very honor wrought against him. Pennsylvania and Virginia having one of those early boundary quarrels, Crawford sided with his adopted State; but a conflict began between the southern Ohio Indians and the followers of Boone over what the Indians called "the dark and bloody ground" between the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers. This led to Dunmore's war, and Crawford again accepted a captain's commission in the Virginia militia. St. Clair, with his genius for blundering meddlesomeness, insisted that Crawford either

discard the ermine of Pennsylvania or resign the sword of Virginia. St. Clair prevailed and Governor Penn revoked the justice's commission, the last commission of any kind that Crawford ever received from his adopted State. Thus crossed the paths of these two brave Indian fighters, both of whom were later to meet disastrous defeat at the hands of their savage foes on the soil of a third state, our own Ohio. Of the defeat of one, Washington, the friend of both, was to exclaim, "O, God! He is worse than a murderer." Of the defeat and death of the other he was to say, "It is with much concern and sorrow that I have learned the melancholy tidings of Colonel Crawford's death. He was known to me as an officer of much care and prudence; brave, experienced and active."

As surveyor, explorer and raider, Captain Crawford had become thoroughly familiar with all the country for miles around; hence, when the Keystone Colony dismissed him from her service, he was well qualified to open a land office and to act as deputy surveyor for the future Mother of Presidents. His friendship for Lord Dunmore doubtless had much influence, and acting together they allotted lands as far north as Pittsburg in the name of Virginia, which Colony later conceded the disputed territory to her neighbor.

In the Dunmore war Captain Crawford did good service, among other things razing two villages of the Mingoes in the present county of Franklin, Ohio, and carrying the inhabitants to Pittsburg as prisoners. But the American Revolution is at hand; and the inhabitants of western Pennsylvania are assembled to decide upon plans against the common enemy. Crawford is there, and right glad is that fearful company that his magnanimous spirit can overlook the wrongs of the past and offer his aid and advice for the new peril. His voice is heard with deference; his name is placed on the committee to plan for defense. But how different the spirit of some petty persons who influenced the Council of Safety at Philadelphia to reject his offer to recruit a regiment for the war! Once again he turns to his mother State and is made lieutenant colonel of the

Fifth Virginia, and before the year had passed he is in October, 1776, made full colonel of the seventh regiment of Virginia battalions. He is with Washington at the battle of Long Island and on that masterly retreat up the Hudson and back through New Jersey; he takes that famous Christmas trip across the Delaware; fights at Trenton and Princeton; the next Autumn, as reported by the great Commander-in-chief, he "fights bravely and renders efficient service" at Brandywine and Germantown. The next month Congress "Resolved that General Washington be requested to send Colonel William Crawford to Pittsburg to take command under Brigadier-General Hand of the Continental troops and militia in the Western Department." The following spring he built a fort, named by his superior Fort Crawford, about sixteen miles from Pittsburg, on the Allegheny river. Here for the next two years he was frequently in command and used his knowledge of Indian warfare to good advantage in restraining the atrocities of the savages in that section.

Now come the days when he begins to see clearly that Detroit and Upper Sandusky must be destroyed as strongholds of the two-fold enemy—British and savage. Hence he begins to besiege Congress for aid. He and General McIntosh establish on the Tuscarawas the first real military Fort in Ohio, Fort Laurens; he frequently visits it at his peril. In this same year, 1778, he is tempted by General George Rogers Clarke to join him in his move against the British posts in the west. He and Clarke had become fast friends in the Dunmore war, and it is with a strong sense of duty that he is restrained from accepting the invitation. Clarke goes on his famous expedition and gains the west by capturing Vincennes, Kaskaskia, Cahokia and minor places, thus becoming, as Hosmer calls him, "our first expansionist."

Colonel William Crawford remains, to be given command of the forces at Fort Pitt, whom he forms into a brigade with which he protects the section, and with portions of whom he makes raids upon the savages that infest the country, especially after the dismantling of Fort Laurens in 1779.

In 1780 he tries the effect of his personal presence upon Congress at Philadelphia; his efforts are of much avail, and funds and munitions of war are granted him in fair measure. He urges aid for General Clarke, who proposes to attack Detroit, and he emphasizes the necessity of destroying the Wyandot village at Upper Sandusky. These things and the general disposition of his companies so as to afford the best protection to the inhabitants from the attacks of the Indians, and various sallies and captures of marauding bands, occupy the years of 1780 and 1781, until the end of the Revolution in October of the latter year.

Besides minor service Colonel Crawford had served six years in the French and Indian war, and now six years in the Revolution. He retains his commission, but is granted his request to be put upon the retired list and goes back to Crawford's Place to pass his later days amidst his family and friends, with the sweet consciousness of a patriotic duty well performed.

But still the cry is "On to Upper Sandusky"; for the savages and even the British of the west continue their depredations, although the war is nominally ended. Colonel Marshal writes to General Irvine: "This is most certain, that unless an expedition be carried against some of the principal Indian villages this Summer this country must unavoidably suffer." Knowing the depleted condition of the United States treasury late in the Revolution, we can well understand how difficult it was for Congress to afford means for this western warfare. The citizens of the new republic were weary with the long years of fighting and were anxious to turn to the arts of peace. With the surrender of Cornwallis and the retirement of Lord North from the ministry of England, followed by an administration in favor of peace with the Colonies, the latter felt that the war was practically at an end. Colonel Crawford shared in this sentiment and felt that the only thing that remained was to destroy Upper Sandusky and capture Detroit. It is well for us to remember that even in the east there was still much skirmishing, and not until December, 1782, was Charleston evacu-

ated; and it was November 25, 1783, when Sir Guy Carleton left New York. But it was thirteen years later when the commander left Detroit with the last British forces that represented the lost power of George III.

Again in April, 1782, Colonel Marshal writes from Fort McIntosh, where the city of Beaver now stands, to General Irvine at Fort Pitt: "The people in general on the frontiers are waiting with anxious expectation to know whether an expedition can be carried against Upper Sandusky early this spring or not."

It is difficult at this distance for us to realize the terror that reigned at the time along the border in western Pennsylvania and the Ohio valley; murder in its most horrible form is daily done by the savages, who have become demons in their rage against the invaders of their homes and hunting grounds. The torch, the scalping knife, the tomahawk, brutal captivity, are the instruments of vengeance applied to all ages of both sexes. And we can not, though we would, forget that Britain sanctioned and indeed incited the Indians to their horrible outrages. We have ringing in our ears the accusation and protest of our friend, their own noble William Pitt, Earl of Chatham whose words about the bill for scalping knives we abbreviate:

"But, my lords, who is the man that has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren?—What! To attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victim! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor."

"On to the Wyandot capital" was now the slogan, but who should go on the perilous campaign and who should be their leader? It was decided that the troops should be volunteers, and a call was made by General Irvine. Each man was to fur-

nish his own horse, clothing, arms, and provisions, with the expectation that he would later be remunerated by the government. The rendezvous was to be at Mingo Bottom, where Crawford had once spent the three days with Washington.

At fifty years of age and having done more than his share of fighting, Colonel Crawford, though urging the expedition, felt that it could be better made by younger men. Even when urged by General Irvine and others to go as commander, he declined, but he still held a commission as colonel in the Continental army and yielded to further persuasion. John, his soldier son, William Harrison, his son-in-law, and William, son of Valentine Crawford had already joined the company made up in the neighborhood. Doubtless a paternal desire to be with his loved ones in time of danger also had its effect in causing the old hero to again buckle on his sword and enlist for the hardships and dangers of another campaign. So he, in consideration of love and affection, deeded a farm to his son-in-law, William Harrison and on May 16, 1782, makes his will giving to his wife the homestead, the slaves, Dick, Daniel and Betty, and his personal property; to John he wills a slave, Martin, and five hundred acres of land down the Ohio, and the home farm after the death of his mother. Each of his grand children were bequeathed four hundred acres of land, except John's oldest son, who was to inherit the homestead at his father's death. To Anne Connell and her four children he made various gifts, and then willed the remainder of his estate equally to his three children.

Two days later he took a sad leave of his family. His wife accompanied him a short distance and then with an affectionate farewell Colonel William Crawford with serious forebodings left forever his beloved Crawford's Place in the charming valley of the Youghiogheny. At Fort Pitt he conferred with General Irvine and begged experienced officers but could be spared only Dr. John Knight as surgeon, and Lieutenant John Rose. With these he hastened to Mingo Bottom where he found about 480 volunteers, all he had requested, but hardly all of the character he would have desired, it is to be feared. However,

they were kindly disposed toward him as was shown by their election of him by a popular vote, as commander of the campaign, over Colonel David Williamson, the leader of the Gnadenhuten expedition. Williamson was made second in command as field major, Gaddis third, McClelland fourth, Brinton fifth, Daniel Lee brigade major, Dr. John Knight surgeon, Nicholson, John Slover and Jonathan Zane, guides. Rose was Crawford's aide-de-camp. If Williamson felt humiliated by the election of Crawford as commander, he suppressed his feelings and cheerfully urged his supporters to cordially co-operate in the expedition. General Irvine had decided upon Crawford, but had humored the troops with an election. It is to the credit of the militia that their choice was probably somewhat influenced by Williamson's part in the Gnadenhuten massacre.

And now on a fine May morning (25th) this little army, composed mainly of Ohio valley frontiersmen, is formed by its great commander-in-chief into four columns for its march to the nerve center of its country's savage foes. It is a desperate undertaking by desperate men. A hundred and fifty miles must be traversed through the dense Ohio forests, over hill and valley, across unbridged streams and between treacherous swamps. Of the four hundred and eighty who sit with equipment of arms and food upon their horses in this cavalcade, how many shall even reach the field of battle? What is the character of the personnel of this cavalcade? Is Butterfield right when he exclaims in his history of Seneca county, published in 1847, "What other results than those we are about to record could be expected from such officers and such men?" or in his compliments to both in his "Crawford's Campaign against Sandusky," published in 1873?

The high character of Crawford and many of the officers can no longer be doubted; so with the men; many of them seem to have been mere adventurers and reckless borderers, but the mass were earnest citizens going forth for the protection of homes, families and country. But what will be their fighting condition after an eleven day march through the present counties of Jefferson, Harrison, Tuscar-

was, Holmes, Ashland, Richland, Crawford and to the hated town in Wyandot? The only suggestion of civilization in all that dreary march will be the ruins of New Schoenbrunn, one of the Moravian villages near Gnadenhuten, whose inhabitants had been carried off by the British and Indians in the early Spring and the houses burned by the Williamson raiders at the time of the massacre at the latter village. By these ruins Crawford encamped, and there must have been food for reflection there, especially for Colonel Williamson. But worse than this was the sight of two Indians at whom their scouts shot that evening, for well the commander knew that these two rascals would fly like the wind to the Indian headquarters and give the enemy time to retreat or reinforce. A restless night is spent, but in the morning the columns proceed, yet

"they start, they gaze around  
Watch every side, and turn to every sound."

June second they have reached the head waters of the Sandusky and pass into the county which, when organized in 1820, was named for the immortal Crawford because it then included the place of the last tragedy of his life. They encamp just east of Leesville, or about two and one-half miles west of Crestline, and the next morning, instead of moving northward to the Wyandot trail, they shift lightly to the south and take advantage of the Sandusky Plains spreading out south of Bucyrus on the nearly level divide between the Sandusky river and Whetstone creek (Olentangie), a branch of the Scioto, and to the northwest to the Tymochtee. This afforded an almost treeless route for the last forty miles of the long march; it also afforded fine pasturage for their horses, when, after passing through Jefferson, Whetstone, Dallas and Antrim townships, they halted for the night near what is now the hamlet of Wyandot. It is another restless night; wills are made, written and verbal; prayers are said; messages given to comrades for friends at home in case of the deaths of the senders.

A dozen miles will bring them to their destination, yet the scouts have sighted no Indians since the two were seen at New Schoenbrunn. A half dozen miles brings

the invaders the next morning to the mouth of the Little Sandusky, where it pours into the main river. Here the guide called attention to the four Indian trails, with which he was familiar. One leads off to the southwest to the villages of the Shawnees along the Mad and Miami rivers; a second along the east side of the Little Sandusky to the southward, reaching the portage to the Scioto; a third back to the southeast and then down the Vernon (Owl creek) and Walholding rivers. The army takes the fourth down the east side of the Sandusky through Pitt township; they are nearing the enemy now and are on the alert; muskets are freshly primed; the pace of their steeds is quickened; the trail leads into Crane township and there on the east bank of the Sandusky was the long dreaded capital of the Wyandots.

But where are the inhabitants? Are they lurking in ambush? For there are no signs of life about the place. Have they fled in fear because of the reports of the two scouts? Every thing in and about the log houses indicates that they have not been in use recently. The surprised and disappointed troops are disheartened, but after an hour's rest bravely follow their commander three miles down the river to the fine springs, where now stands the village of Upper Sandusky. While resting and refreshing themselves with the cool, delicious spring water, mutterings of discontent are frequent, and in the next mile's march become so vigorous that Colonel Crawford holds a council of the officers at which himself and the guide Zane advise a return, as there can be little doubt that the Indians are preparing to meet the attack in great force. A compromise with the more reckless is made, and it is agreed to proceed for the rest of the day and begin the homeward march in the morning. Fatal compromise! And yet if a retreat had been made would they have escaped pursuit and annihilation by a rear attack of the enemy? Or suppose they had encamped here for the night? for now a scout comes dashing into the camp upon his swift horse, crying that the Indians are at hand and prepared for battle. "Then there was mounting in hot haste" and the order "Forward, march!" was given by

Crawford through his noble aide-de-camp, John Rose—noble in a double sense, for this splendid soldier proved to be in reality Baron Rosenthal, a Russian from Livonia.

A quick but cautious advance is now made by the cavalcade for about a mile, to where a little grove stands in the midst of the plain. The Indians are taking advantage of the shelter of the grove, and the first attack by Crawford is made to drive them from it. This is quickly done with dismounted men who keep up a rapid firing and gain the grove for their own army. But Indians will not of their own accord fight in the open, if trees are at hand, so they rush for those growing along the river at the right; for the battle is being fought on the west of the stream about the grove since called Battle Island. The gallant Major Leet prevents the foe from gaining possession of the trees. These first savage combatants were Delawares under command of their infamous chieftain, The Pipe. There, too, was Wingenund with his little band of Delawares from their village in what is now the northeast corner of Jefferson township, Crawford county; and the renegade Girty, whose shameful life among the redmen one does not care to recount, was there on his white horse, but keeping safely at a distance in his pretended bravery and leadership.

And now the dreaded Wyandots are at hand under their war chief, the bold and wily Zhaus-sho-toh, having come from the Half King's new town, eight miles below the one he had deserted. But who is this in command of the united dusky hosts? Plainly the Irish Captain Elliott, who has been sent from Detroit. With an Irishman's quick perception he sees the situation and sends The Pipe with his Delawares around by the north and west sides of the grove to the south in the rear of the Americans. The Wyandots and Rangers at the same time scatter around the north, hiding in the tall grass of the prairie, but firing as rapidly as the flint-lock muskets of the time will permit. The most are unmounted and do their fighting in the true skulking savage manner, though the outposts of the Americans keep them well back to the margin of the

prairie; and the sharpshooters who have climbed into the tree tops of the grove are able to pick off many of the reds as they raise their heads above the grass to fire. Elliott in full British captain's uniform can be seen giving commands here and there to the Indians, some of whom venture near enough to hurl a tomahawk. Aide-de-camp Rose, who is everywhere present upon his fine steed, is chased by a mounted party of the enemy that threw their tomahawks at him, but the Baron is too fine a horseman to be slain in this manner. It is a race for life and the Baron wins.

But now there is a lull in the enemy's firing; hope rises in the breasts of the occupants of the grove, for it seems that they are discouraged by the death of so many of their men, while evidently but few of the Americans have fallen. Night, too, is coming on, and the Indians are withdrawing farther into the rank grass of the plains. The Delawares under The Pipe and Wingenund build their watch-fires at a safe distance to the south; the Wyandots do likewise to the north; while the Americans build their fires well out on either side.

Baron Rose declares that only five of his fellow soldiers were killed and nineteen wounded on this first day, while none could tell how many Indians had bit the dust of the plains. Both sides slept on their arms (if sleep they did), though many were busy throughout the night keeping guard and caring for the wounded. The hard, exciting day's work following the long march, the bad water and intensely hot day, and after these the anxious, fearful night told frightfully on Crawford's band, and the next morning he decided not to renew the attack until his men were in better condition. The forenoon is spent in caring for the sick and wounded and in preparation for a decisive night attack. There was great confidence of victory, because of the lack of spirit in the enemy's action in the latter part of the three hours and a half's fighting the previous day. The early afternoon is spent in like manner. But what is this the sentinel at the north sees approaching? A curse drops from his lips, for it is Captain William Caldwell

with Butler's British Rangers and the reason for the enemy's inaction now and restraint the evening before is evident. Consternation seizes the army as the terrible fact is learned, and immediately plans for attack are changed for those of defense. And there is a band of Indians from the Lake; and still, as if the legions of hell were loose, there toward the Shawnee country Crawford's exhausted band sees "her barbarous sons come like a deluge on the south." About two hundred strong they ride up to the west of the Delaware. "Indians," Rose declared, "kept pouring in hourly from all quarters." What hope now for that jaded little army in the grove? A council of war is held and

"Forthwith from every squadron and each  
band  
The heads and leaders thither haste, where  
stood  
Their great commander."

All agreed that "prudence dictated a retreat," and surely if ever warriors might agree with Agamemnon it was now, and nine o'clock that night was the hour set.

But even in their desperate condition the Americans could not leave their dead to be scalped and mutilated by the savages; so graves were dug and their nine fallen comrades decently buried and fires made over the graves to obliterate all traces of them. The severely wounded were placed upon improvised litters carried by horses. Four of the dead had been killed this second day, which had been so hot that all had suffered much from lack of water, though John Sherrard had on both days, after his musket was disabled, brought water from stagnant pools for the thirsty troops, even at the risk of his life.

After sunset the men were summoned from their posts and formed in four columns, under the same officers as in the advance, except that Major Leet took the place of Major Brinton, who had fallen while fighting valiantly. These movements seem to have attracted the attention of the enemy, who at once began a vigorous attack, that caused the Americans to begin their retreat before the appointed time and in much confusion. However, all but two of the wounded men were car-

ried along in the central retreating columns, and as carefully cared for as circumstances would permit. Colonel Crawford was in command and kept the troops well in hand, although as Rose said, "even in a body trained to the strictest discipline some confusion would have arisen on such an occasion."

There had been some discussion as to which direction to take in the retreat, but finally the vote was for retracing the route in which they had come. This took them between the camps of the Delawares and the Shawnees. In running this gauntlet Major McClelland's division was somewhat in advance and he himself was unhorsed and captured. The other three divisions swerved to the southwest, where a marsh hindered their movements and even caused some of the horses to become so mired as to be left by their riders. The column of McClelland escaped in much confusion and with great loss but in the morning met the other three at the Upper Sandusky of the Wyandots which on their advance they had found deserted. Soon about three hundred had gathered here. But where is their gallant commander?

Colonel Crawford was a father as well as a soldier, and when he failed to see his idolized son John in his place he began a search that not only failed but proved disastrous to himself. It is said that John Crawford was in the division of Major Leet, who had advised a different course for the retreat and when over-ruled, being self-willed and near the rear-diverged from the main body and took his own course with his ninety men. These reached Mingo Bottom before the others, but the willfulness of Leet and the paternal love of Crawford cost the latter's life. Leet's course was south to Marion county, east to Owl creek, down it to where Coshocton now is, thence over Boquet's route to Mingo Bottom.

Crawford being missing, Williamson, the second in command, took charge of the main body and with the assistance of the ever useful Baron Rose soon had the troops in shape for continuing the retreat. On reaching the Sandusky Plains east of the Little Sandusky creek a body of mounted savages and British light horse

troops was sighted far in the rear. In the midst of the afternoon these began to flank the retreating forces on both sides, which caused the Americans to make a stand a little northwest of where a branch of the Olentangy (Whetstone) crosses the present Bucyrus-Galion road, about five miles from the former place and six from the latter; as near as can be ascertained it was on Section 22 of Whetstone township, near where the highway crosses Olentangy (Whetstone) creek. A battle monument by the highway now commemorates the event.

"Stand to your ranks, boys, stand to your ranks, and take steady aim, fire low, and remember that everything depends upon your aim," were the words of Baron Rose, who was Colonel Williamson's valuable aide as he had been Crawford's. The instructions were doubtless followed by the soldiers; for although the attack of the redmen and red coats was vigorous on front, rear and left flank, yet the response from the Americans was so telling that an hour of it proved quite sufficient and the enemy drew back. The weather had changed to cooler during the night and had been favorable for marching, but now a cold rainstorm came on and drenched the army and put the flintlocks "out of commission." The three dead were buried, the eight wounded placed upon horses and the retreat again taken up. The enemy now renewed their attacks with such effect as to somewhat demoralize the columns, but Williamson and his officers insisted that in keeping together in good order lay their only hope of safety. In this way a masterly retreat was effected. Each company took its turn at the rear to repel attacks during the six mile march, to where they had rested on their advance just east of Leesville and where now they encamped for the night. The attacking troops encamped nearby, and immediately began their attacks as the Americans left their camp in the morning of the following day (June 7). After capturing two of the Americans and firing a final volley where Crestline now stands, both Indians and British disappeared and neither they nor any other enemy disturbed the returning troops on their toilsome march to Mingo Bottom, which from the

Muskingum was on the route taken by Williamson at the time of his Gnadenhuten raid.

Stragglers and small bodies continued to arrive at Mingo Bottom for several days; others went directly to their homes. Food supplies had given out early in the retreat, and anything that was eatable which the forests and plains afforded was eagerly secured and devoured. Frogs, birds, groundhogs, opossums, squirrels, turtles, birds' eggs, berries, birch and other barks, roots, all were most welcome to the half famished, half exhausted, returning borderers. The wonder is that so few were lost by death in this expedition; there seems to have been a loss altogether of not more than seventy-five or eighty men, and a somewhat larger number of horses. About ten men were killed in battle; somewhat more killed as captives; a very few died from wounds; the remainder from sickness and accident. The main body under Williamson have reached Mingo Bottom on June 13, crossed the Ohio and made their final encampment; tomorrow they will be discharged and return to their anxious families and friends, whose suspense during those twenty-one days our generation can scarcely imagine.

Of the missing how many are in the hands of the cruel savages? John Slover, the guide, is a prisoner in the block house of the Shawnees in their capital town, Wapitomic, a little below Zanesfield, but soon escapes in an almost providential manner, naked as he is, mounts an Indian's pony, rides him to death the first twenty-five miles, continues on foot and reaches Fort Pitt by way of Wheeling, July 10. He tells of seeing near the council house the bodies of William Crawford and William Harrison, black with paint and powder, and the latter afterwards quartered at Ft. Pitt. He meets Dr. John Knight and tells of hearing the boasting of the Delaware Indian who was Knight's guard, and carelessly let the Doctor escape; of how he made the Doctor to be a huge giant with whom he struggled valiantly. Slover listened to the boaster for a time and then, as he knew several Indian dialects, told the listeners that Dr. Knight was a small man, which created a

laugh that made the sore-headed braggart slink away.

It was now Dr. Knight's turn to relate one of the most horrible incidents in American history, a natural sequence to the Gnadenhuten massacre, but having an innocent victim of the vengeance. Knight told of the efforts of himself and Colonel Crawford to find the latter's son, son-in-law, and nephew without avail; but instead they became separated from the other troops and, because of the exhausted condition of the commander's horse, were unable to overtake them. A rather feeble old straggler and a young boy soon joined them, and the old man being afoot further impeded their progress. Crawford was much depressed at not finding his relatives; at the somewhat irregular manner of the flight of the army, and, as he supposed, the neglect of the wounded; and added to these was the weakened condition of his horse.

However, he mustered his soldierly courage and they pushed on, passing the old cranberry marsh, through which some of the men were still trying to urge their floundering horses. They now hastened eastward through Crane township, fording the Sandusky just south of Negro Run, crossed Eden township and passed into Tod, Crawford county, two miles north of Oceola. Here Crawford's horse and that of the boy fell, completely exhausted, and had to be abandoned. A little later they overtook Captain Biggs, who had generously taken upon his horse with himself the wounded Lieutenant Ashley. They are now in Holmes township, about two miles north of the city of Bucyrus, where they spend the night. In the morning they veer to the southeast across the corner of Liberty township into Whetstone and meet another comrade who has slain a deer, off of which all make a hearty meal. Refreshed, the party pushes on into Jefferson township, Knight gives his horse to Biggs, who sometime before had yielded his jaded horse entirely to the disabled Ashley, and about eight miles east of Bucyrus, where the Sandusky makes a sharp turn to the north, they strike the trail by which they had come.

Retracing this to the camping place



just east of Leesville, some say in Vernon township, they are suddenly confronted by a party of Delaware Indians. Captain Biggs fires but misses; Crawford who has only his sword begs Knight not to shoot, and both are made captive and taken to Wingenund's place to the north. This 7th of June, 1782 was, indeed, an unlucky Friday. Wingenund had nine other prisoners and on Sunday the scalps of Biggs and Ashley and the horses of Knight and Biggs were brought to the camp. On the next day all were marched to Upper Sandusky Old Town, except Crawford and his two guards, who for some reason left the main party near North Robinson and went directly to the village of Pomoacan, the Half King, head chief of the Wyandots, which was eight miles below the Old Town and on the west side of the river. This was a hopeful indication for Crawford, knowing as he did that the powerful, intelligent Wyandots were less cruel than the Delawares and Shawnees. Vain hope! For here he finds The Pipe and Wingenund, who had secured Pomoacan's consent to permit the Delawares to carry out some project, the nature of which was unexplained. Simon Girty was there, also; but the villainous renegade either would not or dared not aid Crawford, even for the large reward offered him. The following day Crawford was taken to Upper Sandusky Old Town, to meet the other prisoners. The Pipe and Wingenund had preceded him to the Old Town and The Pipe had there painted the other prisoners' faces black, which all well knew meant death by torture; and to Crawford's horror the red rascal, while pretending to be friendly, painted the captive commander's face the same significant color.

Breaking camp, the Delawares now started with their prisoners, as the latter had been told, for the Half King's town on the river, eight miles below. Knight and Crawford were attended by the two chiefs somewhat in the rear of the others, and their confidence in the professions of kindness in their captors was not increased when they saw four of their fellows lying along the trail, hacked with tomahawks and their scalps lifted, and all hope fled when at the site of the present Upper Sandusky the party shifted from the Wy-

andot trail and went to the northwest toward Pipe Town, on Tymochtee creek in Crawford township, less than two miles northeast of Crawfordsville of today. To this place The Pipe had withdrawn with his Delaware tribe from the Muskingum country two years before, and from here he went to assist in the defeat of Crawford's invading army. In Salem township the party stopped to rest on the banks of the Little Tymochtee creek where the five other prisoners were given over to the women and children, who soon despatched them with tomahawks. One old hag beheaded John McKinley, and she and others used the head as a foot-ball for a time.

Crawford and Knight were now hurried along toward Pipe Town, meeting on the way Girty, who had probably come over from the Half King's village to see what gain there might be for him in the captain's misfortunes.\* Indians from the village also came out to meet the party and gave the prisoners blows with clubs and stones as they passed down the east side of Tymochtee creek to a point on its east bank near where the Hocking Valley Railroad now crosses the creek and a little over a half mile above The Pipe's Town. About a hundred Delawares were gathered there, bucks, squaws, youths and papooses; some Wyandots had straggled in; and Girty and the Irish renegade Elliott, who had commanded at the main battle, were both present. Will not these white men be able to save the captives from savage torment? Will not Wingenund, who has known Crawford as a friend, interfere in his behalf?

Alas! no, for The Pipe and his revengeful followers are determined to exceed in atrocity if possible the massacre of Gnad-enhuten. To those who taunted him afterwards with not trying to save Crawford's life Wingenund replied: "Though your King George had been present with all his ships filled with treasures for a ransom, he could not have saved from the just rage of the Indians the life of my friend." Knight is there, but securely bound and in charge of the Delaware, Tutelu, who is to take him to Wapatomica as a present to the Shawanese for their assistance in battle.

As the party reached this spot the most conspicuous object was a fire made of hickory poles arranged in a circle about ten yards in diameter and burning fiercely. In the center was a pole twelve or fifteen feet high fixed securely in the earth. Can it be that these red demons will bind their one-time friend, "The Big Commander," to that stake in the midst of that hot hickory fire? Shall he who was elected to lead in battle, because he had not been with Williamson at Gnadenhuten, suffer such a vicarious punishment for that man's sin? It is even so; and on this Tuesday, June 11, 1782, at four o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Crawford's leather hat and other clothing are entirely removed to be preserved as souvenirs among the tribe; his hands are tied behind his back; but instead of being bound to the stake directly the unique and hellish plan of tying him to the stake with a tether about six feet long connecting with the thongs about his wrists is devised. Captain Pipe makes a vigorous speech and the tribe assents with yells. Already Crawford and Knight have been pounded with fists and clubs, but now the fiends take their guns and shoot powder into Crawford's naked body; probably cut off his ears; then several at a time take burning poles and thrust them against his body as he runs about the stake. He is attacked on all sides until he must surely feel "Which way I turn is hell." But this is not enough; the squaws now get pieces of bark and throw hot coals and ashes upon him until the ground upon which he walks is covered. The brave man can suffer in silence no longer; he lifts up a prayer aloud, and cries to Girty to shoot him, but with a brutal laugh the degenerate man replies that he has no gun. Nearly three hours of this horrible torture has been endured, when he lies upon the ground face downward; an Indian rushes at him and scalps him and flings the bloody scalp into Knight's face; a withered squaw throws coals upon his head; he rises again and staggers around the post, while the insatiate savages still thrust the burning poles into his flesh. The end approaches, and Knight's guard leads him away; but in the morning, as they start for the Shawnee town they pass the spot and Knight sees the charred

bones in the ashes—all that is left of Colonel William Crawford, who bravely fought for others' homes and most exquisitely suffered for others' sins.

In 1800 Pennsylvania atoned for her earlier neglect by naming a county for Crawford; in 1820 Ohio bestowed a similar honor and thus his name was perpetuated in a most fitting manner. In 1845 the west part of this county was made into a separate one. It includes the scene of the tragedy and perpetuates the name of the bravest, most intelligent and humane of Colonel Crawford's Indian foes, the Wyandots, and its people have erected near the place of his death a fine monument to his memory.

Knight and his guard passed on toward the Shawnee town, but when a little below Kenton near the Scioto they encamped for the night. In the early morning Knight was unbound, and taking a brand on a forked stick went behind his savage guard under pretense of smoking away the mosquitoes, but instead wheeled and struck him a stunning blow across the head; snatched the gun and tried to fire, but broke the lock. He then hastily gathered up the Indian's powder horn, moccasins, bullet bag and blanket, made off for the northeast and after a trying trip of twenty-one days celebrated the 4th of July by arriving at Fort Pitt.

Colonel Crawford's campaign against Sandusky was under government authority and direction, like that of Sullivan against the Senecas of New York in 1779, and those of Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne in the early 90's of that century against the Indians of the North West Territory. Like all of these, too, it had the sanction of Washington. Like Harmar and St. Clair, Crawford failed to win a glorious victory; failed to carry the border westward. His defeat even encouraged the savages to fiercer attacks upon the settlers, but the brave commander had already done more than his full share for his country and this single failure, where unexpected odds were overwhelmingly against him, should not obscure his virtues nor the noble deeds of a life of heroic service for his country and its frontier homes.

And where is the beloved John, for whom the warrior father died? Let us rejoice to know that he reached Mingo Bottom with Major Leet, was mustered out and is safe with his widowed mother at Crawford's Place. He is there to encourage her and the family during the dreadful suspense until Knight's account of the cruel death of Colonel Crawford and Slover's tale of how the son-in-law and nephew had perished at the hands of the Shawnees is gently broken to them; and then this strong young son and brother is there to help assuage the awful grief in those three stricken homes—a grief so intense that we will not even try to imagine it. For thirty-five years Hannah Crawford will nurse this grief and then in 1817 at ninety-one years of age will peacefully pass away in the very home which her soldier husband had built on the banks of the Youghioghny. Her son John had died the year before at his home in Adams county, Ohio, near the mouth of Brush creek, leaving two sons to hand down the name Crawford to succeeding generations.

But the "star of empire" shines for the invading race, and the final defeat is for paganism, even though Harmar, Crawford and St. Clair have failed against it; for in 1794 Mad Anthony Wayne in the battle of

Fallen Timbers on the Maumee gives to the combined tribes the fatal blow that leads to the treaty of Greenville. This hems them in west of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas and north of a line from the north point in Tuscarawas county to Loramie in Shelby county, thence to Fort Recovery and thence to the mouth of the Kentucky river. These lands were gradually purchased by the government; but the Wyandots and Delawares lingered, the former being granted in 1818 a tract twelve miles square, of which the present Upper Sandusky the next year is made the capital. They also received lands one mile square in the cranberry marsh on the Broken Sword. Adjoining them on the south the Delawares were given a tract three miles square, which they ceded to the United States in 1829; but the Wyandots, among whom Methodist missionaries, had labored quite successfully, remained on the lands of their fathers until a year after their cession in 1842, when the seven hundred of them were taken in wagons to Kansas and placed upon a reservation where now is the city of Wyandot, opposite Kansas City. The mission house still stands at Upper Sandusky, repaired, and preserved in the midst of the old burial ground—a sad memorial of a vanquished race.



# SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

## CHAPTER V.



ARTHUR sought the shade of the great walnut when dinner was over, and in a rustic seat was enjoying a cigar, and at the same time watching the movements of a great, lazy bird: Slowly it circled about the top of a lofty knob.

His thoughts, however, were not upon the bird, but upon the fair daughter of the mountains, the niece of Jack Fallis. What a charming young woman, he thought, and that barefooted girl, with the tangle of hair, who was she?

The thick carpet of green nature had spread about the tree prevented him from hearing the approach of the barefooted girl, who, for some reason he could not explain, had kept driving Lina from his thoughts, and Lina's liquid, brown eyes had almost pierced that hitherto invulnerable armor—the pride of Arthur Hawley.

He was startled when a low voice murmured:

"Air yuh dreamin' or air yuh watchin' them buzzards?"

"Is that a buzzard?" he asked, as he turned to look into the wide, questioning eyes.

"Them's buzzards."

"Why do you say 'them?' there is only one."

"Whar thur's one thur's two," she said.

"As I can see but one, the other is an invisible buzzard, I presume."

"No, the other one's a she buzzard."

"Ah, I see," he answered, smiling upon her.

"That one a flyin' aroun' is a-looking for aigs, and his wife is a-raisin little buz-

zards. I reckon yuh didn't know I was livin' here?"

"I did not. In fact I did not know there were any little ladies, just like you, in this part of the country."

He waited for her to reply, but she did not speak—only drew closer to him.

"My name is Arthur Hawley; what is yours?"

"I'm Bess Willard," she said.

"Is Mr. Fallis a relative?" he asked, seeking to get her to talk.

"No, Uncle Jack found me," she replied.

Presently she asked: "Do you live in Knoxville?"

"My home is in Cincinnati."

"Whur is that?"

"Cincinnati is in the state of Ohio. It is situated upon the right bank of the Ohio river, and across the river is the State of Kentucky."

"Did yuh come to see Lina?" she asked abruptly.

"No, why do you ask?"

"I caint tell yuh, I 'low."

"I would like to know," he said.

She explained that grandmother, or "Granny" as she called her, would not permit her to talk to him if he came to see Lina. "She says gyrls o' my aige is silly—I dunno if they air."

"I don't believe you are, although some young girls giggle foolishly," he replied.

"Uncle Jack is good ter me, she said softly, and a bit of the sunlit tangle touched his cheek as he bent to listen.

"You love him, do you?"

"Yes, I love him. He calls me his snow-bird, 'case he found me in the snow. An' then I kiss him," she said, as the gray eyes changed to green.

He wondered how he could have imag-

ined her plain, almost to homeliness, as she appeared at first when she stood before him. Her face was radiant, and the parted red lips seemed dangerously near, for he was stooping to catch her low tones.

"You make me wish I was your Uncle Jack."

"Then yuh would like me, wouldn't yuh?"

"Very much indeed."

A soft sigh escaped her, and the smile faded from her lips, as she said: "Granny will be callin' me in a minnit. I'll show you the pianner ter night," she said, as she ran away.

What a strange but interesting child she is, he thought as he watched her disappear. He was thinking about her when Fallis joined him. The host was about to light his corncob pipe when Arthur said: "Try one of these."

Fallis seated himself beside the young man as he lighted the cigar.

"How do yuh think yo'll like the mountings?" he asked.

"I shall enjoy this visit very, very much, I anticipate. I was talking to the little girl, Bess, just now; who is she?"

"I call her my snow bird, 'case I found her in the snow one mawnin'" Jack said. "Her fambly had been murdered by a gang of guerrillas one night during the wah. I never knowed whether Lige Evans had a hand in it or not, but I always suspicioned him. Her father was a peculiar man, keeping his own secrets; but he wasn't one of our kind. His name war Putnam Willard, an' while he seemed po' like most mounting folks, he had a house full of books, an' they war burned the night they killed him. His wife war a frail little body, an' she showed marks of beauty not common 'round heyre."

"Then the little lady comes honestly by her peculiarities," Arthur remarked.

"She shorely does," said Fallis.

"You found her in the snow, you said?"

"I war goin' by Willard's one mawnin' when I seed smoke a-risin', and I wondered ef they war butcherin'. I soon seed that the house war burned down; and, goin' to ther place, I seed both Willard and his wife hed been shot. They were lyin' near the burnin' embers, an' I moved 'em away. I had seen some hard sights in the mount-

ings them days, but it war pitiful ter see that po' white faced woman a-lyin' ther and the snow a-siftin' down over her."

"Terrible, was it not?" and Arthur shuddered.

"I knowed thar war a little gal, an' was wonderin' ef the devils killed her too, when I noticed a little heap o' snow clost by a log, an' the heap sorter moved. Whatever it is, says I to myself, it don't need to fear me. Purty soon the heap moved agin, an' I seed a little foot with a woollen stockin' on it stick out in that heap of snow. I brushed the snow and leaves away mighty quick, an' thar she war a starin' at me out o' them strange eyes an' not a whimper out o' her."

"I'm hongry," she said.

"Yuh air? Waal yuh won't be long, my little one," sez I.

"I tuck her home ter mother, an' I said, 'I found this little one an' she's mine. I want yuh ter keer for her as your own. She seems to me like a vine climin' roun' a tree; she's twined herself roun' my heart, she hes."

"I can understand why a man, such as you, can feel a deep affection for a child utterly alone, as she is," Arthur said.

"Mother, she is good to her," Jack continued, "but Bess gets out o' patience sometimes. It's all 'count o' the scriptures. Mother's powerful sot on the Bible. She keep a-talkin' and a-readin', particular on a Sunday. One day Bess, she come ter me heyre; I war a-setting' smokin', and she laid her bushy head on my lap and said:

"Do you know, Uncle Jack, I hate all them ole fellers."

"Who is my little gal hatin'?" says I.

"Oh, a lot o' them ther in the Bible; Cain, an' Absolem, and Methuselem, an' Aminadab, an' some more," she said.

"What has po' ole Methusalem done as yuh air down on his?" I sez.

"How ole is Granny," she asked.

"Bout seventy-two," sez I.

"An' Methusalem was 900 years older than Granny?"

"Long there," sez I.

"I reckon ef he had any leetle gyrls round' the house, he fursed at 'em, too," she said.

"I wouldn't put it past him," sez I.

"Now, thar's David,, Uncle Jack. I

uster like him when he war a boy an' war out with the sheep, but, arter awhile, he wasn't always good. Uncle, now was he?"

"I reckon yuh right, dear," sez I. "He missed it sometimes, but yuh must not tell Granny thet; she's powerful sot on David. She knows a lot, no one tells her," Jack continued. "She let on ter me the birds tell her things. One Sunday last summer she run off. an' thar war no Bess all day. Mother and the Bible war waitin', and I seed she war sorter riled. Toward evenin' Bess came back, an' mother openeed on her at onct:

"Whar yuh been trollopin'?" she axed.

"In the woods hearin' the birds sing," says Bess.

"Thar's plenty of other days to hear the birds sing," says mother. "Do you know what the Book sez? Remember the Sabbath day ter keep it holy. Yuh hev been a-breakin' the day, so yuh hev, a-breakin' the day."

"'Didn' God make the birds, Granny?" she axed.

"Thet has nothin' to do with it," sez mother.

"Don't He let them sing the same songs Sunday as they sing a-Monday? Why don't He make a Sunday fer the birds?"

"I seed mother was gettin' sort o' riled, an' I sed, yuh all might call this argyment a draw."

"I reckon yuh got a claim on her, Jackson," mother said, "an' I see yuh air sort of wropped up in her, but I'm a-tryin' to save her soul. my son. thet's all, a-tryin' to save her soul."

"I 'low, mother," sez I, "her religion seems kinder queer ter yuh an' me, but she won't go fur wrong jist a-listenin' ter the birds."

There was a break in the rich, low voice, and a suspicion of moisture in the gray eyes.

"This seegar is a powerful strong one; I 'low its sorter gone to my haid," he said.

## CHAPTER VI.

When Jack Fallis sent his niece to school in Knoxville, she devoted some time to the study of music. Her voice was a rich contralto, and dearly her uncle loved to hear her sing the songs then popular. Once

when he went to the city to visit her she said: "I wish to show you that I have not entirely wasted your money while here," and, seating herself at the piano, sang a love song of the war days, "Lorena."\*

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena," she sang, and the voice thrilled him. The theme filled his soul with unutterable longing, for like "Paul Vane," who loved Lorena, Jack Fallis once had a Lorena. She was not of the mountains, and the great, rugged, young mountaineer amused her. She was one who played with human hearts.

When Lina came back to the home on the mountains, Jack hinted that a melodeon would be a nice thing in the house. "I sometimes want ter hear yuh play an' sing that song — yuh mind, don't yuh? — 'The years creep slowly by,'" he said. "I want ter hear that song on a winter's evenin' when the winds come a-moanin' down from the mountaings an' I am a settin' in the kitchen with mother — a settin' thar smokin' — then I want ter hear that tune come a-creepin' inter my soul."

"I know, uncle," she answered, "but let us wait until you are rich enough to buy a piano; the girls in school did not care for melodeons — they are not just the thing."

"I sorter like them," he said. "But we'll see."

Before she dreamed he was rich enough there was a piano in the best room and Lina knew by the sad, far-away look in the patient gray eyes when he was in the mood to hear Lorena; if, however, she saw a merry twinkle, she sang:

"Oh, dearest Mae,  
Your lub'ly as de day,  
Your eyes so bright,  
They shine at night,  
When de moon am gone away."

"Do yer want ter see the pianner, now?" asked Bess. The sun had sunk behind a peak and the gloaming was near. Together they went to the instrument. "I reckon Lina will play fer yuh."

"I shall be pleased to hear her," Arthur said as he ran his fingers over the keys.

\* "Lorena," written by Rev. Chas. Webster, of Zanesville, Ohio, was known as the great love song of the sixties.

"Hev yuh all got a pianner at home?" she asked.

"Yes, shall I play for you?" He sat at the instrument, idly drumming upon it.

"Kin yuh?" The gray eyes were full of wonder. Men whom she knew did not play on the piano.

Presently he drifted into the sweet, appealing chords of Lange's "Flower Song." The girl drew closer and closer to him until he felt her breath upon his cheek. He played as he had seldom played, and when the chords had died away, he turned and saw that Bess' eyes were filled with tears.

"I will play something brighter, Bess, he said.

"No; play that agin — slow, that way. I heard her cryin'; what was it about? Was he goin' away?"

"You heard her crying, what do you mean?" he asked.

"I could see the gyrl and she couldn't help a cryin', 'case she war always lonesome."

The young man discovered a new trait in this, to him, remarkable child. At times she seemed a woman, one who had known the world, and had suffered. In a moment she was the child again. He played the song for her once more, and when he had finished she kissed him and turned away. While he was yet wondering whether it was the child or the woman who had kissed him, Lina came into the room. He was curious to know whether she had seen the caress. She might wonder, perhaps, what it meant — he a stranger and a guest. In the big brown eyes he saw a glitter like a moonbeam on the frost.

"I took the liberty of listening," she said. "I did not know you were such an artist."

"I am very human. Miss Burrell, and flattery is delicious — but there are few artists in the world. Shall I play for you?" he asked.

The brown eyes seemed to be asking him what that kiss meant and he hoped she would forget. He played a Chopin nocturne and the "March of Night," the latter a brilliant composition with a sort of majestic movement — after which he sang, "Then You'll Remember Me."

Lina had never heard the opera in which this sweet song is introduced, and as he

sang, the frost disappeared and the brown eyes grew soft and tender again.

"You must play for us to-night and sing that song again," she said. The gloaming had passed and a full round moon was peeping down through the branches of the walnut where thin blue wreaths of smoke were floating upward. Arthur had not long been sitting there when Malvina came.

"I heard yuh playin' an' it set me a-thinkin'," she said.

"It would not be difficult to guess of whom," he replied.

"No, not after what I told you, but ain't it strange that he should come now?"

"Yes, you will doubtless meet again."

"Yancey is ter be their lawyer, yuh know," she said.

"That was a beautiful thing you said the day we were riding. When you told me all you said: 'I will never forget that I am Yancey Everett's wife.'"

"Yes, I buried my love," she said, "but I buried it alive." They were silent for a time, he wondering if after all she might forget when the Captain came. Might not this ghost of that buried love demand that the grave be opened. At least he feared it.

The sun had climbed over the eastern range and was shining brightly in his room, when Arthur awoke the next morning. He heard presently a soft tapping upon the door. He did not answer, and there came a sharper rap.

"Yuh won't git a bite if yuh don't git up." Then the little maid tripped down the stairs singing:

"When holler hearts shall wear a mask,  
I'll break yuh own ter see,  
In such a moment I but ask,  
That yuh'll —"

The door closed and the girlish voice no longer reached him.

"I fear you will think me a bit lazy," he said when seated at the breakfast table, "but I slept well and sleep, as the bard says, 'knits up the raveled sleeve of care,' and I have many raveled sleeves."

"I don't see that yuh sleeves raveled," Mother Fallis said. "I reckon the girls can flex 'em if they air."

Bess waited upon him, saying little but

repeating over and over again the song that seemed to haunt her memory: "When hol-ler hearts," etc.

I am going to see Lige Evans this morn-ing, Miss Bess," Arthur said, "and I would like you to go with me and show me the road."

"Will yuh take me?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, if you can go."

"Will we walk?" she asked.

"We will take the carriage. Perhaps Mrs. Everett would like to go."

"She won't keer to go, I 'low," Bess said, and Arthur understood.

"I'll tell Uncle Jack," she cried, as she ran away to get the consent she knew would be given.

Bess' eyes sparkled when she took her place by Arthur's side. A white sunbonnet rested upon the gold brown tangle. The white dress was of a style of former days when girls wore dress waists cut very low. Her full round throat and shoulders were as white as the gown and bonnet. The cheeks were brown, for the sunbeams would peep through the tangle of curls as she ran through the fields and lanes bonnetless.

The low cut waist gave hint of the beauty of form that would be hers when the years of womanhood had arrived.

Arthur Hawley realized that on a day not far distant, nature would fashion this girl into a woman of unusual loveliness. Before the home of Lige Evans was reached there were long, steep hills to climb and the team was restless.

The attention of the driver was more occupied in looking after the horses than in watching the young girl whose eyes sought his with a questioning look.

"Finally she asked, "Was yuh 'shamed of me yisterday?"

"Ashamed of you?" He was intently watching the prancing horses.

"Yes, wus yuh?" The face was growing older again as he had seen it when some thought troubled her.

"I certainly was not; why should I be?"

"Lina said she was."

"Did she?"

A cool and delightful breeze having sprung up, we began to think of lunch. Around the point we had previously noticed a nook in the bank, well shaded and a spot carpeted with green. Running our

boat up on the shore, we jumped out and, gathering twigs, leaves and dry wood, soon had a good fire. Fish were next cleaned and frying in the pan, coffee boiling, and in a few more moments we were in the full enjoyment of our meal. The birds gave us welcome. The thrush and bobolinks tuned their throats to cadence long and beautiful. Nut hatches and chickadees chirped in the bushes, while overhead the noisy, lusty crows chattered and scolded, disturbed by the intrusion. After lunch we resumed our fishing and by four o'clock had caught quite a number of the yellow beauties, during which time the game had been exciting and full of sport.

"She said I acted perfectly silly."

"About what?" he asked.

"Yuh know; I kissed yuh."

"So you did. I considered that very kind of you. It was the most pleasing encore I ever received."

"I dunno what yuh air talkin' about," she said.

"Perhaps not; but never mind, we will be good friends, shall we not?"

"Ef yuh ain't 'shamed of me."

"Please do not refer to that again. Remember I am a very old person, compared to you, and if a little girl choses to kiss me, whose business is it? When we get down this hill you may kiss me again." There was a merry twinkle in his eyes that did not escape the girl.

"No, that would be silly, I reckon."

As they approached a little log shanty, Bess said, "That is Lige Evans' cabin now."

## CHAPTER VII.

In the low, open door sat an untidy woman, not devoid of comeliness. Drink, however, had left indelible marks upon her face. The dark eyes, half closed, were fastened upon the young man in the carriage. She knew Bess, but did not deign to glance toward her. She had seen but few young men like the one who was politely lifting his hat as though it was a great lady he was about to meet. Such were the thoughts that forced their way through the dull brain. She had been drinking rather heavily for that hour of the day, but Lige had been gone all night, and she had been alone in the cabin. Alone, except for such



company as the grizzled, long-eared dog afforded, the dog which growled and showed its teeth as Arthur called: "Is Evans at home?"

"He's gone ter Williamsburg. He mought get home any time now, an' he mought be plum full when he gits here; fer he war away all night," she said.

"I will come back; I want to see him," Arthur said.

"Yuh kin come in an' wait ef yuh want. Ef its the timber yuh come ter see, I mought talk it over with yuh — the daug won't hurt yuh."

Impulsively Bess placed her hand upon Arthur's arm as if to detain him. Observing the act the woman flushed angrily and exclaimed with a sneer, "Hev yer got ter be the boss, Bess Willard?"

They did not hear what else she said, for they drove rapidly away. She taints the air Bess breathes, Arthur thought. Giving the spirited team full head they went up and down the great hills at a merry pace. Lina was waiting their return, as she was to accompany Arthur to call upon the Widow and Nannie Catlin.

Nannie stood near the low fence waiting for them. Nate had told her they were coming. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl, straight and slim as a young poplar.

"Nannie, this is Mr. Hawley," Lina said. "You remember his father, Major Hawley?"

Arthur greeted the young girl so heartily that she was at once at ease. Nannie rather dreaded meeting this young man from the North; he might not be as friendly as his father, whom she remembered well. She remembered, too, that the major had been wounded by Lige Evans while trying to get her in a safe place while the fight was on.

Arthur was introduced to Mrs. Catlin, who, as she placed a limp hand in his, said: "I cain't see as yuh look much like yuh father. He was a mighty well favored man."

There was a resenting flush in Lina's eyes. The compliment paid the father at the expense of the son did not please her.

"My father bade me find you, Mrs. Catlin, and say to you that he has always remembered you most kindly. He told me the story of that day in '64," Arthur said.

"Yaas, I hain't fergot it either; an' Mal-

viny were here that day. I hear she come with yuh all."

"We are glad to have Mrs. Everett visit us," Lina said.

"Mrs. Everett! Huh — ter me she war allus Malviney Stake," and there was a note of impatience in the voice of the widow. She seemed to resent the idea that the poor mountain girl had married a lawyer and lived in the city.

"Mos' everybody is a-gettin' married nowadays, an' them that ain't air a countin' on it," she continued mournfully. "I'm pikein' along here erlone mosly, fer Nannie is mighty poor comp'ny now."

"Mother!" There was reproof in the soft voice.

"Oh, yes, it's so; there's nobody but Nate in these parts."

"Mr. Hawley don't keer to hear o' Nate an' me," said the young girl, softly.

"There is no story more beautiful than the one they are telling, Mrs. Catlin," Arthur said. "It is the oldest story known to man, yet it is ever new."

"Thar ain't no time a pore body is so happy as when they air in love, an' they ain't no time they's so wuthless," and Mrs. Catlin sighed wearily.

Lina had told Arthur how Nate and Nannie had loved each other as children, and now they were engaged to be married. The widow was discussing the subject one day with the couple and ventured the remark that they were too young.

"Don't git in inter yuh haid's ter marry while yuh air so young. Then, again, Nate mought see some gal as he mought like better than yuh, Nannie, an' it is easier quitin' ef yuh ain't ingaged."

"Mrs. Catlin," Nate answered in his soft, quaint way, "I reckon I love Nannie as well as ar'y man loves his wife. It don't seem as it wuld make any difference ef I hed pick o' the whole worl'. Ef Uncle Jack wanted me ter travel all over this broad gearth 'fore I settled down, I'd go mebby, but I'd come back, an' ef I seed Nannie a-standin' thar by the fence as she did terday, awaitin' fer me, I'd be as happy as the angels wur when the sung on a winter's mawning' long ago."

Nannie was looking shyly at him as he talked, and when he paused to hear what

Mrs. Catlin would say, she slipped a soft, white hand into the one that was rough and sunburnt, as she whispered, "Nate, my Nate."

The widow dexterously took from the hearth a coal, and placing it in her pipe,

smoked silently and drowsily for a while. Looking into the embers that had burned low, she said, as if to herself:

"I reckon I was jist as saft once as yuh all."

[*To be continued.*]

## The Old Red School House.

In the valleys of the rivers, in the dear, old Buckeye state,

Where we were born and joyed so long ago;

We can see the quaint old farm-house, the road and picket gate—

The cider-mill, the orchard, and the chickens on the lawn.

And, standing in the background, we discern in fancy still,

The little old red school-house on the hill.

There were clean and honest fathers—Spartan mothers at the looms—

Dear sisters fair, and faithful in their loves;

Who sang the song of "Home, Sweet Home," while standing midst the blooms.

With upward smile, as, cooing, coteward flew the homing doves.

There's one thing in the picture, we can not forget nor will—

The little old red school-house on the hill.

When the flag was shot at Sumter, and our country called for deeds,

In serried ranks came forth in stern array—

From school-house, great Horatios, from that farm, Von Winkelrieds,

Who held the bridge for freedom, and for liberty made way;

When in its walls the muster stands with senient pride a-thrill—

The little old red school-house on the hill.

Needs our country lofty leaders—fiery pillars in her night?

Ohio's sons are in the van afar;

In all our halls of wisdom, and each a leading light,

And each a Holy Moses or a Henry of Navarre:

In classic shade or commerce, their Alma Mater's still

The little old red school-house on the hill.

PHILETUS SMITH.

## With Our Correspondents

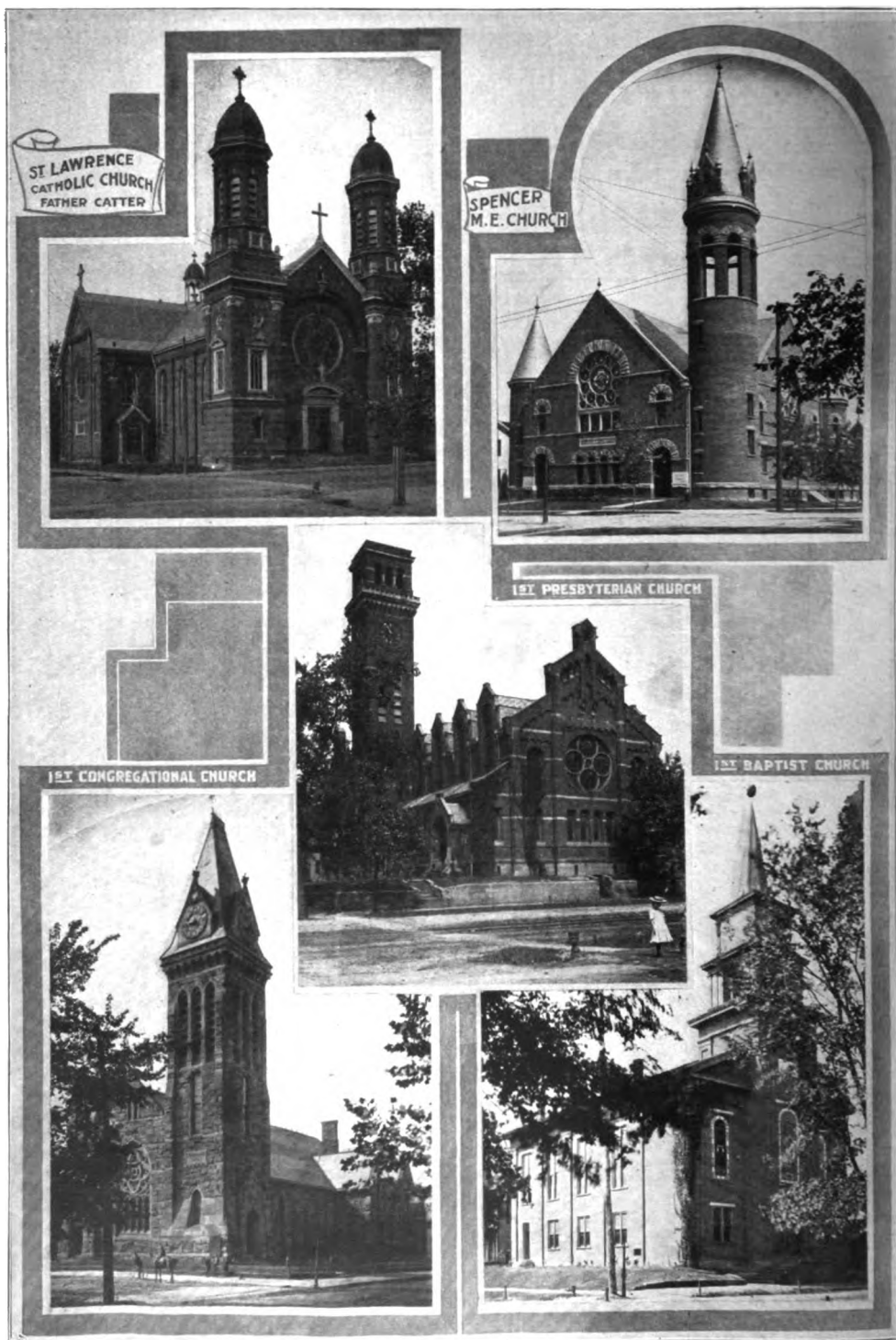
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READERS of THE OHIO MAGAZINE are invited to contribute to this department any views they may entertain regarding current subjects which may seem to them timely and particularly adapted to the objects of this magazine. Especially desirable will be comments of our readers on articles appearing in the magazine, suggestions for its improvement or words in commendation of such features in connection with its progress as may seem deserving from the standpoint of those interested in its welfare. In short, this department is designed to be a medium for an exchange of views between readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE and its editorial department in matters of interest to the general public and of special interest to our constituents as such.

Communications not in excess of four hundred words are solicited and, to insure publication in the next number following their receipt, must be received not later than the first day of the month. Unpublished manuscripts will be returned, with a frank statement of the reason for their declination. It is hoped that the response to this invitation will be such as to insure the management that an interesting and useful department of this character may be maintained indefinitely.

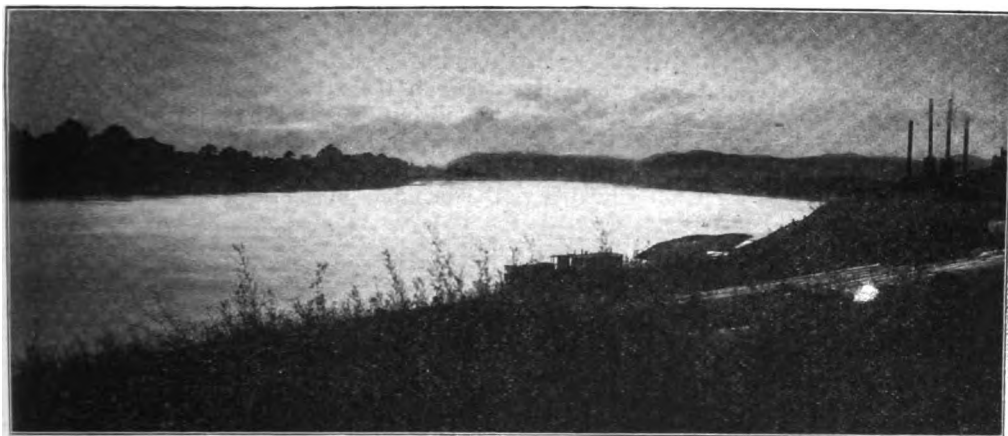
THE EDITOR.

The  
City of Ironton  
Ohio



TYPICAL CHURCHES OF IRONTON.

*Photos by M. M. Mudgt.*



SUNSET ON THE OHIO RIVER AT IRONTON.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

## Early Days in Ironton

By Hon. E. S. Wilson



THE limestone ore belt of the Hanging Rock iron region, was from eight to twelve miles wide, and Hanging Rock was at the center of it. It extended from Jackson county through Lawrence, and into Greenup, Kentucky. In this belt were built twenty to twenty-five furnaces. Their product was a charcoal pig iron, and the annual output of each furnace averaged 1,000 to 2,000 tons. This pig iron was brought to the Ohio River for shipment, Hanging Rock being the principal shipping point.

At this village lived John Campbell and Caleb Briggs. The former, who may be regarded as the founder of Ironton, was a practical furnaceman, having passed through all experiences from ox driver to manager and proprietor. He was a man of strong intellect and long vision. Dr. Briggs was a scientific man who had been an assistant state geologist under Dr. Mather in 1835. He was attracted to Hanging Rock by the fine iron prospects of that region.

These two men organized The Ohio Iron and Coal Company in 1849. The objects,

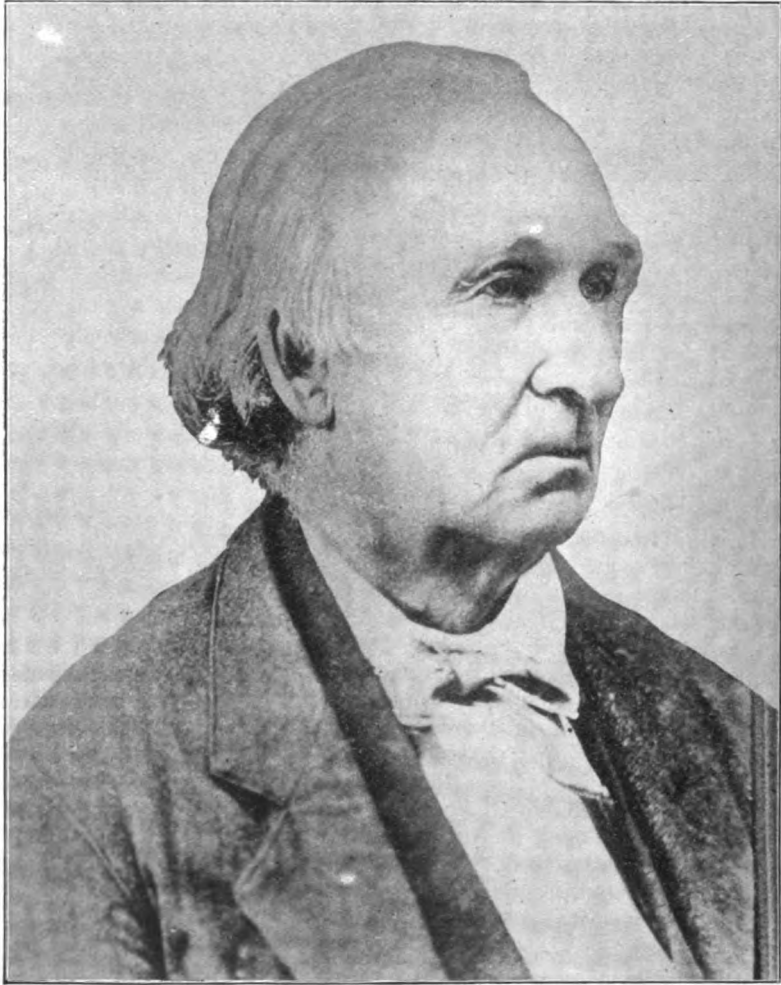
as set forth in the charter, were to develop the mineral resources, encourage the conversion of raw material into completed manufactures, and to make use of the stone coal instead of the charcoal, if possible, in the reduction of ores. So far as the last named object is concerned, it may be noted that the forests were disappearing so rapidly that serious apprehensions were entertained that it would not be long before the pig iron production would cease for lack of fuel.

The charter gave the company the right to purchase and sell land, "the same as a natural person," to erect iron works and build a railroad to their mines and furnaces. On April 23d, 1849, there was a stockholders' meeting, at which it was agreed that their principal office should be at the mouth of Storm Creek, where said company proposed to lay out a town called Ironton, with a view of carrying out the objects of said incorporation. Mr. Campbell was the first president and Dr. Briggs the first secretary.

Previous to this effort to centralize the iron enterprises, the various furnaces constituted interesting communities. Life was

rather rough about them, but there was not lacking the exuberance and kindliness of pioneer experience. There was money in the iron business, enough to make every furnace a local center, where there was more or less intelligence and gay life.

running back to the hills. There were 325 acres in these two farms, and they were platted into 350 lots. The first sale of lots took place June 20th, 1849. Shortly afterwards there were 378 acres added, making the original plat of the town amount to



JOHN CAMPBELL, FOUNDER OF IRONTON.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge from an old Portrait.*

Those old furnace days were really attractive, but when Ironton was founded most of the furnaces lost their social importance and the "iron families" migrated to the town.

In May, 1849, the company bought two farms, beginning above Storms Creek and

703 acres, all of which cost the company \$18,143.11. There were other slight purchases after this, and vast additions made to the city, so that now it extends along the river nearly four miles and back to the hills.

The location is a fine one. It is pictur-

esque and healthy, and, lying on two rolls or benches of the ancient basin of the Ohio, it provides a most excellent drainage. It was the dream of the projectors of Ironton to make it a temperance town, for in all the deeds was put a provision that carried the forfeiture to the company of any property upon which liquor was sold, on payment to the owners of one-half of the appraised value. This regulation kept the town pretty temperate for six or eight

education required, it could be easily obtained.

As a shipping point for the furnaces Ironton became prominent. In early days the entire bank of the river in front of the young town was covered with pig iron put up in five ton piles. A steamboat could nearly always get a good shipment of metal at Ironton, but most of the transportation was made in barges and flatboats, up and down the Ohio River.



SECOND STREET, AN EARLY THOROUGHFARE, AS IT IS TODAY.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

years, but in time the forfeiture feature became a dead letter.

The men who built Ironton were sturdy, thoughtful, common-sense men. They seemed more intent on making a great city than on reaping profits from their venture. They made generous provisions for school houses, churches, mills and shops. In fact, as long as the Ohio Iron and Coal Company had land that enterprise, religion or

The Iron Railway was a companion project to the building of the town. They started together. The original idea was to build a road to connect at Bloom Switch with the Portsmouth branch of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, but it got no further than thirteen miles into the hills of Lawrence county. It thus reached, within a transportation radius, Olive, Buckhorn, Howard Center, Mt. Vernon, Law-

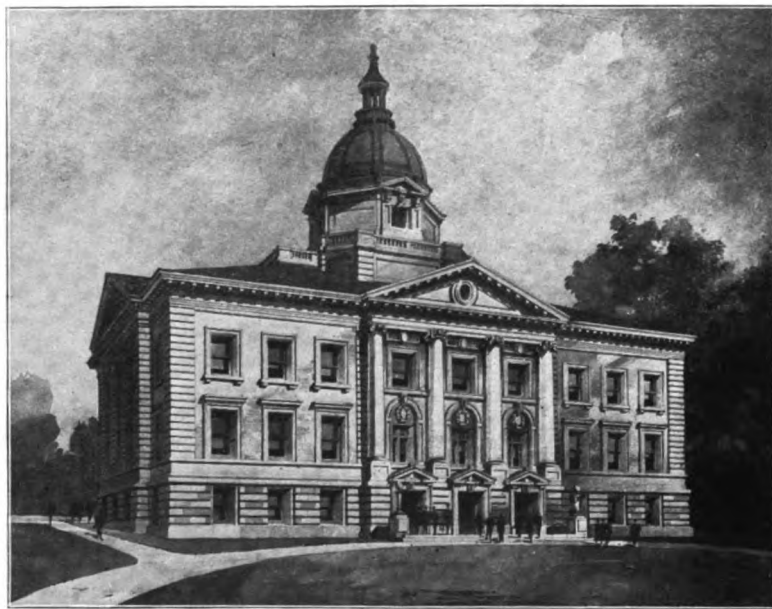


rence, Etna and Vesuvius furnaces, and these were the enterprises that covered the banks of the river with pig metal.

The first step to raise the town from a shipping point to the importance of a manufacturing center was the building of the Ironton rolling mill. This was soon followed by the Lawrence mill, a large stove foundry, and an extensive machine shop and foundry. The building of the rolling mills started the coal industry; and mines four miles back of the town were opened and for years provided most of the freight

ulated iron production to a great degree, and soon brought to the front the problem proposed by the charter of the Ohio Iron and Coal Company, viz.: the substitution of stone coal for charcoal in the reduction of iron ores.

In 1868, Belfont furnace was built, the first furnace in the country to discard charcoal as a fuel. It was followed by the erection of other coke furnaces — Big Etna, Sarah, Hamilton and Ironton, and before this, through competition and the vast increase of production, charcoal pig



NEW LAWRENCE COUNTY COURT HOUSE, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

It Will Stand in the Midst of an Historic Park Given to the City and County by the Founders of Ironton.

for the Iron Railroad. There were other forms of manufacture, but these rolling mills furnished the bulk of employment for the town for years, and the business of the community depended wholly upon how it went with the two big rolling mills. When they were stopped, the town was stagnant; and when they flourished, the community was prosperous.

So the years ran on until the war days, when iron rose in price, making rich the holders of stock that had accumulated during the days of stagnation. The war stim-

metal became an insignificant item in the industry of the county. During this substitution of the stone coal or coke furnace for the charcoal furnace, a marked change was taking place in manufactured iron. The two rolling mills that served the community so faithfully in early days fell behind in business, if not in enterprise, and the nail industry forged ahead and became the chief feature of Ironton business, and today constitutes its most important productive interest.

Other leading sources of Ironton's activ-

ity were lumber mills, fire brick works, machine shops, foundries and latterly a cement plant sufficient to diversify the business of the town, whose main dependence was and still is the iron product. These industries attracted a large and enterprising population, which has gradually increased from the beginning.

One of the early industries of Ironton was the Star nail mill. It maintained a limping existence until 1863, when it was bought by a party of iron men from Wheeling, who put life and money into it and made it the most vital of Ironton industries. The construction of the Belfont furnace, four years afterwards, was a natural result of this nail mill project and gave a new impulse and direction to Ironton's industries.

So prosperous was the Belfont enterprise that the Big Etna furnace was projected and built just above town. The capital was a million dollars, and its construction, together with some reckless ore land deals, absorbed all the money of Ironton and a great deal of its credit, and into this scheme people had gone deep, when the panic of 1873 swept the community like an epidemic and for some time obstructed the progress of the city. Long lay that great furnace idle or unprofitable, until in recent years it turned out for other owners greater fortunes than it had lost.

In the meantime another nail enterprise was established, (the Kelly's) which, together with the Belfont, has made Ironton a center of nail manufacture. Since the war two charcoal furnaces were built at or near Ironton, (Grand and Monitor), but they were short lived, for the days of charcoal pig metal, except for mixers, were numbered.

The population of the city grew as the iron industry advanced. In 1850 there were too few persons to be dignified by the name of a census, but at the end of the year there were 600 or 800 people in the town, for the demand for lots had been lively. The temperance feature of the charter had attracted many people, and the strong character of the men at the head of the town enterprise gave assurance of its success.

Here are the names of some of these

men, failure to mention which would make the history of Ironton incomplete: John Campbell, John Peters, W. D. Kelly, William Ellison, James O. Willard, Caleb Briggs, Joseph W. Dempsey, John Culbertson, John Ellison, Hiram Campbell, John E. Clark, James W. Means, George



IRONTON MEMORIAL HALL.

*Photo by Collett.*

Steece — all long since gone from earth, and yet their names are honorably reflected in the memories of the early days of the city.

From a population of nothing in 1850, the city reached a census of 3,700 in 1860, of 5,888 in 1870, of 8,857 in 1880, and of 10,939 in 1890, and 11,868 in 1900, which latter figures make Ironton the largest city of its age in Ohio.

Up to 1881 Ironton depended upon the Ohio River for its transportation and its traveling facilities, but in that year the Scioto Valley Railroad was extended from Portsmouth to Ironton and thus gave the latter a connection with the outside world. Before this the ice in Winter and low water in Summer made shipping and traveling to and from the town rather rickety and precarious. But this fact gave to the town an insularity that was not so disagreeable as one might suspect, for the peo-

ple were generous and whole-souled and were able to make themselves happy among themselves.

Shortly after, a narrow gauge extension of the Iron Railroad was made to Wellston and other roads, and in 1888 the Chesapeake and Ohio was built down on the other side of the river, and in 1892 the Scioto Valley, which had become the Norfolk and Western, was extended up the river and across it into the Virginias, thus providing the city with abundant railroad conveniences. The railroads have found Ironton to be a profitable customer, from the time when the first spike was driven in the town.

Ironton has had public water works since 1869, the supply being drawn from the Ohio River by the Holly system. It has been lighted by electricity since 1888, the incandescent lamps being used at first, but afterwards were supplanted by the arcs. The first car on the Ironton Street Railway ran on July 4, 1888. Its tracks extend from Hanging Rock to Petersburg, a distance of seven miles, and run the long way of the city, parallel with the river. It has passed through several hands and the courts and is now a part of the Camden system.

As we have remarked, the founding of Ironton was not entirely a money-making project. The men at the head of the enterprise mingled some high views with their business purposes. The temperance

feature of the deed indicated that much. But their whole influence was on the side of morality, religion and education. As a consequence, these interests never lacked encouragement. With the exception of two or three they were not men of education, but plain, practical men, who appreciated culture and moral purpose. The Ironton public schools have always been considered among the best in the State, and this excellence can be traced back to the encouragement and generous policy of the founders of the city.

When the foundations of the court house were laid, corn stalks stood in the beautiful square. Within three hundred yards of this scene four churches were in process of building. It was a great impetus in the right direction that the spirit of the founders infused in the enterprise. It was a real delight, in those early days, primitive and congenial, to live and grow with the growth of Ironton.

Since then the city has taken steps to the music of the age, becoming more of a cosmopolitan community and appropriating whatever science and inventive genius have brought to the world of industry. From the old furnace, making two or three tons of metal a day, with its toiling oxen and redolent coal pits, to the days of Belfont, Kelly and Big Etna, abreast with the scientific achievements of the age, was only about fifty years; but the great progress of that period is the history of Ironton.



# Industrial, Invincible Ironton

By John B. Corns



THE herculean and seemingly impossible task of accurately describing and picturing the wonderful and remarkable industrial activity of the city of Ironton and adjacent and contiguous territory, has fallen to the lot of the author of this story, who is fully cognizant of his inability to do justice to the city. Yet the task is undertaken with a feeling that all shortcomings will be overlooked and excused.

In the beginning it will be well to state that that portion of Ohio lying in its southern extremity which is lapped by the sun-kissed swells of the mighty river and bounded on the north by the rugged, picturesque and mineral-laden hills of Lawrence county, known as the Hanging Rock Iron Region, forms the theatre of what is perhaps the scene of the greatest industrial activity in this great State. Ironton by its advantageous location is naturally the head and center of this fabulously rich region and can be likened unto the proscenium of the vast theatre, for it is here the strategic moves and counter plays of financiers and capitalists, both local and foreign, are witnessed. They seek to control, or at least to have interest in, the many manufacturing industries that are returning fabulous wealth to their owners.

The slow and labored breathing of the furnaces, the incessant rattle and roar of the nail and wire mills, the weird singing of great band and circular saws as they eat their way through fallen monarchs of the forest, the hissing steam, shrill whistles, and the heavy canopy of smoke almost obscuring the sun's rays, are but signs of the industrial activity that has made Ironton a name that is conjured with in the manufacturing world. Thousands of men, bare to the waist, their great brawny arms, tough and pliable as iron and steel they fashion

into commercial product, toil day and night, seemingly as tireless as the roaring, whirring machinery. They — these sons of Vulcan, aye, these Knights of Honest Labor — are the foundation of a citizenship unsurpassed anywhere in this great State.

For those who are unfamiliar with the Hanging Rock region, which is responsible for Ironton's being, it will not be amiss



Plant of the Ironton Tool Handle Manufacturing Company.

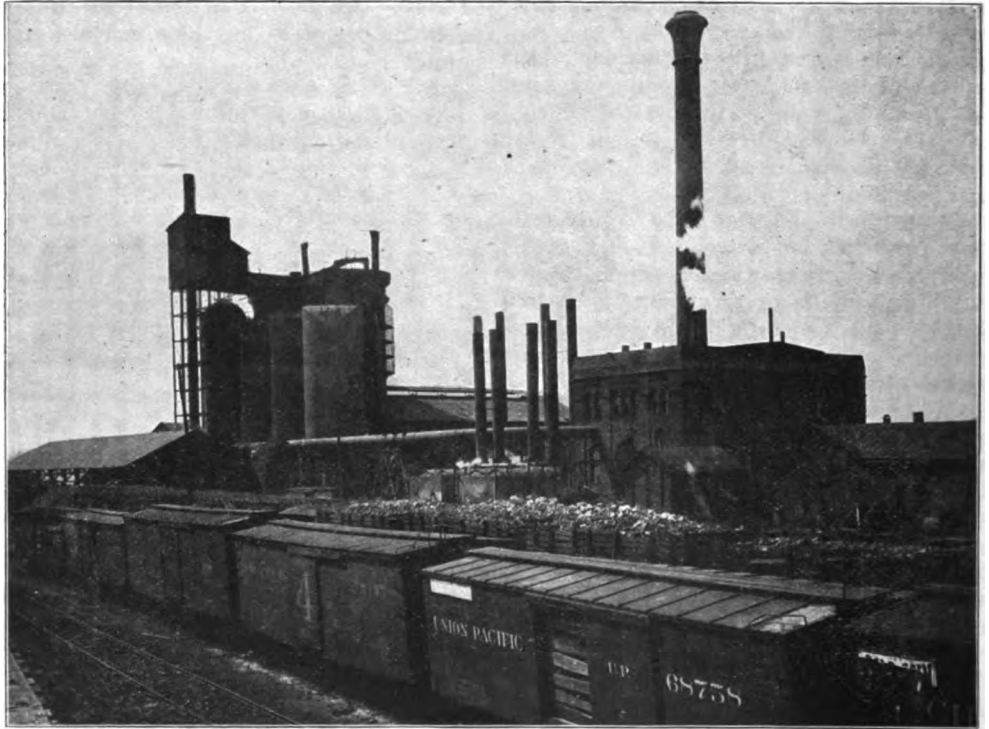
in passing to give a brief historical sketch of the district. The first blast furnace, "Old Union," was erected in 1826 in Lawrence County, not far from the projecting rock cliff from which the region derived its name — "Hanging Rock." John Means, John Sparks and James Rogers were the builders and operators. Franklin furnace in Scioto County, was erected one year later by a Methodist minister, the Rev. Daniel Young, a typical Yankee from New Hampshire. This progressive Easterner later built Junior furnace, but within a short time thereafter sold his interests to James E. Forcythe. The new owner, along with the Glidden Brothers, then erected a large furnace which they named "The Empire." This was successfully operated, as were all the plants, and fortunes were made by the owners, all of whom have long since passed away.

Relative to the operation of the Empire and Junior furnaces, a writer quite familiar with the early history of the re-

gion gives these facts: "Up to 1840 the average output of the furnaces of this region was not to exceed five tons daily, and when with this new furnace Mr. Forcythe succeeded in doubling that cast, iron masters from Pennsylvania and Tennessee came through the wilderness to convince themselves that the reports of this seemingly impossible fact were true. They tried in vain to lure the skilled iron maker away, for Empire was a model among the early day furnaces. Its stack was thirty-

problems of transportation were a constant source of perplexity to the iron manufacturer. Junior and Empire furnaces for many years carried their product to the Ohio, over a private railway, eight miles in length, which boasted as rolling stock a number of four-wheeled flat trucks running on wooden rails, with a more or less dependable mule as motive power."

It is believed that the writer of the above drew considerably upon his imagination about the private railway. It is not



THE "BIG ETNA" FURNACE OF THE MARTING IRON AND STEEL COMPANY.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

two feet in height, the record for the region, and it was built of brick and was the first to introduce the fire brick inwell. Its employees were housed in a neat log cabin village, with streets regularly laid out, and the furnace manager lived in what was considered a palatial dwelling. Luxuries were few, but the manager had a well-stocked deer park of some twenty-five thickly timbered acres on a hillside overlooking the hamlet.

"Prior to the building of railways, the

thought that a tramway ever existed between Empire and Junior furnaces and the Ohio. At least there exists no evidence of it to-day. There was and still is a tramway from Ohio furnace to the Ohio. A railroad was constructed by the Hamilton furnace of Hanging Rock to its mines at New Castle, a distance of three or four miles. Besides these roads, the only other one was the Iron road, which came into Ironton from Center furnace.

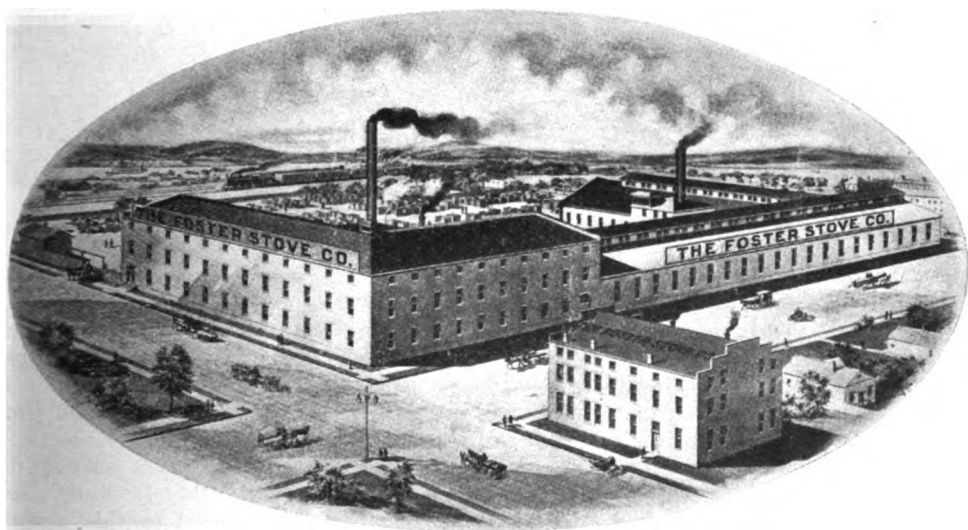
The writer above quoted says that "Key-

stone furnace in Jackson County held its iron until flood time on the Big Raccoon, and then floated it to the river in flat boats. Mt. Vernon furnace hauled its iron a dozen miles to Ironton with ox teams. Once the iron was on the river bank, troubles were over, as it was carried down stream to Cincinnati and lower market points on heavy barges.

"Occasionally, in times of depression, those firms which were strongest financially, were accustomed to store their iron along the river, to await higher prices, and it is related that just prior to the Civil War, Sinton & Means, operating Ohio and Union furnaces, held on their river land-

in pig iron were only used when the amounts owed were larger than the ordinary, for the furnace companies soon inaugurated a system of script or "white horse" and "pluck-me-stores," which existed even up to within the last decade. The laborers at these furnaces were generally paid in this script, which consisted in notes payable by the company in five or ten years in denominations of ten, twenty-five, fifty cents, one dollar and larger denominations, which passed as currency at the company's stores.

But the custom of payments in metal is well authenticated. The late Johnny Winkler, of Haverhill, used to relate that



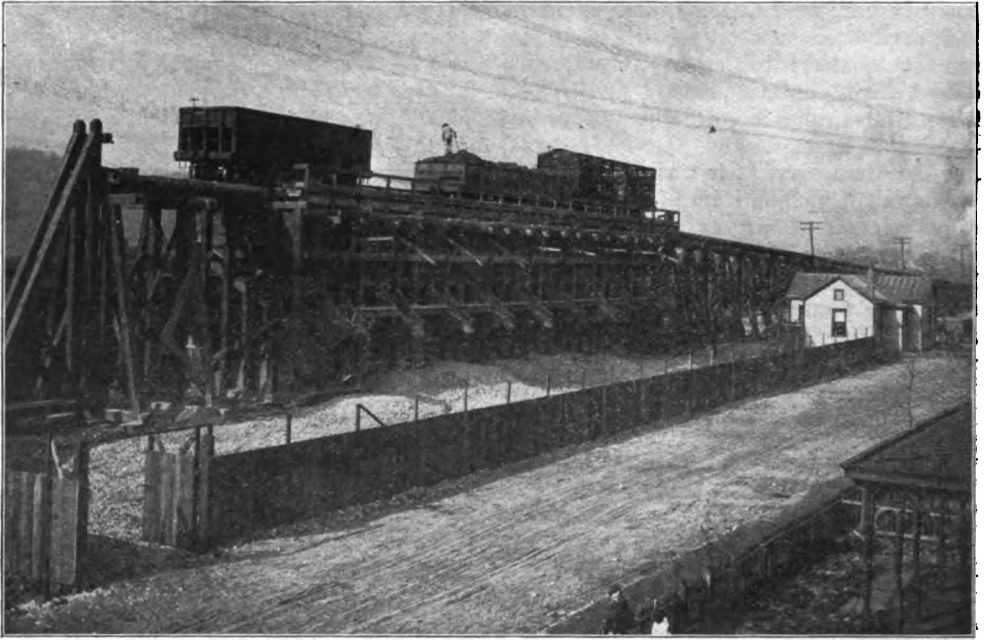
PLANT OF THE FOSTER STOVE COMPANY.

ing a solid rick of iron some six feet high and a mile long." (The Sinton referred to is David Sinton, for whom the new Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati was named.) "Financial difficulties were the rule, not the exception, in early iron making. Along about 1839 and 1840 Southern Ohio suffered acutely from a money stringency, and Mt. Vernon furnace resorted to the plan of paying its employes in pig iron. This practice was widely followed; it had its advantages in fostering sound business dealings, as a glance at the store of iron in his front yard was a pretty accurate index to a man's financial standing."

It is thought, however, that payments

after working something like two years at Ohio furnace, he quit his job to go to Howard furnace. He was a teamster and had a good team. In making the settlement with the company it was found that he had something like \$2,000 coming to him, which he took in iron at \$6 per ton. This was just a short time before the war. He kept the iron until the war came on, when he sold at a big advance.

Olive furnace was built in 1849 and claims distinction through having survived as a charcoal stack after sixty years of activity, and its owner, William M. McGugin, is still a vigorous man of ninety.



PLANT OF THE OHIO IRON AND COAL COMPANY.

The writer quoted did not touch upon the universal means of transportation of the furnaces at that early period. Each of the furnaces kept hundreds of yokes of oxen to haul their ore, charcoal, iron and other freight. The keeping of these oxen in the winter season was a problem. When the hauling season was over, along about Christmas time, the furnace men would gather their ox teams in cattle droves and start with them to the nearest locality for wintering. They used to drive many of them up in Gallia county, where the farmers sold their corn, fodder and all in the shock, and agreed to feed it to them. The farmers in these localities fattened their corn shocks as much as possible, to get a good price for them, and many times fooled the iron men. The days of the ox teams, like the old time furnaces, are "past and gone."

This brings the reader up to the city of Ironton; and a few facts relative to its history, geography, population, etc., before mention is made of its present industrial standing, are timely.

Ironton was laid out in 1848 and incorporated in 1865. It has grown steadily

and to-day is a city seven miles long, one mile wide, and with a population numbering fully 17,000 souls. The iron industry brought the city into being and has sustained it ever since, and from this industry it received its name. The city is an "Iron Town," indeed.

John Campbell has been termed the "father and founder of Ironton," and historically he is entitled to this distinction. His was the guiding genius that directed the forces in developing the natural resources which abounded in the hills about the town. The Ohio Iron and Coal Company laid out the city, dedicating not only the streets to public use, but other property which has been utilized to the beauty, development and progress of the city. Among these dedications was the court house square, half of which was given to the county for the erection of a court house and half to the city for park purposes. Other deeds of dedication gave the city a market place, which was later used as a site for a magnificent Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall. Several churches are erected on property deeded to them by this company. It was through

the efforts of this company, the prime mover of which was Mr. Campbell, that the county seat was removed to Ironton from Burlington in 1852.

Lawrence county, of which Ironton is the county seat, was settled in 1797 by people from Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were principally of Dutch and Irish descent. From this sturdy stock Ironton and Lawrence county have produced men who have ranked high in the councils of the State and Nation, in governmental affairs and in the industrial development

city is proud to name among its people such sons as Judge John K. Richards, of the U. S. Circuit Court; Hon. C. A. Thompson, Secretary of State; W. C. Culkins, journalist, now serving Cincinnati as city auditor; and Hon. E. S. Wilson, formerly in the government service in Porto Rico and now editor of the Ohio State Journal. Among the captains of industry are David Sinton, John Campbell, W. D. Kelly, Emerson McMillin, and of the present generation, Col. H. A. Marting, Oscar Richey, W. A. Murdock. B. H.



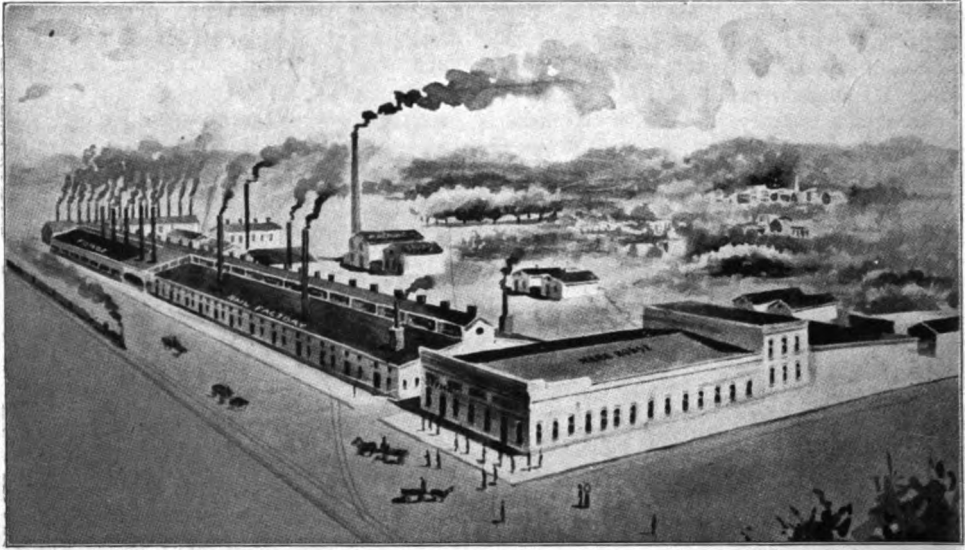
PLANT OF THE KETTER BUGGY COMPANY.

of the country. Among the former were such men as Judge W. W. Johnson, who was on the Supreme bench of the State; Hon. Henry S. Neal, who was a colleague of the late martyred president, William McKinley, serving three terms in Congress, besides filling other places of honor and importance in the Nation; and Hon. Ralph Leete, who was a member of the Legislature and who probably had more to do toward the establishment of our system of jurisprudence than any other one man in the State. Besides these the

Burr, D. C. Davies, S. G. Gilfillan and Frederick B. Thompson, owner of Luna Park, New York City.

Ironton is situated on the Ohio river, ten miles below the mouth of the Big Sandy river, which carries from the mountains of Kentucky and West Virginia untold wealth. The distance to Pittsburg is 350 miles, and to Cincinnati 140 miles. Ironton is the southernmost city of the Buckeye State and is situated in a latitude which assures a splendid climate. The site upon which it is located has an area of





PLANT OF THE BELFONT IRON WORKS.

about 1,000 acres, and practically all of this territory is above any flood that has ever occurred in the Ohio valley. In this matter Ironton is particularly fortunate.

The population of the city is fully 17,000 at the present time. In 1900 the Government census gave Ironton a little more than 12,000, but during the past seven years the city has made wonderful strides in its growth, owing to the establishment of many new industries. As stated elsewhere, the people are mostly descendants from those who came from Pennsylvania and Virginia. They were a working people, who came to wrest from rugged Nature a living, and they and their descendants have wrought one of the busiest and most prosperous cities of the whole country. Its inhabitants to-day are conservative, frugal, patient and honest. Being a working people, each generation is raised to work and to look upon life as a battle in which only the fittest can survive.

#### SHIPPING FACILITIES.

Ironton's location on the Ohio river gives it an advantageous situation in regard to transportation facilities. Water transportation is the cheapest mode of moving freight, and the Ohio river has operated in reducing and keeping to the

minimum railroad freight rates. In addition to the river, Ironton has four railroads which do an enormous business in and out of the city. The Chesapeake and Ohio, one of the main trunk lines of the country, reaches the city with all of its facilities for moving freight and with its splendid passenger service. This road maintains an immense freight depot in this city. The Norfolk and Western Railway, another trunk line, has just completed its double tracking through Ironton and the erection of a \$50,000 passenger station, said to be the finest on the road



PLANT OF THE SOUTHERN WHEEL STOCK COMPANY.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



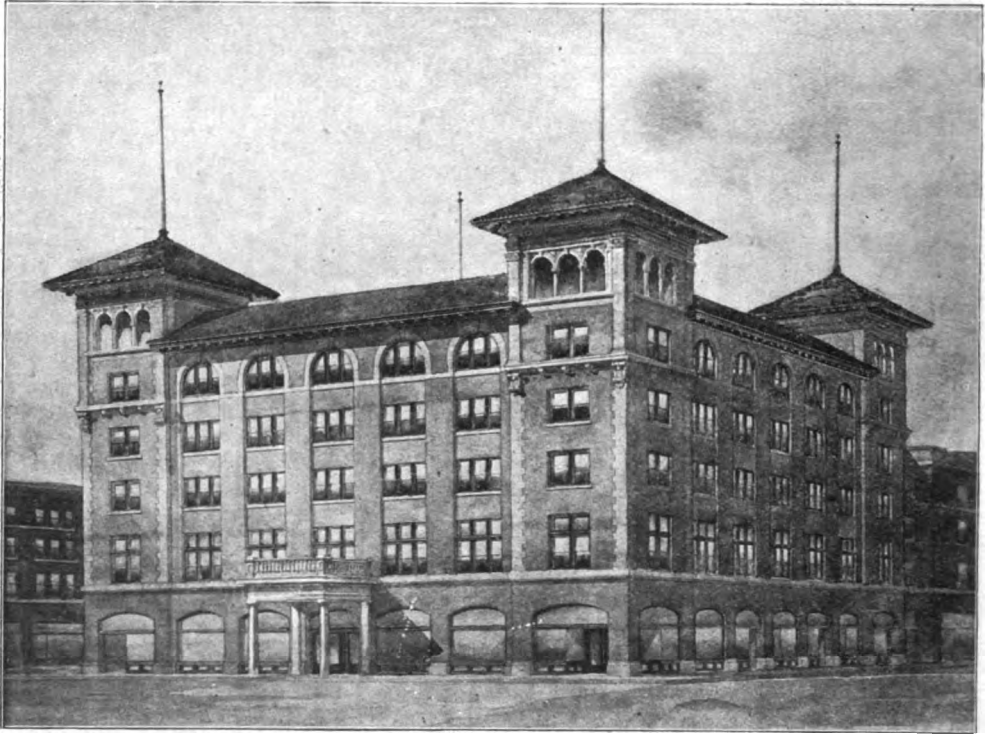
pany, the Black Fork Company, the Buckhorn Company, the Halley Company and countless smaller operators.

The mines are located on the C., H. and D. and D. T. and I. roads and load cars directly from the tippie. The coal is of fine quality, being the No. 5 vein, and in some places the No. 6.

In addition to the mines mentioned, the Ohio Iron and Coal Company maintains and operates a mammoth coal tippie in

deposits there are vast seams of limestone, which is being developed and used in the manufacture of cement and for the building of country roads. Limestone mining is a growing industry, and large quantities are being shipped to points outside the county. There is plenty of fine building sand, which is used in construction and in cement work.

Everything needed for industrial development lies at Ironton's back door. It



IRONTON'S MAMMOTH NEW HOTEL, SOON TO BE ERECTED.

*Photo from the Architect's Drawing by M. M. Mudge.*

the city. The coal is of the best and the company is so equipped that the tippie can care for all the business that may come to it for the next ten years. Mr. F. J. Ginn gives this business his personal attention, along with his other business affairs. The company is the same that laid out the town of Ironton. Of course, its affairs are in new hands, but the successors to the pioneers have the same interest in Ironton.

In addition to the iron, clay and coal

can be had for the asking, and at an astonishing low figure.

#### FINANCES.

Financially, Ironton is one of the strongest cities in the State. It has four banks, and each is doing a prosperous and growing business on a solid foundation. The First National Bank has a capital stock of \$300,000. By its last report it had on deposit, subject to individual check, the

sum of \$397,000. The second National Bank has a capital stock of \$125,000, and its last report showed the sum of \$675,000 subject to individual check. The Citizens'



HON. H. W. MOUNTAIN,  
Mayor of Ironton.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

National Bank has a capital stock of \$100,000, and has \$437,928 subject to individual check. The Iron City Savings Bank, practically new, is capitalized at \$55,000, and its individual deposits are \$175,000.

These facts and figures are convincing of the soundness of our banking institutions. There has been only one bank failure in the history of the city, a private institution "going to the wall" during the last money stringency.

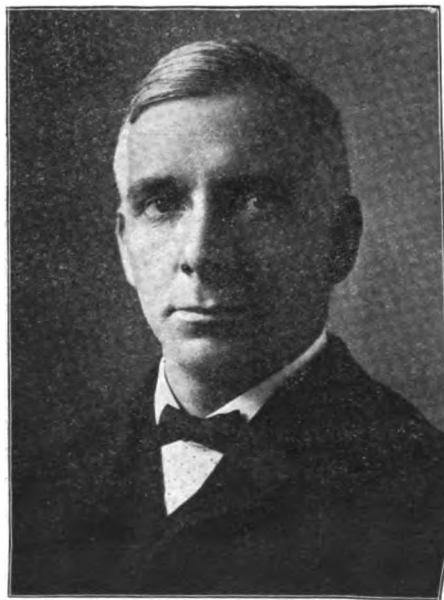
#### INDUSTRIES.

The foregoing but leads to what is to follow — a discussion of the wonderful industrial activity of Ironton. It is the intention of the writer to show that no city, in this or any other State, anywhere near the size of Ironton, can compare with it in an industrial way. Very naturally, and of a necessity, the manufacture of raw and finished iron products will feature this industrial discussion, but brief,

though comprehensive mention will be made of the many diversified industries that contribute to the wealth and progress of the city and county.

The increasing number of the city's manufacturing plants has made the town a veritable hive of industry. The manufacture of iron and its kindred industries has spread the fame of the city throughout the land. The city was founded upon iron, and, like bread unto life, it has been its mainstay and staff. Even before the county and city were organized, iron making was a considerable industry within their borders, and this industry has been rapidly developed, until within the vicinity of the city there is made annually at the present time the enormous quantity of 800,000,000 pounds of iron. From this iron a railroad could be laid from Ironton to San Francisco, using an hundred pound rail. This iron industry gives employment to about five thousand men.

Among the very early furnaces were



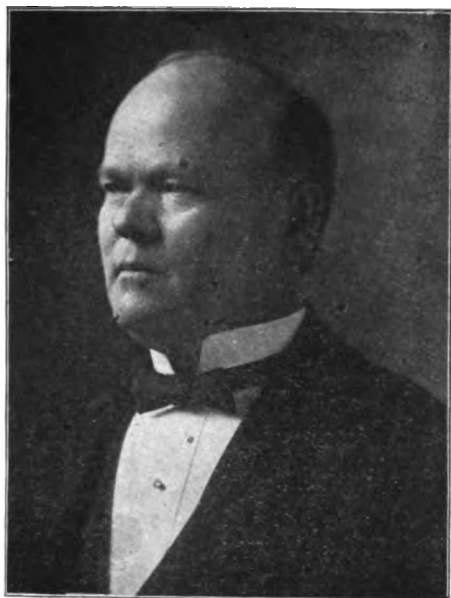
D. C. DAVIES,  
President of the Ironton Board of Trade.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

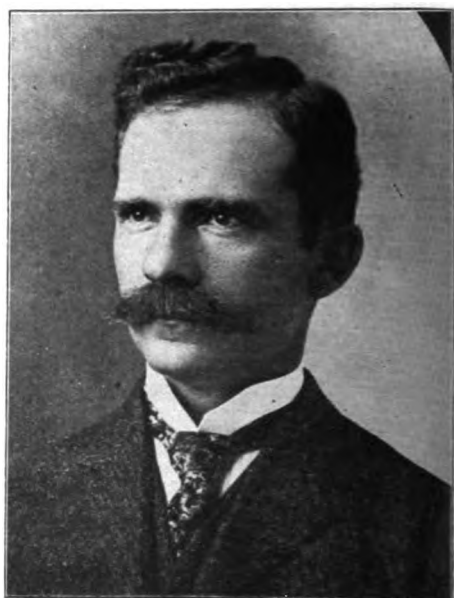
Union, Pine Grove, Lawrence, Center, Mt. Vernon, Buckhorn, Etna, Vesuvius, LaGrange, Hecla and Olive. The oldest one is Union. In their beginning these

**A QUARTETTE OF REPRESENTATIVE IRONTONIANS.**

Photographs by M. M. Mudge.



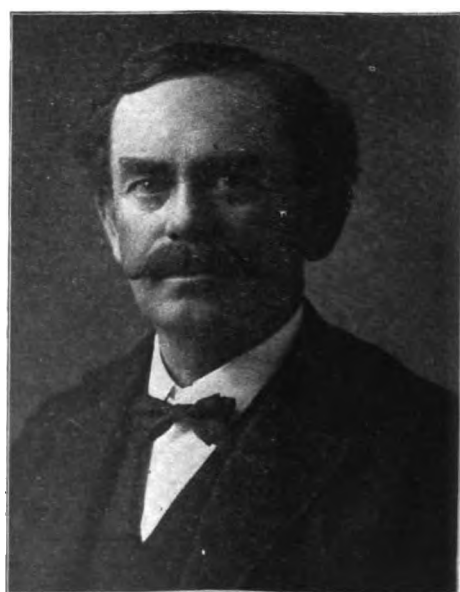
**COLONEL H. A. MARTING.**



**T. J. GILBERT.**



**A. R. JOHNSON.**



**W. A. MURDOCK.**

furnaces made charcoal iron, but since then all of them have changed to hot blast, stone coal and coke iron manufacture, with the single exception of Center, which yet



E. W. BIXBY.  
President of the Ohio State Bankers' Association.  
*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

makes charcoal iron. This city and county is noted for the good quality of iron produced and in all market quotations local iron ranks at the head. Before the Civil War the cold blast Hecla iron was the standard used by the Government in the manufacture of its ordnance, and the quality of the iron at that time was only excelled by two furnaces in all the world, and these were located in Toledo, Spain, and in Asia Minor. The celebrated gun, known as the "Swamp Angel" of Charleston Harbor, was cast out of Hecla iron.

Howe, in his History of Ohio, says: "The cold blast pig iron in Lawrence county was found by experiment by English authority in 1855 superior, not only to irons of a similar make in other portions of the United States," but also "as compared with the best English iron, the difference is about thirty per cent. in favor of this metal."

The success of the iron industry here has been phenomenal, and it is due very

likely as much to the iron education of the people, with whom it has been a life time occupation, as to the natural conditions. Past successes along this line have been the means of stimulating the energy of the people in this direction. Until a few years ago Ironton had the largest furnace in the world, "Big Aetna." At the present time it is being operated by the Marting Iron and Steel Company. The furnace, although a failure at the start, has through the genius of Col. H. A. Marting turned into a veritable gold mine and is to-day making more than 400 tons of iron daily, and the stock of the company cannot be purchased at any price. This company has paid yearly dividends amounting to 150 per cent. Hundred per cent. dividends are yearly occurrences.

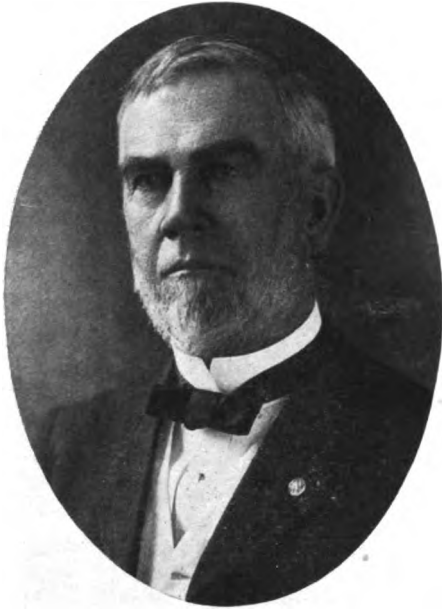
The other large and modern furnaces are Hamilton, Pelfont, Union Iron and Steel and Sarah. Under construction and yet unnamed is a furnace of the Ironton Iron Company. It will have a capacity of 400



JOHN B. CORNS.  
*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

tons of pig iron daily, and its construction will cost in the neighborhood of one-half million dollars, and every dollar of stock is owned by Ironton men.

The Bird furnace, located on the site of the old Lawrence furnace, is practically new, but it is a wonderful success. Its capacity is 150 tons per day.



S. B. STEECE.

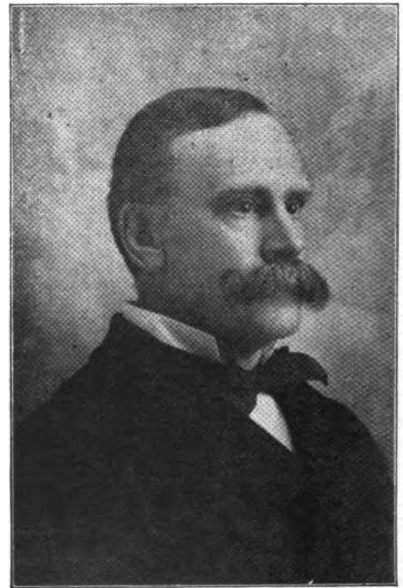
Pig iron making in the city and county has developed kindred industries which are necessary to utilize the raw material of the furnaces. Among the industries are two mammoth nail mills, both of which until recent years manufactured cut iron nails exclusively. Now they manufacture cut nails, wire nails, barbed wire, staples, brads and tacks. Nails from a quarter of an inch to one foot in length are made. These mills are not in the "trust," but are the largest independent nail mills in the United States. One of them is operated by the Belfont Iron Works Company, of which B. H. Burr and S. G. Gilfillan are the guiding geniuses. The other is operated by the Kelly Nail and Iron Company, of which Oscar Richey is the president.

The combined output of these mills is more than 5,000 kegs of nails every day. These two mills have a two-thirds interest in the steel plant and rod mill in Ashland, Kentucky. The Kelly Nail Com-

pany owns and operates Sarah Furnace, and the Pelfont Furnace owns and operates Belfont Furnace. They are thus enabled to make every process of the nail, from the ore to the finished product. The mills employ upwards of two thousand hands.

In foundry work the city ranks well up with other cities over the State. The Foster Stove Company, of which Colonel Marting is at the head, has a country-wide reputation and is one of the largest in the State. It gives employment to two hundred men. Stoves manufactured here are sold all over the country.

The Olive Foundry and Machine Shops, Glendenning and Parker Machine Shops, The Ironton Roofing and Corrugating plant, The Ironton Engine Works, The Ironton Malleable Iron Works, and others of lesser importance, furnish employment to thousands of men. The products of these concerns are of a high order and find a ready sale.



F. C. TOMLINSON.

## LUMBER.

Second only to the iron industry is the lumber business, which has grown to enormous proportions. There are within the



city seven saw mills, six planing mills, a furniture factory, two mantel factories, two wheel and hub factories, a wheel stock works, a tool handle factory, five carriage



BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE.

*Photo by Collett.*

and wagon works, two cross tie elevators, two cooper shops, and others of lesser importance. The output of the saw mills is fully 500,000 feet per day, and an expert authority estimated that sufficient lumber was sawed in Ironton in 1906 to construct a three-foot board walk around the borders of the State of Ohio. The principal wood working establishments are: The Yellow Poplar Lumber Company, The Ohio River Lumber Company, The Nigh Lumber Company, The Fearon Lumber Company, The Ward Lumber Company, The Ironton Lumber Company, The Pierce Lumber Company, Whistler and Searcy Lumber Company—all big concerns, giving hundreds of men employment.

The Buffalo Hardwood Company, of Buffalo, New York, the largest concern of its kind east of the Mississippi river, has one of its two branch offices in Ironton. Harry C. Hart, an acknowledged expert in lumber matters, is in charge of the company's Ironton branch. The Prendergast Lumber Company, of Marion, Ohio, also maintains a branch office here. It is in charge of H. M. Gorman, an experienced lumber man.

There are at least twenty-five saw mills scattered throughout the county.

#### CLAY PRODUCTS.

Another very important industry is that of the manufacture of bricks and other commodities from clay and shale. The Orchard Knob Clay Works is making one of the best pressed bricks now on the market, and it is being sold in every state in the Union. In addition to the manufacture of bricks this company is making a specialty of terra cotta, tile mantels, lawn vases, hollow tile, fire proofing and ornamental clay products.

There are several other concerns manufacturing bricks in this city, and among them are the Ironton and Ashland Fire Brick Company, the Peters Fire Brick Company, and the Wilemand and Hebling Brick Company. It is said that if the bricks made in Ironton during 1906 were placed end to end they would reach from Ironton to Denver.

#### CEMENT.

The cement industry, while yet in its infancy, has become one of great importance and is the result of the development of the clays and limestone of the county. The Ironton Portland Cement Company's plant, which was erected three years ago, has a daily capacity of 1,200 barrels and employs about three hundred men. This cement is of high quality and finds a ready market both at home and abroad. A local contractor, Mr. Matt. A. Mulligan, alone



NEW C. & O. RAILWAY STATION.

uses about 10,000 barrels of this cement every season. Messrs S. B. and A. C. Steece are at the head of this concern.

The Superior Cement Company, which



will soon be in operation, is located near the site of the old Center furnace and is mammoth in its proportions. It will cost one-half million dollars and covers acres of territory. This plant will have a capacity of 2,000 barrels per day, and will employ 500 men. One of the largest stock holders in this concern and one of the most active in its organization is Mrs. D.



INTERIOR OF LUCAS DRUG COMPANY.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

Gregory Wright, who was formerly Mrs. Nannie H. Kelley. She is everywhere recognized as a woman of wonderful business capacity.

The Ironton Artificial Stone Company, a hustling and growing concern, uses cement in the manufacture of its product.

#### DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRIES.

Other important industries that contribute to Ironton's wealth are: Two soap factories, two cigar factories, employing close to seven hundred people, a shoe factory, a flour mill, six bakeries, two wholesale groceries, one wholesale drug house, two breweries, three ice factories, two tanneries, a shoe polish factory, two laundries, a carpet cleaning establishment, three transfer and storage companies, four livery stables, and so on and on. The list is certainly an imposing one, and from it some idea can be gained of the wonderful activity of the city. Indeed, it is such that the Pennsylvania Railway Company, although not entering here, has maintained an elegant suite of offices in this city for years. Mr. H. B. Rox is the local agent

and is building up a fine business for his company.

There is in course of construction at this time in Ironton a mammoth bridge spanning the Ohio river, a magnificent new court house, a pure water system, a splendid new Memorial hall, two railroad stations, a furnace, a foundry, three or four business blocks, and hundreds of residences. Not building at this time, but an assured fact for the near future, are a two-hundred thousand dollar hotel, two new furnaces, a steel plant and rod mill.

A traction line operates between Ironton and Huntington, West Virginia, a distance of twenty miles, and the service is as good as any in the country. Two steam ferries make stated trips, bringing hundreds of shoppers from Kentucky and West Virginia to this city; two telephone companies, the Central Union and New Home Automatic companies, giving connection to all parts of the country, a dozen rural telephone lines in the county, four mail deliveries daily, three hustling newspapers, two telegraph companies, and transfer carriages to every point in the county, are but a few of the many internal advantages enjoyed by this busy city.

Ironton has more and better stores and business houses than any city near its size in the State. The magnificent stores of Brumberg, Davies, McCauley, Hutsinpillar and Sheridan, Lucas Drug Company, W. A. Murdock, McNary and Mearan, are but a few of the long, long list. The volume of business done is simply enormous, due to the fact that people come here from fifty miles around to do their shopping. The merchants and business men are hustling and energetic and have the interest of the city at heart.

In closing this discussion of Ironton's industrial activity it would be manifestly unfair to pass without mention the Board of Trade, as to this body of splendid hustlers about all the credit for Ironton's present prosperous condition is due. D. C. Davies is the president and F. J. Ginn secretary of the organization. Every member of the Board has interests in Ironton and collectively it represents the wealth, culture and refinement of the city. Open house, with free public stenographers, is maintained

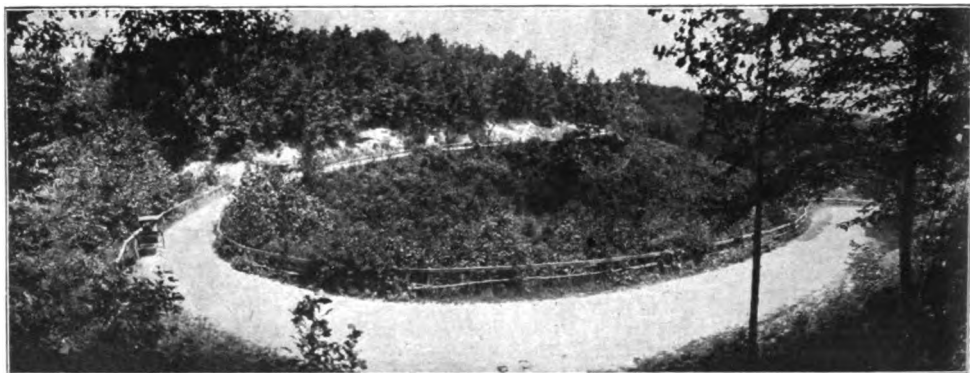
continuiusly at the Board of Trade rooms, where also manufacturers have places to display their products.

Without question Ironton is one of the leading manufacturing cities of the State, and within the next ten years she will

double her size. The wonderful growth she is now experiencing is, of course, due to the advantageous location of the town, its natural resources and shipping facilities, and to the hustling, wide awake members of the Board of Trade.



PLANT OF THE IRONTON ENGINE COMPANY.



HORSE SHOE BEND, ON THE HILLS NEAR IRONTON. *Photo by Collett.*

# Ironton as a City of Homes and Health

By F. A. Ross



TEN miles from the point where the Ohio River sweeps majestically round the most southerly extremity of the State of Ohio, its waters flow past the city of Ironton, situated on its northern bank upon a plain which rises gently to the surrounding hills. The elevation of this plain — five hundred and forty-three feet above sea level — its mean temperature of 50.9 degrees, its average rainfall of forty inches, its thorough drainage and its rampart of encircling hills protecting it from storms and high winds, all conduce to make it a spot of unusual natural fitness for the location of a city, and here a city has grown which is equally inviting to the investor, the toiler and the home-seeker.

That the founders of Ironton destined it to be pre-eminently a city of homes is attested by liberal donations of public grounds, sites for churches and school houses and the prohibition by conditions of deed of sale of intoxicating liquors within its boundaries. Their impress has been left upon the inhabitants of the city and few communities enjoy better opportunities for

education or for worship, or are more free from those habits and vices whose tendency is to impair good citizenship.

Of churches Ironton has twenty-one, some almost cathedral-like in beauty, representing more than half as many denominations. From these centers of spiritual development there emanates a strong sentiment for Christian citizenship, which finds a very general response among all the inhabitants of the city.

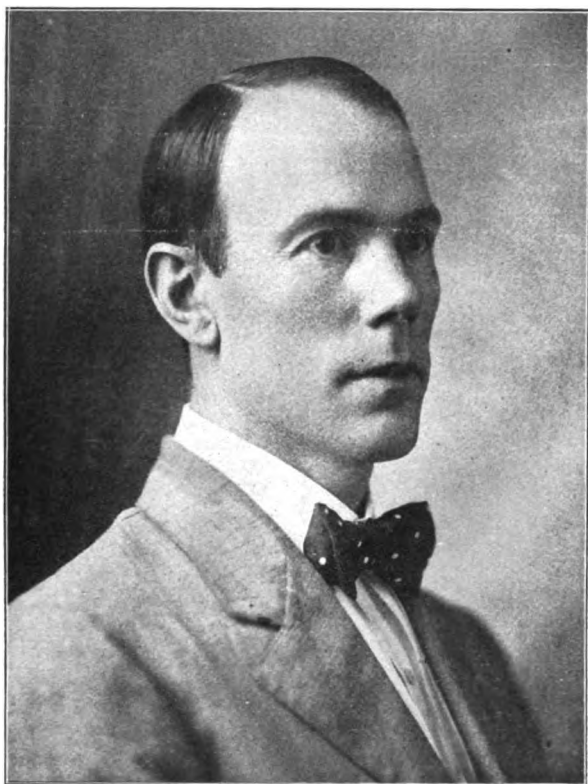
For the cause of education the citizens of Ironton have always made the most liberal provision and have spared no pains to make the public school system of the city second to none in the State. There are seven public school buildings, six of them of beautiful design and construction, commodious and equipped in the most approved manner. The curriculum embraces all the common branches, from the primary through higher grades, and a high school course of especial excellence. The schools are in charge of a corps of educators of approved ability and character. In addition to the public schools excellent parochial schools are maintained by the Cath-

olic churches of St. Joseph and St. Lawrence, and two business colleges afford opportunities for the pursuit of a commercial course of study.

The spirit of fraternity is very general among the citizens of Ironton, and the city has more than the usual number of lodges and societies of a benevolent, protective, social and patriotic character. These societies embrace within their membership many of the best citizens of the community

Course lectures and concerts during the Winter months and the Clyffeside Chautauqua at Clyffeside, an hour's ride by trolley from Ironton, in the Summer, also afford excellent entertainments.

An institution of which Ironton is very proud is the Charles S. Gray Deaconess Hospital, founded by the late Colonel George N. Gray as a memorial to his son, who died in military service during the Spanish-American War. Here the wards



F. A. ROSS.

and are a potent factor for good. The Masonic bodies own and occupy one of the handsomest business blocks in the city -- Masonic Temple -- which is very completely furnished and equipped for their own use.

The Masonic Block also contains the Masonic Theater, which is conducted in a manner which insures the public a program of wholesome theatricals of a most satisfactory character. The Star Lecture

are open to every citizen, and the sick or injured may be assured of the most careful attention. Three miles north of the city an excellent private sanatorium is maintained at Gray Gables by Dr. C. G. Gray, and a private hospital which promises to be of exceptional completeness and equipment is being erected by the Keller Hospital Company near the center of the city.

Ironton has two daily newspapers -- the Irontonian, a morning paper, and the Reg-



SIXTH STREET, IN THE BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE SECTION OF IRONTON.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



FIFTH STREET, SOUTH.

*Photo by Collett.*

ister, which is issued in the evening. The corporations publishing these enterprising and newsy dailies, The Register Publishing Company and The Irontonian Publishing Company, also publish the Tri-Weekly Irontonian, the Weekly Register and the Weekly Republican, all of which enjoy a wide circulation in Lawrence county, of which Ironton is the county seat.

In facilities for transportation and travel both by rail and water Ironton is exceptionally favored. The railway lines of the Norfolk and Western, Chesapeake and Ohio, Detroit, Toledo and Ironton and Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railways afford excellent service for travel east, west, south and north, and the splendid steamboats plying on the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburg make travel to points touched by them a real pleasure.

The Camden Inter-State Street Railway, a trolley line, extends from Hanging Rock, three miles north of Ironton, through the city to a point opposite Ashland, Kentucky, five miles south, where connection is made by steam ferry with an extension of the same line operated through Ashland and

Catlettsburg, Kentucky, and Kenova, Central City, Kellogg, Ceredo, and Huntington to Guyandotte, West Virginia.

The source of the water supply of the city is the Ohio River, from which water is pumped by the pumping station of the Ironton City Water Works, a municipal plant equipped with Holly pumping apparatus of approved design. Water is sold to consumers at reasonable rates and is



RESIDENCE OF OSCAR RICHEY.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



WINTER SCENE ON FIFTH STREET.

*Photo by Collett.*



RESIDENCE OF E. B. WILLARD

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM NIGH.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



RESIDENCE OF COL. H. A. MARTING.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



RESIDENCE OF A. R. JOHNSON.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*



KINGSBURY SCHOOL BUILDING.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

supplied to hydrants located at very frequent intervals on the street for fire service. An extensive improvement for the purpose of procuring water free from the

is easy of solution here. The city is surrounded by a country underlaid by inexhaustible beds of coal of high quality, any quantity of which may be had at a very reasonable cost. An artificial gas plant situated in the city produces an excellent illuminant, and the pipe line of the United States Natural Gas Company supplies natural gas from the wells at Warfield, Kentucky, in quantities sufficient to meet all ordinary requirements for domestic and manufacturing uses at low cost. The Camden Inter-State Railway Company furnishes electricity for both arc and incandescent lighting. Indeed, economy in fuel and light bills is one of the clear advantages which the citizens of Ironton possess.

The maintenance of property secure from fire has always claimed the solicitous attention of the civic authorities and has resulted in the establishment of an electric fire alarm telegraph system and the organiza-

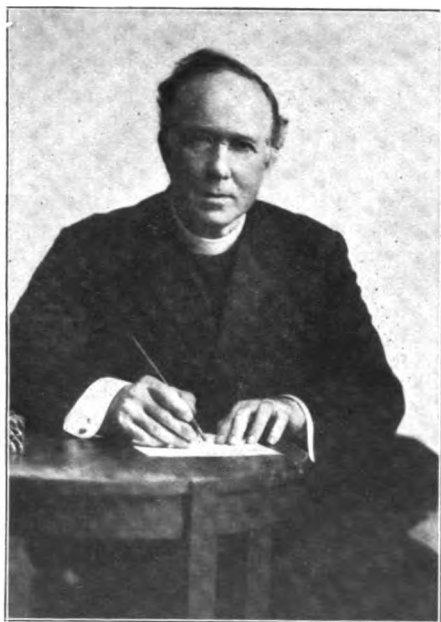


CARMI A. THOMPSON.  
Secretary of State of Ohio.

contaminating substances common to a river as subject to floods as the Ohio is now being made. It includes the construction of several clusters of wells upon a sand and gravel bar in the bed of the river, through which the water will be drawn. In passing through the sand and gravel the water is almost entirely freed from impurities, as has been demonstrated by successful tests, and is of excellent quality for use, being practically pure water. The completion of the undertaking will give the inhabitants of the city of Ironton a water supply of the highest character of excellence.

Ironton's streets are well lighted, being illuminated by arc lights of twelve hundred candle power capacity, suspended at intersections and kept burning all night. The light is furnished by a private corporation at a reasonable cost.

The question of light and fuel is one that



THE REV. DR. JAMES H. COTTER,  
Author and Orator, Pastor of St. Lawrence  
Church.

tion of a very efficient fire department, consisting of three companies of regular firemen and six companies of special firemen. The fire fighting apparatus embraces



a chemical fire engine and two hose trucks, each drawn by a team of trained fire horses.

The sewer system of Ironton is very extensive, ample provision being made for sanitary and storm water drainage. Extensions of existing sewers and drains are



RESIDENCE OF DR. W. E. PRICE.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

made into newly built-up territory as needed, and a very gratifying sanitary condition prevails.

Ironton has ten miles of paved streets, those in the business section being constructed of vitrified firebrick and those in the residence district of asphalt block and bitulithic macadam. All are maintained in good condition and are kept clean. From the city four macadamized roads lead through Lawrence county, affording delightful driveways through attractive farm-

ing and forest regions. Throughout the residence districts of the city the streets are skirted on either side with magnificent trees of varieties native to the region, which have grown in such luxuriance that in many places the roadways and sidewalks for blocks are completely enveloped in their shade. Indeed, these portions of Ironton, with their broad unfenced lawns, attractive homes and splendid trees, present an aspect in striking resemblance to that of a carefully kept park.

Ironton's most beautiful public building, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall, erected as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the vicinity who served in the Civil War, destroyed by fire in December, 1905, is now about to be rebuilt. It will furnish a home for the Briggs Public Library, which for many years has supplied thousands of volumes of the best literature for the entertainment and instruction of the public.

An imposing court house is in process of erection in the center of the city, which, when completed, will be one of the most beautiful and convenient temples of justice to be found in the State.

By far the majority of the residents of Ironton own their own homes and are imbued with the spirit of civil progress, development and improvement. A wholesome respect for law and order prevails everywhere; and in intelligence, culture, industry and good citizenship the residents of Ironton are well above the average.

It is not too much to assert that among these people, who dwell amid conditions promotive of health, prosperity and happiness, an ideal locality for the establishment of a home may be found.



# Undeveloped Resources of Lawrence County, Ohio

By Fred G. Leete, C. E.



THE largest and most important coal fields in the United States extend from Bradford, Pennsylvania, southwesterly eight hundred miles to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and are, on an average, about one hundred miles in width. Near the middle and on the western horizon of this great field, in latitude  $38^{\circ} 40'$  north, and longitude  $82^{\circ} 30'$  west, lies Lawrence County, Ohio, fronting about forty miles on the river of that name, and is three hundred miles below Pittsburgh, and one hundred and twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. And here we find the best developments of the geological formations known as the Hanging Rock Iron Region—a field of some twenty-five miles in width and seventy miles long, extending from the northeast to the southwest, and famous for its production of charcoal iron.

The iron and lower coal measures are some six hundred feet thick and are composed of layers of clays, sandstone, shales, iron ores, fire and potter's clay, which dip more or less regularly at the rate of twenty-five or thirty feet to a mile, from the west to a little south of east; and as the county, topographically considered, presents an irregular succession of rolling hills and valleys from two to four hundred feet high, and as the lower coals appear on the western border of the county, consequently all the minerals hereinafter mentioned are exposed as we go eastwardly, until the topmost or coal No. 8, appears on the eastern side. Therefore all can be mined by the drift system, which fact is readily appreciated by the practical miner.

## IRON ORES.

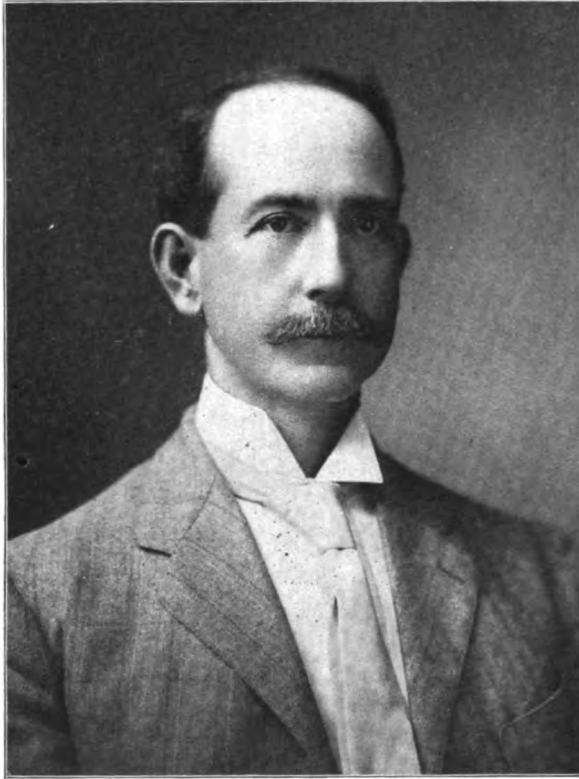
Iron ores are known and classified in Lawrence county as block ores—good for silicious irons or “softures,” and exposed above drainage in the westerly and central parts of the county at about sixty feet above the Boggs ore. Analysis, raw 45 to 50 per cent. metallic iron, which has been the main dependance of several of our furnaces.

Second, limestone ores, which take their names from the ferriferous limestone, the most prominent and well known stratum of the region, and on which these ores are deposited, and which lie from seventy to one hundred feet above the block ore. These limestone ores, with the gray kidneys found in the clays above, are the most valuable in the region. They will make both strong and soft irons—car wheels, chilled rolls, machinery, chains, etc. This iron is the best made in America, if not in the world. The several irons analyse, calcined, 50 to 55 per cent. metallic iron, and there are not less than one hundred square miles of Lawrence county underlaid with these ores.

Third, Kidney ores, named from their shapes, lie thirty-five to ninety and one hundred feet above the ferriferous limestone, and are known as the black, yellow and little yellow kidney ores. These are in demand and, when mixed with other ores, make a superior iron. They analyse, calcined, about forty per cent. metallic iron. Estimates have been made of the quantity of iron ore in the county, but the figures given are so great as to stagger one. Probably a better idea will be conveyed when I say that 4,000 tons to an

acre is a conservative estimate. With our own ores and limestones at hand, and with the Lake ores coming from the North and the coke from the South, Ironton becomes a natural place for the assembling of the raw materials for the manufacture of pig irons, with advantages second to none.

for furnace flux by all the furnaces in the region, being exceedingly rich in carbonate of lime and low in impurities. It produces the quick lime of commerce and is the lime from which the cement factories of this region make their product. This limestone is co-extensive with the ore, is



FRED G. LEETE.

#### LIMESTONES.

There are six or more well defined limestone strata, and the deposits are from one inch up to twelve feet in thickness.

1. The highest, geologically speaking, is the Ames — usually three feet thick and good.

2. Cambridge, two seams, two to four feet thick and good for building purposes.

3. Shawnee or buff, two to nine feet thick, of little value.

4. The ferriferous Hanging Rock or Gray Limestone, two to ten feet thick. This lime is of great value, and is used

the most widely known mineral of the county and is inexhaustible.

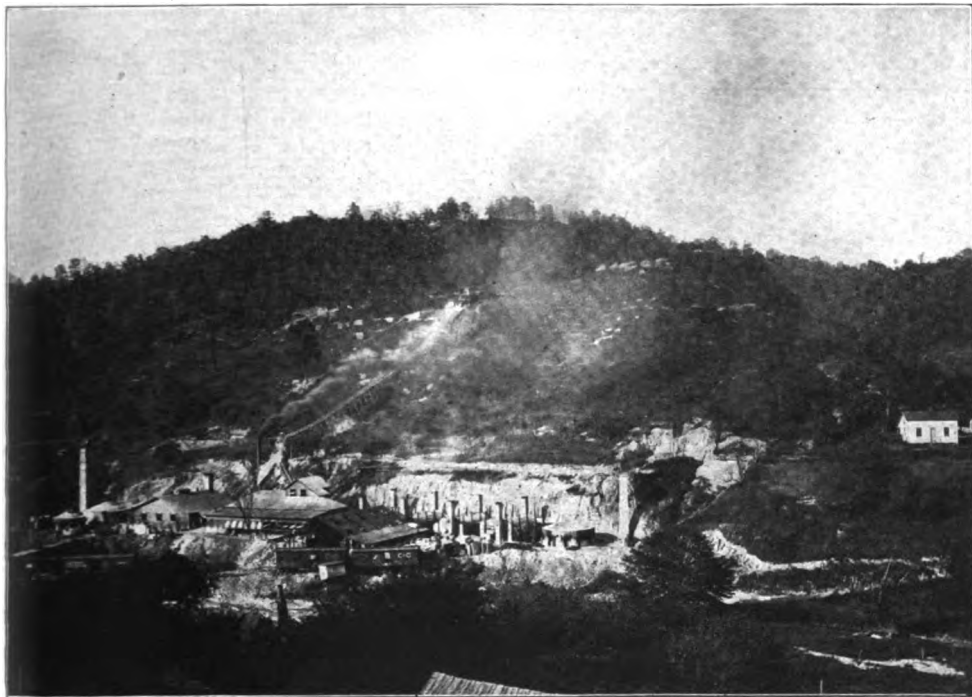
5. Zoar or blue, two seams, one to three feet thick, shaley and of little value.

#### MARBLE.

In the northern part of the county, at about one hundred and sixty feet below drainage, McGugin & Co., while prospecting, discovered a deposit of oolitic limestone, or marble, varying in thickness from thirteen to thirty-five feet. This marble deposit is more than two miles from east to west and one mile from north

to south. It lies in strata from two to eight feet, with veins of fire clay *inter-vening*, from two to six inches. It is a carbonate of lime 97 to 99½ per cent. pure and would make an excellent flux for furnaces. The colors are dark brown, several shades of buff and one of white. Experts pronounce it first-class and declare that it stands the test of heat and cold and can be used for all purposes for

forms an excellent roof, so that posting in mining is almost unnecessary. This coal is a slow burner, but is high in heat units, making it a superior steam coal. The vein runs from three to six feet in thickness and covers about twenty square miles in the north end of the county. The following is an average analysis of the same: Moisture, 5.50; volatile combustible matter, 36.86; fixed carbon, 52.51; ash, 3.99.



PLANT OF THE ORCHARD KNOB CLAY WORKS.

*Photo by M. M. Mudge.*

which marble is now used, such as decorating and monumental work.

#### COAL.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 coals of the Ohio Geological Survey, are not developed in thickness, so far as we know, in Lawrence county, to an extent that we can take any account of them, though they underly the most of the county.

No. 4, or Clarion coal, known as the limestone vein of Lawrence and Jackson counties, lies immediately beneath the ferriferous or iron bearing limestone, which

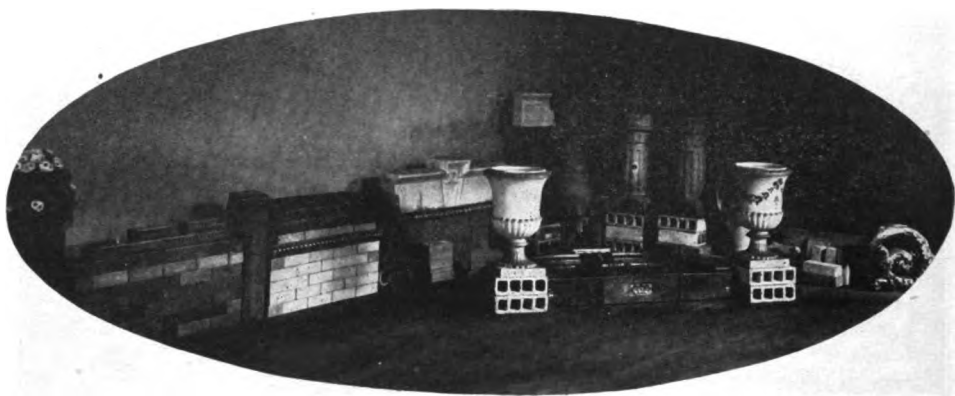
No. 5, or lower Kittanning coal, is the most persistent and uniform coal in Lawrence county. The vein is from three to four feet thick and usually lies about twenty feet above the ferriferous limestone. It has a good top and bottom, is easily and cheaply mined, is a very strong and excellent coal for rolling mills and general purposes, cokes well, and for generating steam it probably has no superior on the Ohio river. This coal is uniform in quality and is free from faults and breaks. It is found on not less than one hundred square miles in this county, and

will furnish an almost unlimited amount of coal for years to come. The following is a fair analysis: Moisture, 5.19; volatile combustible matter, 41.86; fixed carbon, 47.69; ash, 5.26; sulphur, 1.40.

No. 6, or Middle Kittaning coal, locally known as Sheridan coal, lies from thirty to sixty feet above the No. 5, is from three to four feet thick, and is a superior coal, being high in carbon, low in sulphur and other impurities, and is a very valuable coal for manufacturing and general purposes, the seam being the same as the great vein of the Hocking Valley and the Coalton coal of Kentucky, both of which are used in blast furnaces as coke and in the raw state. This coal can be traced for

other veins, it is found underlying a large part of the territory, from Marion to a point above Waterloo, a distance of about nine miles, and at one place is known to be six miles in width. In his chapter on "Gas Coals of Ohio" Mr. Emerson McMillin, now of New York, says that the Waterloo, or No. 7, gives the best analysis for the average vein of any coal found in Wormley's report.

The Symmes Creek Coal Company is now building ten miles of railroad into this territory, with a view of developing it. When this road is extended to the southern extremity of this field, a vast amount of coal can be secured. The following is an average analysis: Moisture,



PRODUCTS OF THE ORCHARD KNOB CLAY WORKS.

thirty miles through this county and as a large area. The following is an analysis: Moisture, 6.46; volatile combustible matter, 33.50; fixed carbon, 55.40; ash, 3.69; sulphur, .76.

No. 6 A, locally known as "Hatcher," lies thirty to forty feet above the No. 6, is three to four feet thick and is a good open grate coal that promises well.

No. 7, or Upper Freeport, locally known as "Waterloo," from four to seven feet thick, is solid, bright and bears transportation well. No coal south of Monday Creek, says Professor Orton, in the Ohio Geological Survey, shows so little sulphur; and he, with other experts, says that it is the most valuable coal in the county, and that the Waterloo field is the richest and best undeveloped coal field in the State. While not as persistent as some

6.71; volatile combustible matter, 37.10; fixed carbon, 50.05; ash, 6.41; sulphur, .86.

There are some seven other veins running from a few inches to five feet in thickness, lying both above and below those mentioned, and which are worked in some places for domestic use and which are not herein considered. It might be interesting to note that No. 8, or Pittsburgh seam, touches near the top of some of the higher hills in the eastern part of the county, with a full development of five feet, but the workable area is exceedingly small.

#### CLAYS.

Professor Orton, former State Geologist of Ohio, says, in Vol. 5, page 678 (Geological Report): "The Cincinnati district

has ten potteries, including all kinds of ware — white, yellow, Rockingham and earthen. The clays used here are all imported and come in part from Lawrence county."

Those clays are derived from a number of well defined seams of fire and potter's clay, and not less than four workable ones are in the county and almost universal with its limits, existing in almost incalculable quantities. They will make fine pottery, tiling, vases, chimney tops, drain tile, hearths, building blocks, etc.; and it has been demonstrated that these clays for fire brick purposes are the best in the State, standing well the intense heat of reverberatory and smelting furnaces. Recent developments by the Orchard Knob Clay company have conclusively proven the value of these clays for the manufacture of ornamental pressed brick, of a variety of colors and of perfect adaptability to the making of terra cotta ornamental designs, perfect in shape, colors and strength.

We feel that this clay industry has passed the experimental stage and that in the near future Lawrence county will be famous for its pressed brick, clay building blocks and terra cotta products.

With both the clay and coal coming from the same mine and over the same tracks and tipples, rendering their mining and assembling cheaper than anywhere else in the State, and with perfect transportation facilities over a number of railroads and the Ohio river, why is not Lawrence county an ideal location for a great development along that line?

#### PORTLAND CEMENT.

In the space of thirty feet, vertically speaking, from the ferriferous limestone, and extending from the Ohio river at Ironton to the northern limits of the county, exist all the elements for the manufacture of the quality of portland cement as noted in the analyses below; namely,

limestone, clay-shales and coal — the shales, clays and limestones from the same drift, and the coal from a drift twenty feet above.

These conditions and combinations have caused two immense factories to be erected here, one of 1,200 barrels capacity, and the other of 2,000 barrels is rapidly approaching completion.

The following analyses are some of the practical ones made of the Ironton Portland Cement Company's product, a careful study of which will convince the reader of its worth:

#### ANALYSES OF IRONTON PORTLAND CEMENT.

	SiO <sub>2</sub>	Fe <sub>2</sub> O <sub>3</sub>	Al <sub>2</sub> O <sub>3</sub>	CaO	MgO	SO <sub>3</sub>
Aug. 25th	19.47	6.83	7.44	62.71	1.07	1.23
Aug. 29th	19.44	7.39	7.95	63.40		
Sep. 1st	19.82	7.20	7.90	63.19		
Sep. 5th	19.84	7.60	7.34	63.22		
Sep. 10th	19.56	7.95	7.85	52.98		

#### LABORATORY REPORT.

May 6th, 1903

Cement shipped to Ohio State University, Columbus, O.

Received, April 8th, 1903.

Pats remained on glass after 3 hours in steam and 3 hours in boiling water. (Very Good.) Pats on glass in cold water adhered for over 4 weeks.

#### FINENESS.

Percentage passing No. 200 Sieve... 82.7%

Percentage passing No. 100 Sieve... 97.1%

#### SETTING TIME.

Initial set, 1 hour 25 minutes.

Hard set, 6 hours 15 minutes.

#### TENSILE STRENGTH.

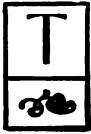
	In water	
	7 days	28 days.
Average 5 briquetts Neat Cement .....	875	905
Average 5 briquetts 1 Cement, 3 Sand.....	175	295
Hot Water Test, Sound and Hard.		
Cold Water Test, Sound and Hard.		

Respectfully submitted,

C. E. SHERMAN,  
Chemist, O. S. U.

# The Buckeye Home Coming

By Hollis Kight



THE loyalty of the Ohioan to his native State, notwithstanding he may have long since departed from her borders and acknowledged citizenship in another commonwealth, has always been proverbial but has never had the convincing demonstration that will occur at Columbus, the capital of the State, during the first week of September, 1907. From the second day of that month to the sixth, inclusive, the "Joyous Buckeye Homecoming" will be celebrated at the capital and throughout the State by millions of resident and non-resident citizens. The Ohio State Board of Agriculture very properly took the initiative in this matter, and the general State homecoming at Columbus will be under its direct management and control.

The Ohioan is a peculiar bird; he never forgets the mother nest and is ever willing to return to it, if only to renew, for a short time, the acquaintances and memories of former days. His loyalty to Ohio ideals and the institutions and the people of the Buckeye State is most emphatically illustrated by the great number of Ohio Societies that flourish in all the principal states of the Union. The citizen of no other state indicates a loyalty for his native commonwealth approximating that of the Ohioan. Here and there we hear of a society named in honor of some other state and comprised of its former citizens who still retain an affection for the old home, but Ohio Societies are everywhere. They may be found in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and in the latter State there are 13,000 sons and daughters of Ohio whose names are registered with the Society at the State capital. All along the Pacific coast and in the great Northwest we find Ohioans organized to pro-

mote their mutual interests in bodies commemorating the State where they were born. They extend from the forests of Michigan to the cotton belt of the Sunny South and flourish alike in the metropolis of the Union's most populous state and in far distant communities of hardly more than a few thousand people.

An after dinner speaker at an Ohio banquet once put the matter very tersely.

"We have all heard," he said, "of the historic remark that passed between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina. But when two Ohioans meet in two distant points, they go these gubernatorial dignitaries one better. The Ohioan's first salutation to his brother Buckeye, when encountered abroad, may or may not be 'What will you have?' but his second is sure to be 'When shall we organize?'"

The existence of so many Ohio Societies in so many states is in fact due to the Ohioan's genius for organization. These societies will be an important factor in the great homecoming celebration now imminent. In every aspect the event promises to be one of the foremost in the State's history. The committee in charge has received assurances indicating that not less than one hundred thousand native Ohioans now scattered throughout the land and in foreign countries will return to the old soil on this occasion, to participate in the joyful festivities. Love and pride of native heath will bring them back in great numbers, to again live over the happy days of long ago and revisit the cherished spots where in youth they loved to linger. Throughout the State, but particularly in the great central gathering at Columbus, there will be deep meaning in the old refrain, "How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood."

Among the throngs of returning Ohioans will be many who marched away with the boys in blue in response to Lincoln's call for volunteers, and there will be thousands who have made names for themselves in the commercial and professional life of other states.

It is appropriate that the central scene of this great homecoming week should be enacted in the State Fair Grounds at Columbus—the most accessible point for such a monster celebration. It will be the chief trysting place for old friends to meet and greet one another, and talk of other times and other days. Half a million native-born Ohioans live outside the State, and they will be more generously represented in the State on this occasion than ever was the case with reference to a similar event in any other commonwealth.

The invitation of the State Board of Agriculture, which has been sent broadcast, declares significantly that "in the breast of every absent Buckeye we hope to create a desire that will bring you back to Home Sweet Home in Old Ohio—a desire to see the boys who are now men and the girls who are now women; a desire that will overcome all barriers and bring you back to old neighbors, the old hearthstone and the family circle. 'Welcome,' in capital letters, will be written over our doors and across our hearts."

The responses to this enthusiastic invitation have shown by their tone how thoroughly it is appreciated by Ohioans far from the old home. And they are coming back—there is no doubt about that. From Maine to California they are coming, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. The Fair Grounds at Columbus are ideal for this great reunion. They have no equal anywhere. A million dollars has been expended to beautify and adorn them with imposing buildings, pleasant driveways, shady walks, magnificent pavillions and commodious rest rooms. Special programs will be arranged for every day of homecoming week, and in addition to the daylight events the citizens of Columbus will provide unlimited evening entertainments. There will be elaborate receptions, balls, parades and carnivals, and the entire week will be given over to entertainment and the renewal of old acquaintances and the cultivation of pure sentiment.

Many distinguished men will be present—among them Ohio's foremost son in official life, the Vice President of the United States. It would require a volume to record the names of those who have made a place for themselves in National and local history, who will by their presence in Columbus during the first week of September, pay tribute to the State that is famous as the mother of great men.







By Himself

POLITICS makes strange bad fellows.

\* \* \*

NOTHING can subdue an orator, except his wife.

\* \* \*

SPEAKING of rare coins, the rarest are the ones we have left.

\* \* \*

IT takes two to make a bargain, and a woman to tell about it.

\* \* \*

THERE are ample grounds for war in the kind of tea sent us by Japan.

\* \* \*

THE wages of sin put more money in circulation than the salaries of saints.

\* \* \*

UNTIL they take a vacation few people realize that there is no place like home.

\* \* \*

RICHES have wings, but in these days they seem to fly like the homing pigeon.

\* \* \*

THE man who doubts that this is the age of invention should read the newspapers.

\* \* \*

THE English language would be greatly impoverished, if flies were not fond of bald heads.

\* \* \*

CONSIDERING that Justice is blind, it seems strange that she winks at so many abuses.

MANY people go to watering places merely to have it appear that they are in the swim.

\* \* \*

THE loudest reminiscences of Summer recreation come from those who do no work in Winter.

\* \* \*

LIFE would be insufferable to some people if they were obliged to get along without worrying.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS our first romance is always recalled with pleasing emotions because it didn't work out.

\* \* \*

THE only misfortune of some self-made men is that they didn't delegate the job to somebody else.

\* \* \*

ONE reason why so many young women succeed in business is that so many of their brothers don't.

\* \* \*

IT is very difficult for a man to pay an honest debt without feeling that he is a philanthropist.

\* \* \*

A NOTEWORTHY thing about the poetry now being published is that as a rule its authors claim to understand it.

\* \* \*

IT is a good thing that the annual outing of the Ohio legislature is not as hard on the public as its annual inning.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the speeches that have been made in Faneuil Hall, Boston is in fear of being bombarded.

\* \* \*

THE people who declaim most against the patent medicines are the ones who can afford to pay big doctors' bills.

\* \* \*

IT is good policy to take things as they come, but prudence suggests that we should ascertain first whose things they are.

\* \* \*

WHILE it may be true that faith moves mountains, it is worthy of note that civil engineers rely on the pick and shovel.

\* \* \*

SINCE Oxford University has made Mark Twain a Doctor of Literature he ought to be able to get a job on some good magazine.

\* \* \*

IT is a good thing that the touring car is made for long runs, because its owner could seldom afford to travel any other way.

\* \* \*

A CHICAGO professor says that the future woman will have whiskers, in which case no home will be complete without a little shaver.

\* \* \*

THE millenium will not come in this world until a man can spend his vacation without spending everything else he has earned.

\* \* \*

IT is not so hard to be a philosopher, when we recall that Solomon said a great many wise things and did a great many foolish things.

THE young woman whose highest ambition is to be tanned by the sun might find her usefulness increased if the job were done by her father.

\* \* \*

IT is certainly true that nations are like individuals. Nowadays it costs almost as much for a nation to go to war as for a man to go to market.

\* \* \*

IT seems strange that so little impression was made on the population of Europe by the horde of people that came over on the Mayflower.

\* \* \*

THE fact that the careful housewife puts her trust in Providence does not prevent her from putting her fruit in jars. And therein is the wisdom of the world.

\* \* \*

THE quadrennial period is fast approaching when a careful census of Ohio may disclose fully half a dozen citizens who are not candidates for office.

\* \* \*

IF the girls on the beach really looked as they are pictured in the illustrated papers, no summer resort would complain about the absence of the male sex.

\* \* \*

A BIG salary in a freak museum is awaiting the American citizen who does n't know how to run a hotel and a newspaper better than the landlords and the editors.





# EDITORIAL

## Announcement

**T**HE present number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE represents the issues for both August and September, 1907, in order to accomplish, in the only practical way, a change in the monthly time of publication absolutely required by the greatly increased circulation of the past few months.

Experience has proven that the policy of publishing on the tenth of the month, which was adopted at the beginning of publication more than a year ago, is practicable for a State but not for a National circulation. In order to meet the requirements of the latter, and have the magazine delivered and on sale in due season and in all parts of the country simultaneously in the future, it is necessary that publication should precede the first of the month of issue by some time.

The plan is therefore adopted of making the present Numbers II and III of Volume III, dated September, 1907, and published in time to reach all subscribers and agents by the first of that month. Publication in succeeding months will follow in regular order, according to the same policy.

## The Beneficent Lake Region

**E**VERY summer ought to witness a general thanksgiving among the people of the Middle West for their accessibility to the region of the Great Lakes. They are a National blessing, but their beneficence naturally is most apparent to

those within easiest reach of their beautiful shores; and hence this generation in the land formerly designated as the Old Northwest Territory owes these watery wastes an unpayable debt. As the faithful Hebrew turned his face toward Jerusalem, or the Mohammedan toward Mecca, in prayerful recognition of the blessings they bestowed on two of the most powerful elements of the human race, so the citizens of the Middle West might well look from a distance toward Erie, Michigan, Huron and Superior and gratefully acknowledge their beneficent influence.

This influence is not necessarily restricted to those who visit these waters, because the favorable climatic conditions induced by them extend over a vast territory and reach millions of people to whom the lakes themselves are as much strangers as the mountains are to the prairiedwellers of Kansas and Illinois. But the number of those who annually visit the Great Lakes ought to be greatly increased, and especially from among those men and women of Eastern states who are thoroughly convinced that either the ocean or the mountains offer the supreme pleasures of existence to the Summer idler. It detracts nothing from the delights of salt water or mountain air to assert that the Great Lakes have pleasures and beauties distinctively their own, not to be found elsewhere. So has the ocean, of course, and likewise the mountains East or West, but those who visit them annually in the full measure of devotion to one or the other ought to be broad enough and cosmopolitan enough to at least once in their lives familiarize themselves with the Great Lake region, since they are able to do so at will. They will never have an adequate conception of this American continent until they do.

Meanwhile there are not a few good people on the very verge of this region who are entirely ignorant of its charms

and for various reasons — some not altogether complimentary to them — invariably spend their vacations at more distant resorts. Any man or woman in the Middle West who has the price and will not get a whiff of Lake Erie, see one sunset on the Flats of St. Clair or turn farther north toward the Georgian Bay country, deserves censure for neglecting his or her education. The Great Lakes constitute one of the fairest gifts of a generous Providence, and it is a loss to the community as well as to the individual whenever their smiling beauties lose an opportunity to awaken human enthusiasm.

### Mr. Fairbanks and the Cartoon



BSERVERS of current events cannot fail to note that the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks is an extremely popular subject among the cartoonists — so much so, indeed, that they are in danger of ruining their own object by promoting his political prestige toward the very end which they expect to defeat.

Physically Mr. Fairbanks is regarded as a fine subject for the cartoon. He is long of countenance, as well as of limb, and has an angular aspect not unlike that of Lincoln, who undoubtedly would receive equal attention from the caricaturing brethren if he were alive to-day. So Mr. Fairbanks is in all the newspapers an almost daily subject of satirical fun. Sometimes it is amusing, with a point well taken; sometimes it is merely silly, and occasionally it is brutal and misleading. It is just like the same kind of fun that has made statesmen in this country heretofore.

The case of the late Senator Hanna should not be forgotten. The cartoonists who ridiculed and abused him did more to promote his political career than he ever did himself. In fact they began it long before he entertained any serious thought of having any political career, and they kept the idea so constantly before him that he must have been more than human if he had failed to accept the challenge. It is said on good authority that Mr. Hanna used to become — and with good cause — very angry over some of the car-

toons directed against him, but it is also known that during the last few years of his life he freely admitted that he owed very much of his success to the cartoonists whose futile wit and unconcealed brutality eventually defeated their own objects.

If they are not aware of the fact, the cartoonists should speedily learn that on one point there is not much difference between an American statesman and a brand of soap. Printer's ink, applied in proper quantities, will make popularity for either one, and it is not essential that it should always be spread in a design complimentary to the subject. The publicity alone is enough, if persisted in.

Very likely Mr. Fairbanks, now the chief subject of caricature in this country, understands all this. THE OHIO MAGAZINE, surveying the whole field from the standpoint of a disinterested observer, makes bold to predict that, if the cartoonists can be kept going at their present pace ten months longer, the gentleman from Indiana will be the Republican nominee for President.

### Political Machines



POLITICAL machine is a contrivance condemned by those who want to operate it but can't. It is popular among its constituents and unpopular among the opposition. It is neither as bad as charged by its adversaries nor as powerful as claimed by its friends. It may experience many vicissitudes and occasionally change hands, but for the fundamental purposes of its creation it goes on forever.

The political machine was invented a great many years ago — long before Columbus discovered America. Indeed, Columbus had a pretty good machine of his own, and he worked it around the thrones of Ferdinand and Isabella, until they qualified for membership by hocking their diamonds. The reformers set up an awful howl because Columbus claimed that the world was round, and he had a hard time proving it, even with the aid of the machine. After that he was deposed as chairman and sent to jail, but since then monu-

ments have been built to him and two hemispheres have fought for his bones. This merely shows how a machine politician can establish a fine reputation, after he is dead. In passing it may be noted that the City of Columbus, Ohio, was named to perpetuate the memory of Christopher and has ever since done so most successfully, by fostering the machine methods which he brought with him to the shores of America.

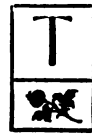
Columbus, however, was by no means the original inventor of the political machine. It has been known in all countries from time immemorial and was probably handed down by prehistoric man to the human races of which there is record. Caesar had a machine that was a wonder in its day and as wide-reaching and popular among the boys as any ever operated in Ohio or Pennsylvania. Marc Anthony bolted and raised an awful howl, and in the end Brutus joined the seceders, and the two started a little machine of their own, just as it is done to this day. They said that they didn't love Caesar less, but Rome more, and that their machine was the only one that could keep the good Romans in office and the bad ones out. They were so imbued with this idea that they deposed Caesar by assassination, not having the votes to do it with; and yet the machine which they subsequently put together was almost immediately dissolved, while Caesar's more than a thousand years afterward gave law to the republics of France and America.

And so it is true that you can never tell during the life of it, just what kind of history a political machine is making. The Greeks had an abundance of them, the strongest of which was operated under Alexander and never appealed very forcibly to the heathen whom it put out of business. The ancient Hebrews, also, were not slow in machine politics and for a long time maintained an organization that was extremely unpopular among the Gentiles. It is even possible that the first machine was organized in the Garden of Eden, and by a woman. At any rate, it is related that there never was any doubt how Adam was going to vote, after he got the apple.

These historic facts are related merely to show that the political machine itself is

a permanent institution. The people who rail against it in reality only want it to change hands.

### Imported Romances



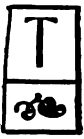
HE newspapers contain frequent accounts of young foreigners in America, who, coming hither with no other capital than brawn and industry, spend years in honest toil while trying to lay by a competency sufficient to bring over their sweethearts from the old country and begin married life under humble circumstances in the land of promise. The history of each one of these imported romances is a charming little story, at least in its first chapters, and perhaps it is fortunate in some cases that the remainder of the book is not open to the public. But undoubtedly, as far as they go, these romances point a moral while they adorn a tale.

For the most part the swains come from Germany, Italy, Russia and Poland. They are an infinitesimal portion of the great tide of immigration flowing constantly toward these shores and not always receiving a cordial welcome. There should be some hesitancy in condemning an influx of immigrants which contains young men who have in view the sturdy objects that inspire many among this foreign-born element of our population. It might be well, first, to point out a considerable number of American youths who are toiling earnestly and saving their money for the laudable purpose of providing a home for some young woman destined to be the central figure of a happy household. Perhaps it is not too pessimistic to declare that, not many American youths nowadays are engaged in this pursuit. It certainly may be doubted that the number of those who are so engaged is proportionately larger than the number of young foreigners striving to attain the climax of their romances on this side of the Atlantic.

We may concede that the immigration business can be overdone; we must maintain our hostile attitude toward foreign contract labor; self-preservation requires that there shall be no tidal wave of Asiatic blood toward this continent; in a word,

Uncle Sam must ever repeat the scriptural warning, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." But this fact should not obscure the genuine worth of a vast number of foreigners who annually sail this way. We shall have a better opinion of them, if we occasionally turn to consider the objects that bring them here and observe in particular how frequently they are moved by impulses of human love and a desire to make a home for someone beside themselves in their adopted country.

### The Haywood Case

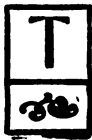
 HE country is glad to know that, after a full hearing of all the evidence, the jury in the celebrated Haywood case at Boise, Idaho, could not believe that the monstrous story told by the self-confessed criminal, Orchard, was true. There would have been an awful stigma upon this generation, if that story had been credited. Notwithstanding its apparent credibility with respect to the criminal himself, and the detailed manner in which it was sought to weave into it the defendant in the case, few people at a distance were able to believe it, from the published reports of the trial. Now that the jury has put the stamp of falsehood upon it, a sense of personal relief comes to many people who had feared another result.

Nevertheless, the testimony introduced at the trial does not clear the labor unions of all responsibility for the period of anarchy which led up to the offenses confessed by the chief witness in this case. Labor unionism will doubtless be somewhat strengthened by the verdict, but it will be most deplorable if the latter is understood as justifying some of the tactics pursued by the labor leaders at the scene of the Western disturbances.

Neither does the verdict in any sense atone for the offenses of those scandal-mongering newspapers which acquitted the defendant not only before it was pronounced, but before the trial began. The reports sent out by the correspondents of these newspapers at Boise stand as one of

the worst evidences of prevalent yellow journalism.

### Electric Farming

 HEY are doing great things nowadays in cultivating the products of farm and garden. The use of electricity in this process is not new, but very recently has made considerable progress. Experiments have been tried for years, with the result that there is no longer any doubt that this mysterious agent plays a vital part in the development of plant as well as of animal life. Nobody knows just exactly how the thing is done, and it is not likely that the electric influence is direct upon the plant itself, except so far as it stimulates chemical activity and produces conditions favorable to growth by acting on other elements.

One method of experiment has been to stretch a wire netting across a field high enough not to touch the growing plants, and circulate through it an electrical current. In other experiments the soil has been electrified by wires under and around the roots. By the former method it is said that strawberries attained an increased product of from 50 to 188 per cent., corn from 35 to 40 per cent., potatoes 20 per cent., beets 26 per cent., and other products in proportion. It is claimed that an average increase of 45 per cent. could be obtained with substantially all crops on fertile land by the electric treatment.

There is no doubt that we are breeding and treating vegetables and fruits with more success now than our ancestors bred horses or chickens. Cultivation is the rule of the age, and a vital part of it is the study of pedigree. Continued selection of varieties in the end produces the highest results of horticulture. Meanwhile, however, the human race is not more interested in its own scientific improvement than it was five hundred or a thousand years ago. Nobody is trying to devise means of applying an electrical current to the human anatomy, with a view to making a better man in this generation or the next. Our pride in ancestry continues to consist chiefly in the fact that one or more of our

remote progenitors either shed a whole lot of blood or got a whole lot of money. In other words, we still view the antecedents and future of the race in the same old light of generations gone.

Some time, perhaps, the improvement of humanity will excite as much interest as the culture of potatoes. We can hardly presume that it will ever approximate the importance of breeding hogs, but it is to be hoped that there is at least some outlook for an electrified man.

### Hot Air



HIS title has reference to the real article — the hot air that is all around us in the Summer — and not to that other variety which is a current asset in business and a passion among politicians.

Why do people who complain of the heat, open their windows and front and rear doors to let in the hot air? That is not the way your grandmother used to do. You remember that her house was always cool in Summer — the door latched, the

windows down and the green blinds probably closed, with just enough turn to the shutters to admit a proper degree of light. But the sweltering business man of our great cities, who holds this pleasing recollection of the old family homestead as one of the happiest memories of his life, seems not to profit by his observation and experience. He throws wide the doors and windows of his place of business, which otherwise might be as cool as one could wish, to let in the broiling heat of the sidewalk and the sizzling reflection of light from torrid walls. Like the sluggard, he ought to go to his aunt or some of his other feminine relatives of an earlier generation, and be wise. There is no sense in complaining about the heat indoors, when we insist upon drawing it in.

If you want to be comfortable in your home, store or office, while the mercury is dancing around the nineties on the outer walls, shut the hot air out. In this wise you will honor the memory of the common sense folk who have gone before you, as well as promote your own comfort and peace of mind.



# The Trend of Opinion

## "State Ownership" and the Financial Markets

From the New York Herald.

**R**EFLECTIVE people must wonder whether the moment has not come to call a halt," said the *Herald* on Monday, discussing Attorney General Bonaparte's suggestion that the government appoint receivers to take over all corporations convicted of violating the law.

That reflecting persons are alarmed at the prospect of a policy which would lead to the government operating steel plants, peddling petroleum and dealing in underclothing and hosiery, is evident from the widespread expressions of approval of the suggestion that the moment has come to call a halt.

In the column of letters from *Herald* readers this morning "G. C. W." expresses his congratulations on the warning as to the danger of the systematic baiting of capital, and "G. Washington Lynch" writes from Saratoga, indorsing the *Herald's* views and asking Mr. Bonaparte what he has made to protect the widows and orphans whose moneys are invested in the corporations.

Prosecution and punishment of corporations that violate the law is one thing, but it would be a vastly different thing for the federal government to take possession of them and operate them. The proposal is so extraordinary that it may be doubted whether Mr. Bonaparte was serious when he spoke of it. Indeed, the flippant manner in which he talks of "bringing down" a company as a sportsman would shoot a bird is strongly disapproved even by ardent trust-busters who realize the vital importance of this question to small investors and to the prosperity of the country.

Rightly or wrongly the recent sharp fall in stocks and the unwillingness of investors to put their funds into bonds is attributed largely to the light hearted way in which this proposal for wholesale receiverships was advanced on behalf of the administration. There was a moderate improvement in Wall street yesterday, due in some degree to in-

vestors recovering from their scare and buying securities, and in large measure perhaps to repurchase by the party that has taken advantage of the administration's attitude to conduct a protracted and aggressive bear campaign.

Eleven years ago securities were depressed, business was brought almost to a standstill and labor was left without employment because men of affairs feared repudiation—through unlimited coinage of fifty cent silver dollars. The threat of confiscation would produce similar results if it were taken seriously. But the American people would not permit repudiation in 1896, and there is no danger of their standing for confiscation in 1907.

## Then and Now

From the Toledo Blade.

**T**HE last great telegraph strike was in 1883 and was directed against the Western Union. That strike lasted for a month and ended in a victory for the company.

There was one thing which assisted in bringing that strike to an end, and it was entirely unexpected. That was the slump in the telegraph business. While the corps of operators was greatly reduced, the business offered fell off so that fewer men were needed to handle it. When it was found there was a great delay in the transmission of messages, the public did not try to send so many. It relied on the mails and found it could get along fairly well.

The striking operators expected business to keep up as usual and that the company would need its full quota of help. In this they were mistaken. Fewer men were needed, because of the decrease in business.

This will probably happen again. The mail service of the country is excellent and business men will write letters instead of pinning their faith to delayed messages.

The long-distance telephone is also a far greater factor in the commercial world than it was twenty-four years ago and it will now



be utilized where quick action is necessary. The business world can better get along to-day with a crippled telegraph service than it could in 1883.

### Prosperity's Broad Foundation

From the Cleveland Leader.

THE best times the country has ever known rest upon the broadest foundation upon which business undertakings were ever built. The base of commercial and industrial expansion is stronger and deeper and greater in extent than ever before.

The proof is abundant. There were never so many forehanded Americans—so many with money to lend in proportion to the number who borrow. The great change which has taken place in the condition of Western farmers is alone enough to make that gain certain.

American industries never before had so wide a market for so many kinds of merchandise. The great growth of exports of manufactures is evidence of that assurance of prosperity. American products are better distributed than ever before, in foreign countries.

Investments by American capitalists outside of the United States and resting upon other industrial and commercial conditions than those which exist in this country, are expanding enough to constitute an important source of income. The American people, as a whole are much less subject than formerly to the influence of local and special business troubles.

Fat years of wonderful gains in every important business have so increased the wealth of the American nation that the country has far more resisting power than it had a few years ago. It is in such condition that it could throw off commercial and industrial chills, if they should come, in a way which would be impossible in a land less opulent.

American prestige in the financial and commercial world is higher than at any former period. The civilized nations of both hemispheres are profoundly impressed by the magnitude of American transactions and business undertakings and the immensity of American wealth. Canada and Mexico feel this influence even more than Great Britain and Germany, Italy and Russia.

If these facts, known to all men who keep

well informed on the events of the times, not constitute a broad, sure foundation for American prosperity there is no force in business logic, no virtue in business reasoning.

### Women in Hotels

From the Columbus Ohio Star

IT is gratifying to know that the right of women not escorted by men to be served in restaurants, hotel roof gardens and similar places of amusement and refreshment is about to be tested in the courts of New York. The suit will be brought by Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, a daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and, like her mother, a strong advocate of woman's suffrage and equal rights. Mrs. Blatch with a woman friend, visited the roof garden of a fashionable hotel, but the waiter refused to take their orders, explaining that it was against the rules of the establishment. The manager being appealed to, declared the rule was made for the protection of respectable women, who would be annoyed if undesirable members of their sex, without escorts, were admitted to the privileges of the place.

There probably is some justice in this argument, but it is equally true, as Mrs. Blatch contended, that not only undesirable women but undesirable men, should be excluded from respectable places of public resort. Neither will it be disputed that men without escorts are unfit to be received with respectable treatment in hotel restaurants and roof gardens. There is no any material difference between women and men in this regard for the true test in each case is that of character and conduct. The decently behaved woman is entitled to as much consideration as is the decently behaved man, while the woman who does not comport herself properly, even if she is escorted by a man, should be excluded from public places where her presence would be offensive to other members of her sex.

The trouble with the rule in question which is more common in New York than it is in other parts of the country, is that it presumes all women who visit public places without male escort to be undesirable characters. It is to be hoped the decision of the New York courts will oppose that manifest unfair discrimination.

## Awful Dose for the President

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

**N**O doubt President Roosevelt is proud of the praise of his fellow citizens, especially if it is expressed in the modest and graceful terms that betoken sincerity. He is a man of the times, always at the front when there is excitement, and with but little intermission of his attitude as a hero and a dashing leader. Still, the President has his thoughtful spells, and is ambitious to do the things that belong to real statesmanship. He also has a keen perception of when a good thing has been "done" enough, and understands the dangers of the rhetoric of gush. The following resolution, adopted by the Republican convention of Oklahoma, will not appeal to him as a scholar and gentleman, or elicit his gratitude:

"We hail with pride the bold and fearless leader, the matchless statesman, the patriotic citizen, the loyal American, our honored and respected President, Theodore Roosevelt. He has unflinchingly met every issue in the open and firmly advocated the right. He is the relentless foe of greed and graft and the trusted friend of honest effort. He has given to combined capital and to organized labor alike a fair hearing and a square deal. He has compelled trusts and unlawful combinations to recognize organized Government, observe the law and obey the Courts."

This is placing too much of a burden on the President. It will not so much stimulate his friends as it will encourage his enemies. No man is good enough to stand so much flattery. When people say so much that is nice about a public man they always prod other people to dig out and exploit things that are not so nice.

The Oklahoma party machine cannot, however, deceive the President. There have already been some strong intimations that he will feel obliged to throw his influence against the miserable botch work his palavering friends have done in writing a constitution for a new state. Possibly the convention which overdid itself in the adoption of resolutions thought this was the way to overwhelm Mr. Roosevelt's probable purpose to see to it that if Oklahoma comes into the Union as a state it shall come in worthily.

Not saving either political party from its share of the burlesque performance, the inci-

dent of statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory has been coarsely and offensively pushed. A lot of people are to be projected, as citizens and voters who are not better qualified for self-government and suffrage than the people of our new possessions, who are doomed to wait for generations before they can be better than dependants. There are many thousands of splendid Americans in the proposed new state, acute in everything that equips for statehood, but they are placed on even terms with a large "citizenship" that is distinctly undesirable. It seems highly probable that the new state will have to be "coopered up" radically before it can achieve practical and equal standing in the Union.

President Roosevelt is one of those who demand and require that the new state shall not enter the Union "slipshod." We doubt if he can be affected or diverted by the gushing resolutions of the Oklahoma Republican Convention.

At least the Oklahoma statehood question seems to need investigation and improvement. There is plenty of time. The only real hurry is on the part of men who want to become settled in the state and county offices, and go forth as Senators and Representatives in Congress.

## Saving the Song Birds

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**I**T is refreshing to note that two young men have been fined in the police court for shooting song birds, and their guns have been confiscated. But the natural joy at this just punishment is marred somewhat by thoughts of the vast numbers of birds killed every year whose death is not thus avenged.

It is hard to understand, and impossible to sympathize with, the instinct for destruction that leads men wantonly to sacrifice the lives of birds and animals whose dead bodies are of no utility, and whose existence tends to make human life itself more pleasant. The song birds are passing away fast enough without man's help. They have their natural enemies, and besides they do not thrive so well near smoke laden cities as in their native woods and fields. Still, if every possible protection were lent them, they would appear in greater numbers, with their charm of plumage and song to brighten the city's environs and

the public parks. Happily the absurd and cruel mania of wearing birds' wings and carcasses on women's hats has died out. But thoughtless boys still wreak havoc with stone and air gun, and rob nests of their eggs, and grown men slaughter the songsters in idiotic pride of marksmanship.

There are other abuses nearly as reprehensible as this. One of them is the killing of game and fish in excess of what the sportsman can use. It is a common thing in regions where fish abound to see scores of large fish thrown awa to rot, after being caught for the mere savage pleasure of killing something. The same is true of game in the northern woods. It is not unlikely that the animals, large and small, that are shot wantonly and left to decay in the woods are nearly as many as those actually utilized for pelt or food. After long evolution men have learned, in the main, to be kind to each other. But they have yet to travel a long road before they learn to be kind, instinctively, to the other animals.

### The Southern Cure for Corporations

From the New York World.

**T**O revoke a corporation's license is the latest way of settling the railroad question in Alabama and Arkansas. For neatness and despatch there is nothing like it.

A railroad corporation, for whatever cause, is brought into a state court. It has the case removed to a federal court. But a far-seeing legislature has expressly prohibited any such slight being put upon the majesty of a southern state, on pain of the corporation's forfeiting its right to do business. Being dutiful officials, the state authorities promptly execute the decree, and the offending railroad is supposed to pass immediately to that limbo of made short work of this notice to litigants. reform where all good corporations are dead ones.

President Castro used to imagine that he could prevent foreigners holding concessions in Venezuela from appealing to their own governments for protection, but it did not work in practice. It is a common failing with persons who leave wills to provide that any heir applying to the courts shall forfeit his share of the property, but the courts have

Possibly the weather has been trying down

south and has made the state officials feverish and hasty. In a few weeks the heated spell will be over and frost will threaten. The cotton crop will be picked. By that time it will be a good thing to have the railroads running in order to move the cotton to market.

### The War Alarmists

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**R**EAR ADMIRAL STOCKTON, who has just returned from Europe with the two cruisers that represented the United States at the Bordeaux Maritime exposition, is quoted in an interview as saying that all the war talk he has heard was "in a newspaper published in New York and Paris," and asserting that "a correspondent who came aboard my flagship told one of my officers that the paper was supporting the agitation because it wanted to see the navy enlarged."

That idea may be about the mental caliber of a certain class of newspapers, as well as of Hobson. But intelligent men can see that the methods employed are more apt to turn sober, thinking people against the enlargement of the navy than in its favor. If the naval cult involves the systematic spreading of false or exaggerated reports calculated to inflame the jingo mind and to provoke mob action that might easily produce serious complication it is very likely to produce a reaction of common sense for a smaller rather than a larger navy.

If it were possible to get to the bottom of the fuss we think it would disclose a more logical inspiration than that idiocy. There are at least two European governments which see how they could profit by a war between Japan and the United States. These governments include among their methods the notorious use of funds to inspire newspaper agitation of the kind that will serve their purpose. The systematic and persistent spreading of war reports has all the earmarks of such an inspiration. Since it is obvious that no matter whether the United States should beat Japan, or Japan the United States, Germany and Russia would find opportunities in the weakening of both governments, the intelligent people of the United States ought to be able to draw their own conclusions.

## Should the State Kill?

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE question propounded by The Brooklyn Eagle: "Should the State kill?" is followed by the statement that "Executions make murderers less in number." They certainly do, in putting one murderer out of the world — and sometimes an innocent man — but executions in their work of diminishing the number of murderers do not diminish the number of murders.

Whether the State should kill or whether it should spare is a debatable question. But that the State should punish is not a debatable question. Moreover, the very fact that the State provides killing as a punishment for murder and does not, and will not, enforce the punishment is a thing kept in mind by the murderer when lying in wait for his victim. There would be fewer to lie in wait, and fewer murders and fewer murderers if the State instead of promising to kill and failing to keep its promise to the public, would decree life imprisonment for the convicted murderer and administer the law rigidly and without respect for persons. The spectacle of a murderer in prison for life, without hope for pardon and without possible opportunity for doing other murders, or committing lesser crimes, would be an object lesson far more effective than the conviction and sentence of a murderer to death with the sentence never carried into effect. That it is not carried into effect is demonstrated by the fact that out of more than 8,000 murders committed in 1906 only 123 of the total number of murderers were executed. On the debatable question The Rochester (New York) Chronicle-Telegraph says:

In some states of society, where the machinery of the law is crude and insufficient, capital punishment is necessary as a means of self-protection. No such condition exists in States so well organized as New York. There are strong prisons where lawbreakers can be put, and in some cases they can be reformed.

There are other commendable features of the life imprisonment penalty. With the hanging of a man, or with shocking him to death by artificial lightning, there is an end of all possibility of demonstration of innocence — at least there would be no benefit to the dead in the demonstration — while with

life imprisonment there would be such opportunity, and that innocent men have been strangled to death, or shocked to death, at the hands of the law is not to be questioned. The very fact that even one innocent man has been sent to death is a conclusive argument against the death penalty. The fact that it is not enforced, but is made farcical, is another argument against it, and that the death penalty on the statute books is not a preventative of murder, nor a deterrent to murderers, is known to all men.

Whether the State should kill or not kill may be debatable. That it does not kill and seldom punishes the murderer is a fact calling for methods of punishment that will be enforced rigidly.

## The Wireless Lesson

From the Toledo Press.

IT would be a blessing to the country at large were the telegraphers' strike to continue at least one month, and probably two months would be still better.

The first good result would be the knowledge on the part of the people that fifty per cent of our telegraph service is not at all essential to legitimate business or the transportation of intelligence. The lull in certain sorts of feverish and compressed air business would prove to many that the pace that kills is not necessary. It would save untold millions to consumers who are now taxed in their purchase for wire service which could be had by mail at one-tenth of the cost. It would also save vast sums of money now wasted on stock and produce gambling.

Then think of the rest cessation of this wire war would bring to the weary, unstrung nerves of frenzied news purveyors. How delightful to pass along a public thoroughfare and not have a paper thrust in ones' face with the youthful corncrake screech, "all about the murder and suicide." The baseball craze, too, would get a rest and ten millions of boys would have an opportunity to learn who made them and what they are on earth for.

Frenzied men, too, who think they must keep in touch at all hours, day and night, with their business and the world's doings, would have an opportunity to think of that time which their insane mania is hurrying

upon them, when their fitful connection with earthly things will be cut off forever.

And lastly and not leastly, the telegraph operators would have an opportunity to spend that six million war fund. This sixty-day experiment would convince the public that half the telegraph service they imagined they needed was plenty. Much of the water would be squeezed out of the telegraph stocks while the nation's nerves would have a needed rest.

By all means let the useful, restful and instructive contest run its course.

### The Greatest Treason

From the New York Sun.

**A**NOTHER Federal Judge, Thomas G. Jones of the middle and northern districts of Alabama, has modified with reluctance his injunction restraining the State from enforcing a passenger rate law while litigation in the Federal courts involving constitutional rights was pending.

The State of Alabama and the Southern Railway Company having entered into an agreement by which the company was to reduce its freight and passenger rates, as required by the new rate law, and by which the State was to restore to the company its license to carry on a transportation business, Judge Jones was obliged to suspend the injunction originally asked for by the Southern Railway Company when it appealed to a Federal court to preserve its constitutional rights. But he took occasion to say that a case in equity had been presented which gave the Federal court "undoubted jurisdiction," and he stated that if the company had stood on its rights "the court would have exhausted all the power the law gives it for the execu-

tion of its process." But this plain speaking and resolute Federal Judge did not stop with this assurance. He dared to affirm:

"The greatest treason that a court of the United States could commit against the liberties of the people of Alabama as well as the citizens of our common country would be to quail from the issue and abdicate its plain sworn duty in the administration of the law."

As Judge Jones will be furiously assailed for asserting the validity of Federal process in the controversy between the railroads which set up constitutional rights and the "sovereign States" which undertake to suspend those rights, it becomes of interest to inquire who he is, what his antecedents are and what his qualifications as a jurist.

Thomas Goode Jones is a Democrat, a Confederate veteran, 63 years of age, and until his appointment to the Federal bench in 1901 he practiced law at Montgomery. He is the editor of eighteen volumes of the Supreme Court reports of Alabama. He was Speaker of the State House of Representatives from 1884 to 1888 and Governor of Alabama from 1890 to 1894. During the great mining and railroad strikes of 1894 he took personal command as Governor of the State troops and restored order without bloodshed. To save the credit of the State he increased the tax rate in the face of violent opposition. As Commander of the State troops during the Hawes and Posey riots in 1883 and 1888 he was the strong man in grave emergencies.

On the record Thomas Goode Jones seems to be fully as loyal a Southerner as Gleen of North Carolina or Comer of Alabama, and an older and better lawyer than either of them. As an American citizen and a supporter of the constitution he need not fear comparison with any man.



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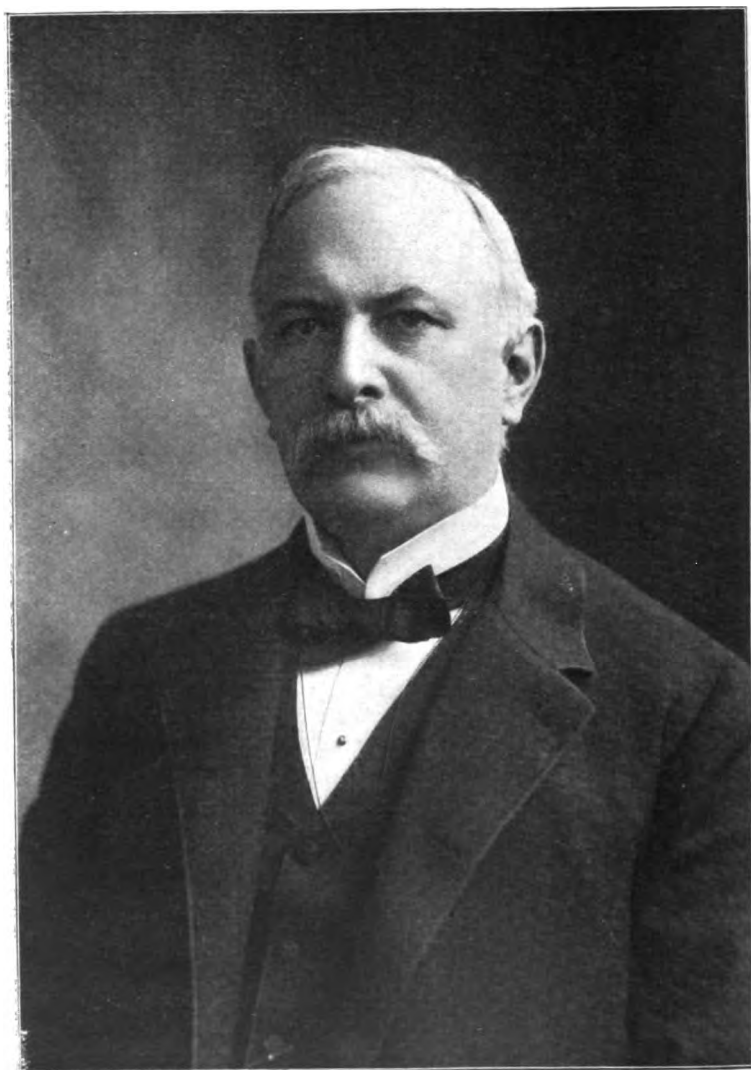
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*J. H. Traver.*

# Joseph Benson Foraker

By Hon. Warren G. Harding

Former Lieutenant Governor of Ohio



FEW men of one generation reach nation-wide distinction in the field of politics, or any other field, for that matter. Unless a man becomes a float in the presidential current, he must be really and

known politically to all parts of the United States in the past quarter of a century. Hayes, McKinley and Garfield were made National characters through presidential introduction. Ohio devotion and esteem for them were unbounded be-



WARREN G. HARDING.

truly great in order to show in the National limelight.

One can count on the fingers of one's hands the Ohioans who have become

fore the mark of presidential preference was put upon them, but it is no disparagement of any of them to say that they all measured to less than National fame

prior to the time when Republican National conventions heralded their names to every county in the Union. Senator Allen G. Thurman was rather a National



Young Foraker As "A Lincoln Wide-Awake," — Age Fourteen.

character before a National Democratic convention popularized his name in association with Grover Cleveland; but the latter, though famed in the Empire State, was unknown to the Nation until made a presidential candidate.

John Sherman was a statesman of National renown, but National familiarity with his name depended in large part upon the fact that he was thrice a conspicuous and important aspirant for Republican presidential preference. He was vastly better known than Garfield or Harrison, who were nominated over him, and ranked with Blaine in fame among his fellow countrymen.

Senator M. A. Hanna won National acquaintance in piloting William McKinley to the White House and fixed his own place in National regard by the force of his rugged personality, his common sense understanding of great public questions, and a rare individuality which suggested

a fair and square deal, though he made no pretense in that direction.

The foregoing references are made to suggest appreciation of the fact that Ohio today has a real National figure in the senior United States Senator—Joseph Benson Foraker. No present day American statesman is more widely known, save only the President himself, and Senator Foraker has attained his distinction by the force of his ability, without the introduction of presidential aspirations or an advertising literary bureau. His National eminence is founded upon the rocks of lofty American statesmanship.

One evening, a couple of years ago, I met Senator Cullom, of Illinois, in a hotel lobby in Chicago. In a discussion of men and measures the Senator said: "No use talking, you Ohioans have given us one of the really brilliant statesmen of the age. No other man has such a grasp of great



First Lieut. J. B. Foraker, 89th O. V. I. Afterward Brevet Captain, U. S. Volunteers and Aide de Camp on Staff of Major General Slocum.

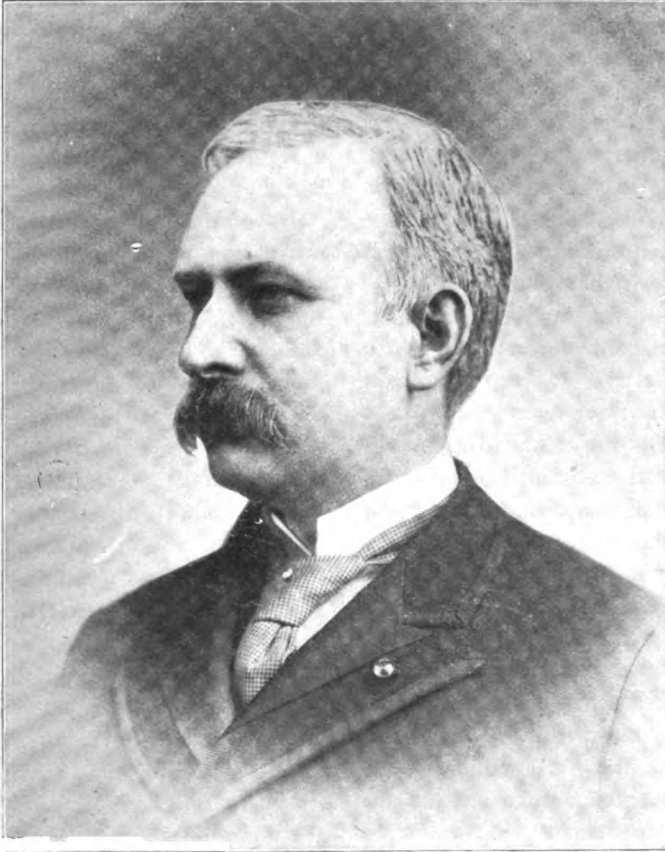
public questions as your man Foraker. No man has greater force. He is an honor to Ohio and the whole country."

One night last Autumn, "Uncle" Joe

Cannon, the great Speaker of the House, who is himself a National character highly respected and dearly beloved, came to our city of Marion and addressed a political meeting. After the speech he joined an informal company for lunch at our club. Just before leaving, he voluntarily ad-

no squarer man, no better or fairer fighter (mind you, I do not always agree with him) no man who honors the State and Nation more or renders them better service than Senator Foraker of Ohio."

That voluntary and unexpected tribute, marked by its sincerity, had an awakening



MR. FORAKER AS GOVERNOR OF OHIO., 1888.

dressed the entire company in these words:

"Boys. I don't know anything about your Ohio politics, your alliances or your factions, but this much I want to say, because it is true and deserves to be said. Of all the men in public life today—of all the brilliant statesmen shaping our American political history—there is no abler man,

effect upon a company mainly hostile to the man of whom it was spoken.

A few months later another National character came to Marion. It was Senator Benjamin F. Tillman of South Carolina, who gave us his entertaining but unimpressive view of the race problem. At the big table in the same club grill room, the eminent South Carolinian was drawn

out to give expression on contemporary measures and the men solving them.

He turned to speak of Foraker just as a tourist's guide enthuses over the lofty peak above the mountain range. "He is really a great statesman," said Mr. Tillman, "a student, a man of courage—the fairest, squarest fighter in the Senate, the property of no man or no interest, a matchless debater and one of the really big Americans of his time."

Senator Tillman went further. He said: "Foraker's vote on the Railway Rate bill was an admirable display of conscientious statesmanship. He is honest. There was many a senator hostile to the bill who was afraid to say it, but Foraker saw objections from a great lawyer's point of view, helped to cure defects and then voted as he believed. It was admirable and characteristic of the man."

These quotations are made to give fellow Ohioans, too often blinded by partisan or factional prejudice, a disinterested view of the man, gathered from knowing witnesses in the great forum of the best of American statesmanship. In the Senate, a body yet to be matched as a deliberative assembly of great men by any nation in the world, he has won his spurs, and stands today the most eminent legislator of the greater American Republic.

Here in Ohio our view-point has not, at all times, given the correct focus of the man. When we knew him more intimately he had not become the great statesman, but was rather a magnetic leader, without equipoise and the soberer reflection which mark the labors of real statecraft. He was a good governor, yet little notice was ever given his gubernatorial record, because it was in the background while the fireworks of politics distracted the popular eye. He campaigned for victory in Ohio like he fought as a young soldier for the Union, with a dash and reckless

bravery that commanded admiration, even among enemies, and the "vim, vigor and victory" campaigns will not be forgotten among Ohio Republicans, so long as any participants survive.

On the stump he is unrivaled; on the convention platform he is irresistible, in the forum the equal of any debater of the times. Not so simply convincing as Blaine, not so capable of eloquent flights as grand old General Gibson, not so smooth as the Great American Commoner, he is surer to carry his political audience than any of them.

Of no other speaker has it ever been recorded that he broke up his own meeting by the frenzy of enthusiasm that he aroused. Senator Foraker, then governor of Ohio, did that very thing at Indianapolis, in the first Harrison campaign. It is not recalled now just what he said, but those were the days of dash and daring and "vim and vigor," and after having his great audience stirred to repeated applause and approval he flashed one of his typical Republican utterances, and the unexpected came. Cheering was not enough. The shouting, admiring crowd started to march around the great hall, and the fires of enthusiasm could not be quenched. When all energy was burned, the great meeting was done—broken up unintentionally by the speaker himself.

Senator Foraker commands admiration even where he fails to convince. The Dayton State Convention of 1906 afforded a notable example. The warfare against the Federal Senators had been declared, though not in explicit terms. If Ohio Republicans were to endorse them, one leader of the opposition had said, it must, at least, be "less cordial than the endorsement given the President." There was trouble in the air. Hostile newspapers had fomented and fed new ambitions, rubbed old sores and appealed to the dis-

appointed. The chairman of the convention had attuned his keynote speech to the song of the opposition.

Then Senator Foraker was called out, informally and unexpectedly, and complied with reluctance. But the convention wanted to know what he had to say. With fine dignity and subtle irony he silenced the inharmonious notes in the keynote address and then plunged into the thick of the issues leading to threatened war, notably the failure to always agree with the President. Senator Foraker is a Republican, every inch of him. Sustained by his own conscience and secure in his knowledge, he was in no mood for apology. Part of that speech is appropriate for quotation here. Note the manhood it displays and the pride it awakens:

I have always thought it was a great honor to be a United States senator from Ohio. Why? Not because of the salary, not because of the position, but because I have always understood that when my constituency elected me, it was because they had the impression at least that I possessed the qualifications of a senator; that I had some ability and that I had good character; that I would stand hitched, did not require somebody overlooking me, and that when a great question arose I would be expected, speaking for this mighty and intelligent constituency, to bring to bear all these qualifications. I never understood that somebody was to tell me how to vote, either at that end of the line or this end of the line; especially not about great, profound constitutional questions which lawyers differ about. I thought I was to work that out and speak for you. I have pursued that policy. If that is not right; if, on the contrary, a man is to be rebuked because he exercises the qualifications with which he is possessed, *then you take all the honor away from the office, and, so far as I am concerned, you can take the office with it.*

That is good reading nowadays. It takes that spirit, that kind of manhood,

that kind of confidence and self respect, to be worthy of a place in the great Senate. It might be read as a warning against dangerous drifting, but Senator Foraker meant it only as an understanding between himself and the State which had honored him. Well, it ended the war at Dayton. The convention was his to lead as he would, and the hostile yielded to admiration. Then and there Senator Foraker might have been endorsed as Ohio's choice for the presidency, but he would not have it so. He thought the public mind not yet ready for correct expression.

To this power of speaking, Senator Foraker has the added advantage of a judicial mind for investigation, and his study is never ended. If he combined practical politics with his magnetic leadership and commanding ability, he would be the most powerful Republican of the period. He is not a great politician. At any rate, he hasn't worked much at it, in the past dozen years. He has no patience for details, no care for organization. Men who associate him with a machine have little knowledge of the real truth. The organization that followed him fifteen years ago was not of his making, though it was his to command. Today, no Federal politician is so little possessed of a machine.

The explanation is easy, and his disinclination to machine politics may be omitted in stating it. When Senator Foraker went to Washington, he was overshadowed in party management by Senator Hanna. The latter was the personal, intimate and political confidante of President McKinley and the chief dispenser of political pie. Under these conditions Foraker's path to strength and eminence lay in the field of statesmanship. He plunged into the earnest study of great questions, widened his understanding vision and ascended to a loftier plane than

political details would admit, becoming as conspicuous at Webster, Clay or Blaine.

Some of his political friends have complained, and many of his old followers have drifted away, because he secured so little from the plum tree. He did not attempt to hold the bandwagon crowd, and it was not "his kind" to hypothecate his conscience for political patronage. It weakened him politically but made secure his place among the great, constructive American statesmen. Had he been more popularly politic and less able, he might have drifted with the current, when drifting was the harmless course, and today he would have dwelt securely in the echo of approval of the President. But Senator Foraker is not that kind, and Ohio's soberer judgment would not have him so. He has many of the characteristics of the popular President. His impetuosity is a little better restrained. He is just as brave, just as honest and just as fully possessed of a mind of his own, and he has a broader knowledge of the science of government.

His successful fight on the Statehood bill was highly unselfish and disinterested. He believed in submitting a question of such vital local interest to the people concerned, and even Cannon joined the sur-render which the people have approved. That stand made Senator Foraker famous in the great Southwest. His colonial policies and stalwart Americanism have especially endeared him to the great Pacific coast. The South knows, perhaps dislikes but respects him, in a combination of his defense of the Brownsville battalion and his contention for the amendments written in the after thought of the great Civil War. The East knows him as a protectionist and expansionist, as lawyer and statesman, and admires him as he deserves, while in this Central section he is the most

conspicuous factor in the active politics which date from 1884.

It is inevitable that a career so long and so brilliant should have developed much enmity and envy. He is not a little hated, and greatly criticized by a part of the people. So conscientious has he been, so clearly has he seen from his view-point, that he has been very reluctant to believe he has crossed the popular mind. The effective working of the Elkins law, since public opinion has commanded its enforcement, is slowly proclaiming the correctness of the Senator's contention in its behalf, and he has an unalterable belief in his eventual justification in the popular estimate. Whether it comes or not, his position could not have been changed, for the man of courage is never driven out of his course by the threat of ill favor.

A couple of days prior to his departure for Washington, for the session which passed the Hepburn Rate law, I called on the Senator at his office in Cincinnati, to admonish him to make sure to be right on the pending railway legislation. To fully impress him, I ventured the prediction that the presidency depended upon it.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "It is a very big question and a very important one. I have been studying it earnestly for a couple of years, have been in the thick of the investigation. I shall proceed intelligently and honestly. I could not forfeit my self-respect, even to be president."

Admirable, wasn't it? And characteristic of the man. Such a mind and such a personality are not of the kind to be in accord with every popular whim, but the American people value conscience and admire courage; and capability and honesty never fail to command a just estimate in the long run. The public needs, honors and must retain that character of public service.

# The Fight at Culebra Cut

By Ernest Cawcroft

*The author of the present article has but recently returned to this country after a protracted and critical investigation of affairs on the Isthmus of Panama in connection with the building of the great Canal destined to join the two oceans under American auspices and control. His deductions are those of an unprejudiced and disinterested observer and will sound a note of renewed encouragement and faith to those citizens of this country who have been led to criticize the course of events on the Isthmus. The illustrations are from photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, especially designed to elucidate Mr. Cawcroft's description of Culebra Cut as the key to the Canal enterprise. In connection with them it is gratifying to note that a large number of the great machines employed in the vast work of excavation at Culebra were manufactured in the State of Ohio.*



CULEBRA CUT is the genesis of every problem that stands between the success or failure of the Yankee effort to connect the waters of the Atlantic with the tides of the Pacific. It is true, indeed, that there is a new difficulty for every day in the week that work progresses over the line of the Isthmian Canal; but with every rising sun there confronts the Commission, the engineers and the steam-shovel men, the one patent, tremendous problem of slowly but persistently and surely removing the mountain of dirt which separates the two oceans. Extending from far below the site known as Empire to a point beyond Gold Hill, there is that portion of the Isthmian Canal known as the Culebra Division, which involves the very heart and typifies the very nature of every difficulty presented to the men seeking to unite the two oceans. Wandering over the fifty mile route of the Panama Canal, walking here and there through portions of the tropical jungle which smacks of malarial disease, and moving along the Panama Railroad down into the ditches through the switches which branch out in every direction from the main line, one inevitably reaches the conclusion that a designing Providence created that mountain of dirt now known as Culebra Cut for the purpose of pre-

senting a supreme test to the white man's constructive civilization of the twentieth century.

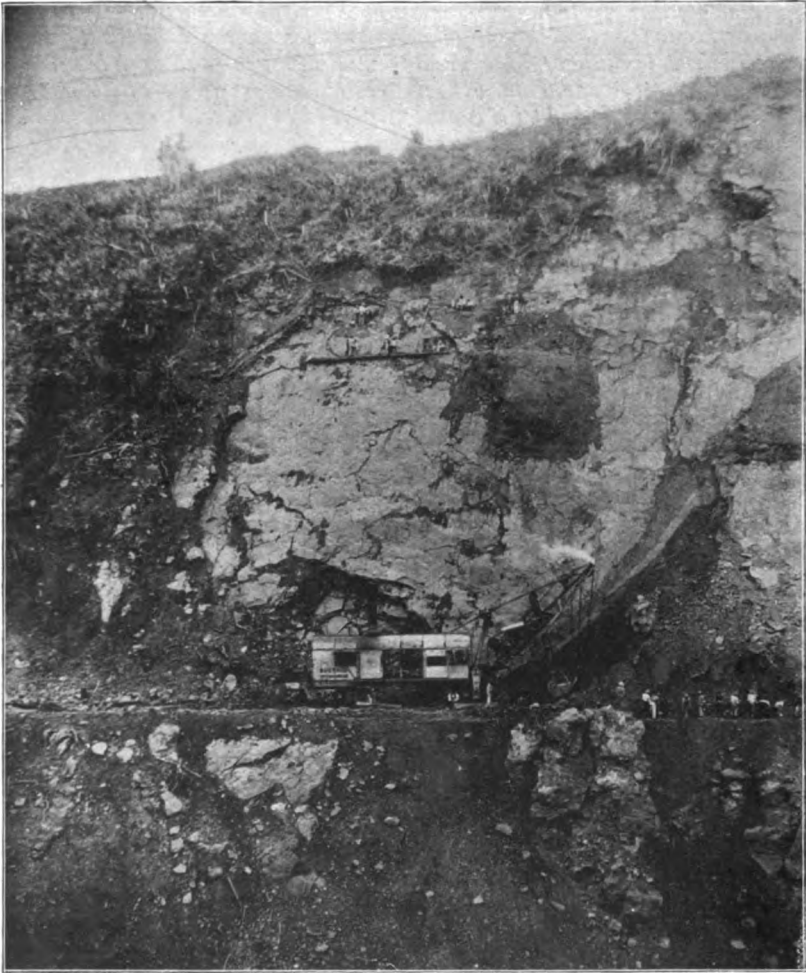
Down on the Isthmus all roads lead to Culebra Cut. That is coming to be understood in this country as it is accepted as a fact on the Isthmus of Panama. The man from Colon asks his friend from Gatun as they meet on the Panama Railroad train: "What is doing on the L  ne today?"—and both understand that the extent of the day's operations in Culebra Cut is the concrete answer to the question. Query a friend on the Isthmus as to when the Canal will be completed, and he seeks as the basis of his calculations the latest figures as to the daily excavation of dirt in the Cut. Then when a yellow journalist, having observed canal operations from the other side of the hill while aboard a railroad train, intimates to his countrymen that no definite constructive progress is being made, the Chief Engineer cables to Washington the laconic answer: "Eight hundred thousand cubic yards of earth were taken out of Culebra Cut during the past thirty days."

As a matter of fact this common measure of constructive achievement is in accordance with the conclusions of engineers on both sides of the water. Whether one favors the sea level or lock type of canal, it has been accepted as a fact that the



mountain of dirt in the interior of the Isthmus must be mastered. The French, stimulated by their success in building the Suez with inefficient labor and without modern machinery, sought the elimination of Culebra to such an extent that it would be possible to send ships through the water way at sea level. Sobered by their fail-

Culebra Cut is being besieged by the best brains and the hardest brawn of America. History will record that the fight at Culebra was one of the great battles of the Twentieth century. It is an inspiration, an incentive to patriotism, to traverse the region of this engineering conflict with Nature. Not until one has



AN OHIO STEAM SHOVEL WORKING ON THE SIDE OF CULEBRA CUT.

ure and desirous of having the most practical waterway in a minimum amount of time, the American engineers are seeking such a lowering of the Culebra hills as will furnish the grade for a canal of the lock type. This, then, is the task which taxes the faith, the skill, the genius and the energy of the Western World.

toured the canal route between Bas Obispo and Gold Hill does he fully appreciate the pivotal nature of the fight that is being waged at Culebra. Discoverers and adventurers for generations clung to the notion that there was an undiscovered pass, like the Yukon, through the Isthmian jungle, which would afford passage to the



CULEBRA CUT LOOKING SOUTH.

ships of the world. Modern topographical surveys, however, dissipated the dreams of the Spaniard and the Italian; and to-day engineering science is not seeking a natural passage, but it is bending its skill to the task of creating an artificial route through the inevitable barrier which lies between the two oceans.

It is interesting, indeed, to take a glance at this Isthmian seat of war, both because its importance is still unappreciated by the layman and because of the fact that every day of construction affords a newer view and gives added interest to the battle for the conquest of Culebra Cut. Though you take your school map of Central America, it will not reveal the natural barriers to the unity of the two oceans, which exist in that region over which your finger passes between Colon and the City of Panama on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. The arm-bended Isthmus renders necessary the construction of the Canal from north to south. In the interior of the Isthmus one finds a land of malaria, tropical jungle, hills, uncontrollable rivers and rising lakes. It is the plan of construction to utilize these obstacles in the service of the waterway.

As the tourist approaches the swamp

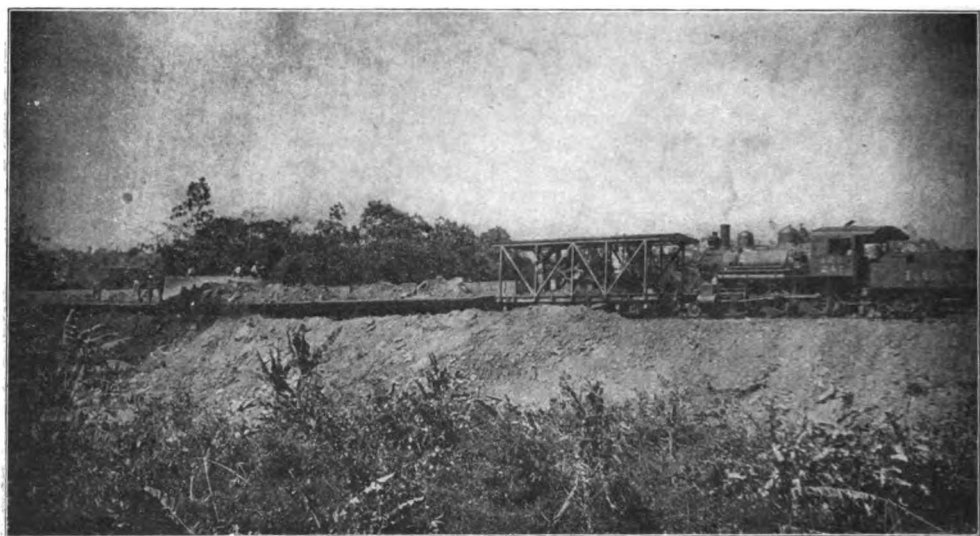
shores of Colon, little does he realize that a few miles inland there are barriers and obstacles which are taxing the engineering ingenuity of the age. The interior of the Isthmus is the particular region of rivers and hills called mountains. The Chagres river flows through the center of that region on the way to the Atlantic, and that is one of the natural keys to the situation. Six miles inland from Colon the tourist finds, as the topographical map reveals, rising ground surrounding the valley of the Chagres. Here we approach the first pivotal point in the canal construction and one which must be borne in mind in understanding the incentive to the fight at Culebra. There at Gatun, the site six miles inland from the Atlantic-washed Colon, preparations are being made for the construction of a gigantic dam upwards of a mile in length, and with sufficient breadth to control the Chagres between the mile apart hills which make the river valley at that point.

Once this dam is constructed and closed, followed by the rising waters of the Chagres during the rainy season, the creation of an inland lake follows. The inland lake produced by the damming of the Chagres at Gatun will overflow many of the exist-

ing native villages, and, with a width varying from one to five miles, it will render necessary the relocation of the Panama Railroad on higher ground on the opposite bank of the waterway. Affording a lake-channel forty-five feet in depth and only limited in its width by the elevating of ground which the river fails to overflow, the Gatun Dam will force the water back over twenty-five miles to a point in the vicinity of the settlement known as Bas Obispo. This inland lake will flood the intervening jungle, overflow the minor elevations between the points indicated and will allow a fleet of ships to pass at

ing problem presented by Nature and emphasized by the very fact that the creation of this inland lake eliminates the necessity of constructing many miles of ordinary canal channels.

The reader will more readily appreciate the nature of this engineering battle by not making the common mistake of assuming that the attack upon Culebra Cut is confined to an effort to remove one high but narrow strip of mountainous country. As a matter of fact the height of natural ground which blocks the movement of the water of the canal towards the Pacific extends from Bas Obispo to Paraiso. That



TRAIN UNLOADING DIRT FROM THE CANAL.

oceanic speed through the interior of the Isthmus, thus obviating the trite objection to a lock canal, to the effect that such a locked prism retards the speedy movement of ships.

Thirty miles from Colon and some twenty-five miles from Gatun, the lake-channel narrows, the ground rises to a point which the torrents of the Chagres cannot overflow even in the rainy season, and the artificial lake is thus barred by a nine mile hill of rock and dirt; and thus there is presented to the engineers the problem of piercing this mountain as the only means of enabling ships to reach the Pacific ocean. Here, then, is the engineer-

nine mile strip of elevated country between Bas Obispo and Paraiso includes such communities as Las Cascadas, Empire, Culebra and other settlements, which are arising with the rapidity of shanties along a Western railroad extension. The ground in this nine mile strip varies between 250 and 334 feet above sea level. There are those who have wondered whether, apart from the tropical weather, the difficulties of overcoming the engineering obstacles of Culebra Cut were not overestimated; but when it is remembered that this nine mile strip, varying from 250 feet to the top of Gold Hill above Culebra station, is composed of rock, slime, gravel

and tropical dirt; when it is borne in mind that the existing prism of this canal is subject to frequent land-slides; and when it is considered that this region is washed by a torrential rain-fall which exceeds twelve feet yearly, some realization of the difficulties presented will be possible.

This is an engineering fight, a battle of brains and brawn, that is worthy the best mettle of the country. The success of this mighty effort to reduce this nine mile elevated strip to a forty foot level above the line of the sea, involves the blasting, the boring, the shovelling and the effective removal of over fifty million cubic yards of rock and earth. The plans for the completed canal call for an excavation of over one hundred million cubic yards; and as the removal of over one-half that amount in the Culebra Division is under more difficult circumstances than surround the remainder of the project, it follows that the definite progress of the work at Culebra and vicinity has necessitated a perfection of organization, an efficiency of labor and a keenness of direction not hitherto equalled even in the modern engineering World..

The writer will not and cannot soon forget the hot, tropical day that he wended his way over the hill from Empire station to obtain his first view of Culebra, which is of such pivotal importance to the commerce and naval strategy of the world. As he ascended the knoll of the hill at Empire, he found in the distance his first glimpse of the practical besieging of Culebra Cut. One might have inferred, indeed, that a great battle was in progress. Looking westerly through the artificial valley already excavated, between the point of vision and the towering pinnacle of Gold Hill, the writer observed the operations of fifty steam shovels, built in Pittsburg, Marion, Ohio, and other Ohio cities. He heard the "puff", "puff", "puff" from as many smoke stacks as the shovels gripped the masses of dirt ahead and the crane-men turned the arms of the shovels to the dirt trains on the adjacent tracks. While he saw on one side the operations of the massive seventy and ninety-five ton shovels, he observed on the other the persistent work of the men in charge of the drills preparing the solid rock for an insertion of dynamite. Between watch-

ing the steam shovels and dodging the passing dirt trains, the tourist had a busy time evading the charges of dynamite which explode six at a time through a battery of wires.

Organization and system are the key-notes of the campaign that is being waged for the demolition of Culebra. Those who are familiar with the history of the Panama Canal project are aware of the credit given to the French both for the excellence of their engineering organization and the extent of their excavation while directing affairs on the Isthmus, despite the wide-spread evidences of graft. It is not necessary to reflect upon the efforts of the French in order to properly commend the superiority of the existing endeavor; but while the excavation under the De Lesseps regime was considerable as measured in cubic yards of surface, the mere enumeration of figures in comparison with those credited to the existing organization is not fair to the latter. It is one thing to blast and shovel a million cubic yards out of Culebra, but it is another problem to so place the excavation that it will be out of the way for all time, or so place the material that it will protect the canal channel on the lowlands of the eastern portion of the waterway. Then, again, it is one thing to remove that million cubic yards, and it is quite another to so protect the excavated portion that it will not be necessary to repeat the operation. Those who walk through portions of the Cut will witness a sight that convinces them of the superiority of the American endeavor as compared with the futile efforts of the French—evidences of which are to be found in so many places along the route. The French seemingly thought nothing of excavating a large hole, calculated to impress visiting stockholders, and then abandoning it for work on other portions of the canal. What, then, was the result of such operations? While the total French excavation was relatively large, measured from the standpoint of permanent results it was small. Let it be said in honor of the Americans, who, during two years of obloquy and criticism, insisted on perfecting a system before commencing actual constructive work on a large scale, that today every effort of the

steam shovels is followed by results. A walk through Culebra will convince any fair-minded man of that fact; it will assure him that as the Cut is the supreme problem of the waterway, so its certain demolition fortells the definite completion of the enterprise.

President Roosevelt manifested supreme wisdom in insisting on the selection of this canal route, which was already traversed by a railroad through the tropical jungle. The investigator at Culebra, as on other portions of the ditch, is impressed with the fact at the outset that the railroad is the key to the situation, both from an engineering and sanitary standpoint. How many people appreciate the extent of the system and the part that the railroad plays in the effective attack upon Culebra Cut? This canal cannot be constructed upon a trunk sewer plan. All of us have intelligent friends who seem to think it is only necessary to excavate and throw the dirt along the banks of the waterway. But as the tourist obtains his first view of the Cut at Empire, he observes that the rapidity with which the dirt trains are enabled to move out is the measure of the day's achievement. Through this region, in order to assure a prism of definite width, it has been found necessary to increase the width from time to time as one land-slide follows another; and while that increases the total amount of excavation, it renders possible the placing of tracks one above another to accommodate the dirt trains.

As the observer moves down the incline and gradually works his way into the Cut, the impressive thing which strikes the vision is the dirt trains, one tier above another, like the seats of a theatre. It was the plan, and in that the men have succeeded, to work along one level, reducing the strip of hill ahead to a common plain. Then a track is placed on the next level, with a parallel track to accommodate the dirt trains, and the steam shovel gradually works its way ahead again to the end of the Cut. One tier above another, one shovel ahead of another, this operation is commenced, finished and renewed, from week to week. Fifty of these shovels at work, aided by the preliminary work of the drills and blasts, facilitates the loading and moving of four thousand cars of

dirt out of the nine mile strip during each working day.

But not until one's Yankee blood has surged with pride, as he observes the operations in the Cut, can he appreciate the nature and extent of the system which enables men under a tropical sun to excavate and dispose of four thousand car loads in the course of every working day of the month. In the first place, it was necessary to secure rails from Pittsburg to double-track the Panama Railroad; economy warranted the purchase of the largest possible dirt cars to supplant the dinky carriages of the French; then it was necessary to purchase, ship and assemble on the Isthmus over two hundred large engines. Having made adequate preparations for the removal of the dirt, orders were placed for steam shovels aggregating one hundred in number. The operations of these shovels, coupled with the completeness of the system devised in moving dirt trains to dumps down the Line, are responsible for the excavation of the four thousand car loads during each working day. A train of fifteen cars is loaded by steam shovel; immediately it pulls out to a prearranged dump, and another train appears to keep the shovel in operation. The dirt trains are unloaded by a plow-like machine, which passes along the cars and effectively shoves the dirt into the jungle below. Soon the train reappears from a possible ten mile trip, and this operation is resumed from day to day.

But this is not the end of the system which has been devised in the attacking of Culebra. There are tracks to be placed from the Cut to the various dumps, and switches to be shifted from time to time, to keep pace with the progress of the work. Down in the Cut it is necessary to supply fifty steam shovels with water and along the tracks run the pipes carrying the water from the hills; then there is a telephone and telegraph system which facilitates the safe and speedy movement of the several dirt trains. Culebra Cut, then, is simply an engineering battlefield—a site where the drills, the blasts, the steam shovels and the ceaseless movement of dirt trains, represent the charge and fire, the fire and re-charge of a vast army of skilled men.

Certainly the figures bear out the conclusions of the eye-witness; the statistics demonstrate that with the passing of each month the increased efficiency of men and machines attacking Culebra is evidence of definite progress. During the month of July, 1904, 31,000 cubic yards of dirt were excavated at Culebra Cut; one year later the monthly excavation was upwards of 80,000 cubic yards; and during the twenty-six days of July, 1906, 157,000 cubic yards were removed from the nine mile strip. It is worthy of notice that on the fourteenth day of March of the present year the daily excavation was greater than the amount shovelled out during the first month of July cited. In other words, in about three years, an organization has been created, two thousand miles from the base of supplies, which will take more dirt out of the Cut in a day than the previous monthly records. The present monthly excavation varies between six and eight hundred thousand cubic yards; and with the passing of the rainy season a million cubic yards a month will be the assured excavation record of the Culebra Army.

But back of this record of monthly excavation, and as a preliminary condition essential to the present efficiency of the Culebra Army, is the story of the conquest of the Isthmian jungle. The world marvelled when the sanitary department of the Japanese Army foresaw every menace to the health of the Emperor's troops, as the little men marched over the colder fields of Manchuria; but history will record that the department which made it possible for efficient white men to work under wholesome conditions on the disease-producing, tropical Isthmus performed a feat without parallel in history, and one which renders possible the besieging of Culebra to-day.

It must be understood that the excellent work of the sanitary department is the basis of every achievement on the Isthmus. Four years ago the Department was confronted with the problem of creating a Northern civilization amidst a tropical, Latin environment. How the French neglected this necessary feature, only to write their record in blood, and how every sailor dreaded the Isthmus as he would a pest-

house, the world knows. Thanks to the persistence of the Sanitary Department to-day, Colon has risen above the swamps; yellow fever has not stalked through the alleys of Old Aspinwall in twelve months; the degenerate natives have been compelled to clean their yards, and the Department has not been backward about fumigating or destroying properties which menaced the health of the workers at the very door-way of the Isthmus. Throughout the interior of the Isthmus the work proceeds from day to day. The tropical jungle has been and is being cut down or burned from week to week; stagnant pools of water have been drained and mosquitoes have become a rarity; the dozen or more canal communities have been supplied by individual reservoirs, and with improved roads the Federal Government has made an effort to lessen the chances of infection through workers being compelled to travel the malarial swamps.

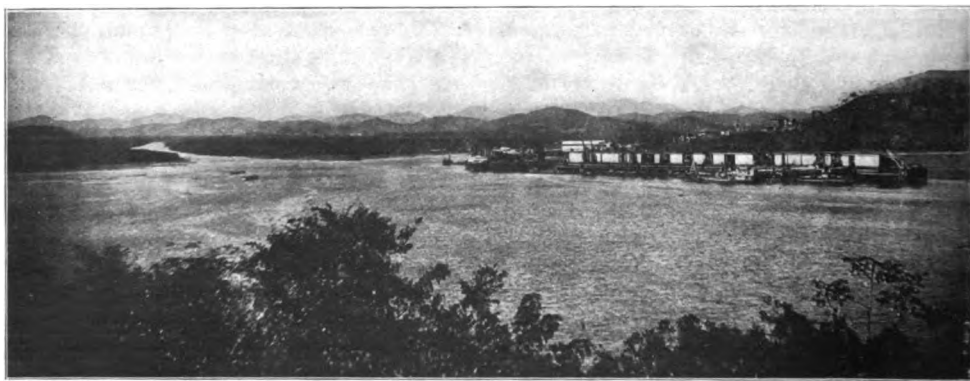
Not content with improving the highways, controlling the swamps, subduing the jungle and furnishing water and ice, the Government has been successful in creating a chain of improved communities, acting upon the theory that wholesome living conditions are essential to efficient labor. The community, from which affairs are directed at Culebra, is typical of the twelve or more Yankee towns on the Isthmus. While in the majority of cases, settlements exist at these points, the Government has followed the plan of selecting a new site on higher ground for building the employee's community. Thus way above the Cut, situated in the most healthful spot to be found between Bas Obispo and Paraiso, the tourist observes the Commission Headquarters, the hospital, the recently opened Y. M. C. A., the apartments for unmarried men and the individual houses for employees with families. These family houses are constructed with broad verandas surrounding every side. These houses, being always screened, afford a sitting room for the men after working hours; and the wide, covered verandas also prevent the heat from reaching the walls of the house.

Theoretically, every unmarried man is entitled to one square foot of space in quarters for every dollar in gold that he

receives as wages during a month; and while many of the steam shovel men receiving two hundred and ten dollars a month, are inclined to complain that they do not secure their full quota, it is imagined that they will worry along while the Government every day erects additional headquarters for the white employees. Then individual homes are provided for the white men who bring their wives to the Isthmus, and experience shows that where the women are on hand to do some old-fashioned Yankee cooking the men are more contented and healthy. In fact, every wife who joins her husband on the Isthmus increases the efficiency of the Culebra Army proportionately. For the married men the Government provides houses, water, light and ice, while for the single men it cooks a meal and arouses a kick from one end of the Isthmus to the other. There are many vexatious features of life on the Isthmus; but when one considers that those causes of complaint do not relate to the wholesomeness of life along the Line, the wonder over the excellence of the engineering and sanitary organization increases.

While the Spaniard, the Italian and the native and Jamaican negroes are doing much of the routine work of the waterway, the five thousand American men employed are the brains of the project, and they are the picked men of the Republic. Mechanics, electricians, engineers and steam shovel men—these men must come with the recommendations of their employers during the previous two years; their character must be above question, and their mental and physical capacity is a matter for rigorous examination both before leaving and after arriving on the Isthmus. These men are instructed to give detailed attention to everything pertaining to their health; and the fight that this highly organized, efficient army is making at Culebra means much for the future potential capacity of these men who will win the battle before returning to their specialized pursuits in this country. To have survived the fight at Culebra Cut will assure any man a position in the line of construction work during the decade which will follow the completion of the waterway.

A little faith and steam shovels will remove mountains.



PACIFIC ENTRANCE TO THE PANAMA CANAL.

# An Old Regiment of Regulars

By C. B. Hodges

Second Lieutenant, Fourth U. S. Infantry

*Lieutenant Hodges turns back to some rare pages of American history—and especially of the history of Ohio—in the present article. The remarkable career of the Fourth United States Infantry, from Revolutionary time to the present, is here set forth with fidelity to the facts of a record that not only includes the Revolutionary period but the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Indian wars subsequent thereto and the Spanish-American War. The distinguished service of "The Old Fourth" for a hundred and fifteen years is here succinctly related for the first time in print. The value and interest of the narrative must be apparent to the most casual reader.*



ONE hundred and fourteen years ago a small village of log cabins, clustered around the protecting walls of a rude but staunch log fort on the banks of the stately Ohio, was the scene of much activity. Troops were arriving. They came in boats from a camp up the river some twenty odd miles below Pittsburgh, where their organization had recently been completed; and this village, nestling in an amphitheatre of majestic forest-clad hills, was their first station. The troops were the Legion of the United States, commanded by Major-General Anthony Wayne, and the "Fourth United States Infantry" was present as the "Infantry of the Fourth Sub-Legion." The group of cabins was Cincinnati, then nearly five years old, and Fort Washington, the rude log structure, was the military center of the Ohio valley.

With this new army of regular soldiers came to the pioneers of the Great Northwest hope for protection and freedom from the bloody tomahawk and the cruel scalping-knife of the war-like Indian. For at that time the beautiful and prosperous territory now comprising the State of Ohio was a wilderness, the home of many tribes of these savage red men. The lives of the settlers were in constant jeopardy, and we are told that "around many a prisoner had been kindled his fiery sepulchre."

Generals Harmer and St. Clair had conducted unsuccessful campaigns against the Indians, and their failures were largely due to insufficient forces. The aggressions of the British on the north, their treacherous conduct in supplying arms and ammunition to the Indians and inciting them to deeds of violence and hostility against the American settlers, made it imperative that the military force of the United States be increased. Accordingly, by Act of March 5, 1792, Congress authorized the raising of three additional regiments of infantry and the completion of the two regiments then in service. The President was authorized to organize these forces as he should judge expedient, and as a result of this legislation the Legion was formed and subdivided into four parts, the present-day "Fourth Regiment of Infantry" having its first organization as the "Infantry of the Fourth Sub-Legion." As a part of General Wayne's army, the early history of this regiment forms a part of the history of Ohio, and its services in the State from 1792 to 1796 did their part to make possible the Ohio poet's song:

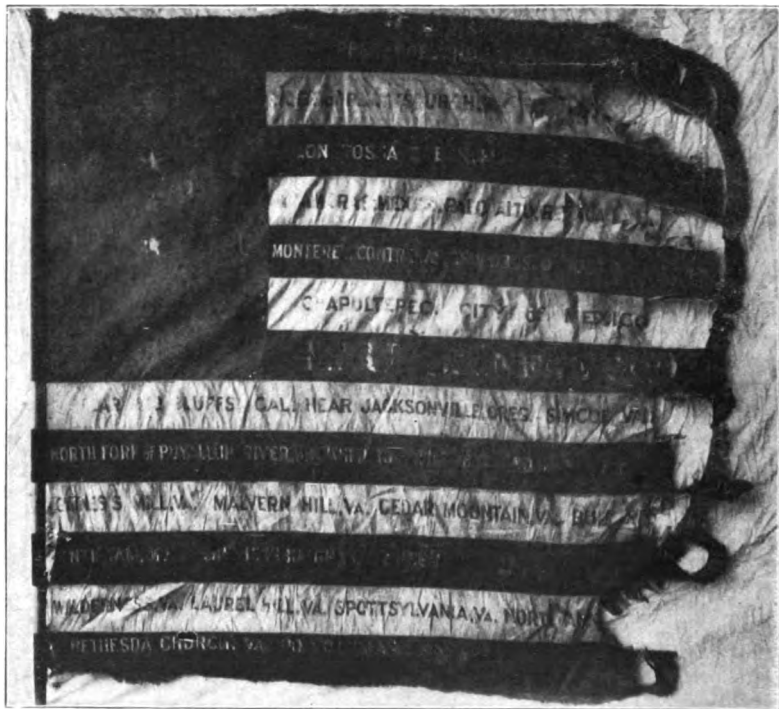
Rich fields and gardens from the desert won,  
And flowery plains in happy stillness lie;  
And steeples glitter in the noon-day sun,  
Where erst the Indian hurled his feathered  
shaft on high.

The selection of Major-General Wayne to command the army was extremely for-



tunate. In his "Winning of the West," President Roosevelt says of him: "He felt very keenly the delight in the actual shock of battle which the most famous generals have possessed. He gloried in excitement and danger and shone at his best when the stress was sorest; and because of his magnificent courage his soldiers had affectionately christened him 'Mad Anthony'. But his head was as cool as his heart was stout."

With the details of Wayne's expedition most Ohioans are more or less familiar, and we will therefore only sketch them briefly. The Legion reached Cincinnati in April, 1793, and, due to the high state of the river, had some difficulty in landing. The quartermaster reported to his commander that the only suitable place he could find for a camp was on an elevation between Fort Washington and Mill Creek. "Then," replied the General,



AN OLD COLOR OF THE FOURTH INFANTRY.

The names of many battles participated in by the Regiment are emblazoned on its victorious banner.

Such a man was the "Old Fourth's" first Commanding General. He accepted command of the army with the express stipulation that he should not be required to commence his campaign until his ranks were full and his men properly trained and disciplined. The soundness of this judgment is evidenced by his victorious war, concluding with the treaty of Greenville, while his predecessors, with partially the same material for an army, had met with disastrous defeat.

"we have 'Hobson's choice' and must take it"; and to this day the site of that camp (about where the present gas works of Cincinnati are located) is sometimes called "Hobson's choice." Drills were frequent and the discipline strict. Many men deserted, and the percentage of sick was large. But the new forces were being moulded into an efficient army. In the fall the camp was moved to a point about eighty miles to the north, the First and Fourth Sub-Legions under General Wayne

preceding, followed by the remainder of the army. This camp was named Greenville, in honor of General Greene of the Revolution; it was reached on October 13th, the march having commenced on the 7th. Much attention was given to drill and instruction in the use of the rifle, saber and bayonet. Wayne was a great believer in "cold steel," but did not neglect his fire arms. He inaugurated a system of target practice, and it was said that his

quently came to his aid to prevent suffering from hunger. The regulars were joined by a considerable force of Kentucky volunteers in the summer of 1794..

The British had in 1794 constructed a fort at the head of the Miami of the Lake, and from this advanced and threatened position continued to actively aid the Indians with supplies and to encourage them in their depredations and resistance to the American forces. The hostile towns of the Indians began below his fort and extended up the river to its junction with the Auglaize. Toward the latter part of July, Wayne set out toward these hostile towns and reached the junction of the rivers on August 8th. The Indians being surprised fled down the river, and the Americans constructed Fort Defiance, a week being spent at the task.

From here General Wayne made a final effort to secure peace with the Indians, but to no avail; and on the 20th day of August he moved down the river, and the battle of "Fallen Timbers", or "The Maumee of the Lake" was fought, within pistol shot of the British fort. The whites lost 33 killed and 100 wounded, the Indians twice those numbers; it was a complete victory for Wayne's army. Captain Henry de Butts, 4th Sub-Legion, first Aide-de-Camp to General Wayne, was among those especially mentioned as distinguished in this battle. The savages were pursued to the very walls of the British fort, which called forth a protest from its commander. Wayne called on him to evacuate the position, which was refused, and, fearing to attack so strong a work with his small army, the General had everything destroyed up to the walls of the fort and then marched his army back to Fort Defiance. Here they stayed for about two weeks, and on the 14th of September marched westward, four days later arriving at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's rivers. The hostile Indian towns thereabout were destroyed. Six weeks were spent here, and Fort Wayne was built by the soldiers. A garrison of regulars was left to hold it, and the remainder of the Legion (the term of service of the volunteers had previously expired) marched back to their old camp at Greenville, reaching it early in Novem-



MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

While in Command of the Legion of the United States, including "The Old Fourth," Gen. Wayne fought the Campaign which ended in the Treaty of Greenville and brought peace with the Indians in Ohio.

riflemen were as skillful as the Tennessee hunters, whose marksmanship was universally recognized as most excellent. Near the close of the year 1793, a detachment sent out from the camp at Greenville constructed Fort Recovery at the place where General St. Clair had been defeated in 1791.

The troops were supplied by pack train from Cincinnati, and were on short rations much of the time. Lieutenant William Clark, who afterwards became famous as a result of his part in the Lewis and Clark Expedition to the then little known Pacific Coast, wrote that his rifle fre-

ber. There they spent the Winter, and the following year, 1795, in August, the treaty with the Indians was ratified.

The distinguished author of "The Winning of the West" says: "Wayne had shown himself the best general ever sent to war with the Northwestern Indians; and his victorious campaign was the most noteworthy ever carried on against them, for it brought about the first lasting peace



GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

From a presentation photograph in the possession of Mrs. S. M. Welch. After his graduation at West Point in 1843 and prior to the Civil War, Gen. Grant served as Bvt. 2d Lieut., 2d Lieut., 1st Lieut., and Captain in the "Old Fourth", U. S. Infantry.

on the border and put an end to the bloody turmoil of forty years' fighting. It was one of the most striking and weighty feats in the winning of the West."

In all these operations the Fourth Sub-Legion bore an honorable part, and the campaign is here sketched as a whole because it is impossible to separate the service of any one of the Four Sub-Legions from that of the other troops engaged.

Another of the Nation's Chief Execu-

tives, Ohio's first President, in a speech at Cincinnati in 1835, said: " \* \* \* The names of these distinguished men \* \* \* (Wayne and others) \* \* \* will be cherished by each succeeding generation of their grateful countrymen. But there is another, and much more numerous class of patriots who have experienced nothing but ingratitude and neglect from the country which they so long, faithfully, and successfully served.\* I allude to the subordinate officers, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regular army, by whose patient fortitude and daring valor the War of the Revolution was brought to a close by the victory of the Miami of the Lake, twelve years after it was virtually closed in the Atlantic States by the surrender of the British at York in Virginia. Will it be deemed that the war in the west \* \* \* was not a continuation of that which established our independence? It is true there was not open war with Great Britain after the peace of 1783. But the war was continued by the Allies whom she had called to her assistance, and over whom she exercised control. Until the year 1794, the assistance furnished the Indians by the British authorities extended no further than the supplies (arms and ammunition) I have mentioned. But in that year more effective aid was given them. The fort at Detroit was found too remote from the scene of action. A strong regular fort was therefore built in the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake, sixty miles within our acknowledged limits. From this depot not only were arms and ammunition issued to the Indians, but provisions also, without which they could not have embodied. Nor was this all. In the month of June, the Indian army, which marched from Fort Miamis to attack the army of the United States, was accompanied by a British captain and some artillerists. \* \* \* And in the general action of the 20th of August following, two complete companies of Canadian militia acted as auxiliaries to the Indians forces. If these facts are true, and I aver them to be so, the sol-

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\* Gen. Harrison was arguing for the granting of bounties and pensions to the men who fought in the Western wars, many of whom had settled in the Ohio country.

diers who composed the armies which were engaged in the Western Wars until the peace of Greenville in 1795, are as much entitled to the bounty of their countrymen as those who had only served in the Atlantic States. "There would be no difficulty in proving that the services and sufferings of the former were greater than those of the latter."

General Harrison's statements, while perhaps a little overdrawn, due to his en-



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Ohio's third son to attain the highest rank in the U. S. Army. He was both Second and First Lieutenant in the "Old Fourth" Infantry.

thusiasm, are in the main correct and can not be questioned. And while this campaign of General Wayne's can not be called a part of the Revolutionary War proper, it was indeed a glorious one and very far reaching in its effect. The Fourth Infantry feels that it has a right to be justly proud of having been a part of the army of "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and there are no brighter pages in the history of the Regiment than those which chronicle its share in the conquest of the Ohio country from the allies of the English, the savage Indians.

In 1796 the legionary organization was abandoned, and four regiments of infantry formed. During the next few years many changes took place in the military establishment, and in 1802 the army was reduced to only two regiments of infantry, the Fourth being disbanded. Due to the unsettled condition of our international relations in 1808, the army was again increased, and the Fourth Infantry was reorganized and stationed in the New England States. In the Spring of 1811 it was ordered to concentrate at Philadelphia and before the Summer was passed the Regiment, in compliance with War Department orders, was again on its way down the Ohio to Cincinnati, its first station and the scene of the beginning of its first active campaign. Camp was made on the Kentucky side of the river, on the site of Newport Barracks, until August, when Colonel Boyd, the regimental commander, was ordered to proceed with his troops to Vincennes, Indiana, and report to Governor William Henry Harrison, who had been appointed a Brigadier-General. Under his command the Fourth Infantry, with a company of the Seventh, a company of riflemen and a force of volunteers, on November 7th fought the famous battle of Tippecanoe. The loss was heavy on both sides, but the Indians, commanded by the Prophet, Tecumseh's brother, were driven from the hard-fought field. The Regiment, which was about 300 strong, lost 77 of the 188 Americans killed and wounded. Its conduct was highly praised by General Harrison, and many of its officers were especially mentioned. "The Fourth that Fought at Tippecanoe" (a sobriquet by which the Regiment was known for many years afterwards) by its gallantry in action against the painted warriors of Tecumseh's crafty brother, did much to make its commanding general in that celebrated fight Ohio's First President.

The Regiment returned to Cincinnati and from there marched north across the State of Ohio, joining the army of General Hull at Urbana, and with it continuing northward on a hard march through the forests to Detroit. War had been declared against Great Britain, and on July

12th, 1812, the army crossed into Canada.

The story of General Hull's cowardice and base surrender of his army is too well known to necessitate repetition. But the Fourth Infantry had one opportunity to add to its laurels before suffering the humiliation of Hull's cowardly act. Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, Fourth Infantry, with his Regiment, to which a few other detachments were added, was ordered to move against the British and Indians below Detroit, and endeavor to bring in sup-



Monument Marking the Site of Fort Washington, Cincinnati.

plies for the army, a small force of volunteers sent on this duty having been surprised and routed. On the 9th day of August Colonel Miller's force was attacked from ambush by a strong force of British, Canadians and Indians. A hot fight ensued, and the allied forces were routed, the Canadians and British being the first to flee, followed closely by the Indians. In this battle the latter were commanded by the celebrated Tecumseh whose brother, The Prophet, had waged unsuccessful conflict against the "Old Fourth" at Tippecanoe. Of Colonel Miller's seventy-five killed and wounded fifty-eight were from the Fourth Infantry. They left 40 of the enemy dead upon the field, and their chief, Tecumseh, was wounded.

The victorious Americans were not al-

lowed to pursue their vanquished and fleeing foes, but were peremptorily ordered to return to Detroit, where one week later, with his army in good spirits and prepared to stubbornly resist the enemy, Hull ordered a retreat within the walls of the fort, the infuriated troops reluctantly obeying. Without consultation with any of his officers, Hull hoisted a white flag and surrendered without resistance. He was tried by general court-martial, and sentenced "to be shot dead, and to have his name stricken from the rolls of the Army." The President mitigated the sentence of death, and ordered that "the rolls of the Army are no longer to be debased by having upon them the name of Brigadier-General Hull." Many writers of the present day attempt to excuse General Hull's conduct on the ground that it was due to "imbecility of age", fear of injury to the population of the town, etc., and some go so far as to say that he has been completely vindicated. But for the military commander who hoists the white flag before resisting to the utmost, there can be no vindication.

An account of the service of the Regiment, after reorganization subsequent to the War of 1812, forms a long and extremely interesting story. It has been engaged in Indian wars from the everglades of Florida to the plains and mountains of Oregon and Washington.

The Fourth formed a part of the Army first concentrated on the western frontier of Louisiana under General Zachary Taylor, who had been one of the Regiment's Lieutenant-Colonels; participated in every important battle, save one, from the Rio Grande to the City of Mexico, and saw the Stars and Stripes hoisted above the "halls of the Montezumas." In the U. S. Mail Ship *Ohio*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Schenck, U. S. N., a native of the State for which his ship was named, all except two companies of the Regiment sailed from New York for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama in the fifties. The other two companies went by way of Cape Horn, stopping at Robinson Crusoe's Island en route. The difficulties met and overcome by Brevet-Captain U. S. Grant, Fourth Infantry, Regimental Quartermaster, in the crossing

of the Isthmus, were many and great. Cholera and fever developed among the troops before they reached the Pacific Coast, and on board the vessels after they had embarked from Panama for San Francisco, the total of deaths from these diseases being one officer and 106 enlisted men.

From its stations scattered along the Pacific Coast from the Gulf of California to Puget Sound, the Regiment was hurried east for the Civil War and formed a part of the Regular Brigade, Army of the Potomac, during the greater part of that conflict.

Much time on the western frontier and participation in the Indian campaigns characterized the service of the Fourth Infantry during the thirty-odd years following the War of Secession.

The year 1898 found the gallant old Regiment again on the firing line, at Santiago; and the first American transport, the *Grant*, that bore United States troops through the Straits of Gibraltar en route to the distant Philippines, carried on board the Fourth Infantry, the first part of our land forces to carry its colors into Mediterranean waters. The greater part of the time since the eventful days of '99 have been spent by the Regiment amidst varying scenes of war and peace, beneath the tropic sun of the Philippine Islands.

It has been the good fortune of our Regiment to bear upon its rolls many of our Nation's most illustrious names. And of our officers who have attained high distinction, the large number who were sons of the Buckeye State is nothing short of remarkable. The United States Army has had three commanders who held the full rank of General; all three of them were from Ohio, and two of them had been officers of the Fourth Infantry. Pre-eminent among these is Ulysses S. Grant, the first General of the United States Army, and Eighteenth President of the United States. Washington was General of the Continental forces, but under the United States Government, while commanding the army after his terms as President, he only held the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Grant was born and raised in Ohio, and appointed to West Point from that State in 1839. After his graduation

in 1843, he served in the Fourth Infantry as Brevet Second Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant and Captain. He was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, and Captain for gallant conduct at Chapultapec, while serving with his Regiment.

Generals William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan were the other officers who had the full rank of General conferred upon them, the former being born in and appointed from Ohio, and the latter, though born in New York, being brought up in and sent to West Point from Ohio. General Sherman's service in the regular army prior to the Civil War was in the Artillery. But General Sheridan was a Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, and was serving in the latter grade with his Regiment in Oregon when the war broke out.

Among other Fourth Infantrymen, natives of Ohio, to gain fame and high rank, was Major-General George Crook, the great Indian fighter, who served from the time of his graduation in 1852 to the outbreak of the war in 1861, as an officer of the Regiment.

General August V. Kautz, one of Ohio's many distinguished citizens of German birth, graduated three files above General Crook in the class of 1852 at the Military Academy and was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. His service prior to the Civil War was in the Fourth. During the four years fighting he twice won the brevet of Major-General, and after the war reached the grade of Brigadier-General in the regular Army, which rank he held at date of retirement in 1892. He died in 1895.

Major-General George M. Randall, U. S. A., Retired, a native of Ohio, won his Second Lieutenant's commission in the Fourth Infantry in 1861, and was for years an officer of the Regiment.

Of the officers now in the Regiment, Captain William F. Nesbitt has the distinction of being the only one from Ohio. He was born in and appointed to West Point from Cleveland. He has just been ordered back to the Academy for duty as an instructor in chemistry.

At present the Fourth Infantry is stationed as follows: Headquarters, Band, E, F, I, K, L and M Companies at Fort Thomas, Ky., across the river from Cincinnati; A, B, C and D Companies at Fort Mackenzie, Wyoming; G and H Companies at Washington Barracks, D. C. In the absence of Colonel E. B. Bolton, recently promoted to the Fourth from the Tenth Infantry in Alaska, the Regiment is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard A. Lovering.

When "Old Glory" floated to the breeze bearing but fourteen of the forty-five bright stars that now adorn her azure field, the Fourth United States Infantry had an organization and was inscribing upon the pages of time an honorable record, which, "dim with the mist of years", stretches away into the past for more than a century. Years of war with many trying

campaigns and hard fought battles, and years of peace and plenty; years of isolated life on the frontier and years beneath the waving palms and in the tangled jungles of tropic isles have fallen to its share; through all of these eventful decades the narrative of the Regiment's service is one of duty well performed. Upon its rolls are inscribed names that will be honored upon the earth when monuments of enduring bronze and marble erected in their memory have crumbled into dust.

May the next one hundred and fifteen years' history of the Regiment and of the Nation redound to their honor and glory as have the years since Mad Anthony Wayne and his brave Legion commenced the campaign which secured the title of the United States to the rich territory north of the River Ohio!

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## TIME'S PACES

When as a child I laughed and wept,  
Time crept;  
When as a youth I dreamt and talked,  
Time walked;  
When I became a full-grown man,  
Time ran;  
When older still I daily grew,  
Time flew;  
Soon I shall find, in travelling on,  
Time gone.

— CHARLES HOUSTON GOUDISS.

# Riley's Hoax

## Recalling a Famous Literary Deception of the Hoosier Poet Thirty Years Ago

By Elliott McCormick

*Leonainie — angels named her,  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her  
In a smile of white.  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In the solemn night.*



It has been many years since anything was written on the "Leonainie" hoax, of which the above verse is the first of the original poem, and there are thousands and thousands of readers in the present generation familiar with the poems of James Whitcomb Riley who never heard of his celebrated piece of deception. The poem appeared in the Kokomo, Indiana, *Dispatch*, August 2, 1877, exactly as it appears here:

### POSTHUMOUS POETRY.

**A Hitherto Unpublished Poem of the Lamented Edgar Allan Poe—Written on the Fly-Leaf of An Old Book Now in the Possession of a Gentleman in This City.**

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any published collection of Poe poems now extant, or in any magazine or newspaper, and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, the *Dispatch* will claim the honor of giving it to the world. That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day, our attention was called to a poem writ-

ten on the blank flyleaf of an old book. Handing us the book, he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials E. A. P. at the bottom, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," and after reading it, we asked who the author was. Then he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence: He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was a young man—that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his father, who gave him the book containing the lines, tell of the circumstances and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night, just before bedtime, a young man, who plainly showed the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door, and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him, he had gone away and left the book, on the flyleaf of which he had written the lines given below. Further than this, our informant knew nothing, and, being an illiterate man, it was quite natural he should allow the great literary treasure to go for many years unpublished:

*Leonainie — angels named her,  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars and framed her  
In a smile of white.  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In the solemn night.*

*In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom,  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as joy caressed me—  
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom).*



Only spake the little lisper  
 In the angel-tongue;  
 Yet I, listening, heard her whisper —  
 "Songs are only sung  
   Here below that they may grieve you,  
 Tales are told you to deceive you,  
   So must Leonainie love you  
 While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning.  
 Matchless and supreme;  
 Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
 Earth with its esteem;  
   Every heart but mine seemed gifted

gularly in the evenings of 1876-7 in the law offices of the late Captain William R. Myers, who became secretary of state under Governor Claude Matthews, of Indiana. Their purpose was to exchange ideas, and, incidentally, have a good time. In the coterie were Myers, Samuel Richards, whose "Evangeline" and other paintings later attracted the admiration of the artistic world; a photographer named Clark, now dead; Will Ethel, who, with Riley, was one of the original "graphics"



"THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE."

The scene is near Greenheld, Indiana, and portrays picturesque Brandywine Creek as it is to-day. Tourists from all parts of the country have visited the spot, made famous by James Whitcomb Riley.

With the voice of prayer and lifted  
 Where my Leonainie drifted  
 From me like a dream.

\* \* \*

It was thirty years ago that young Riley was haunted with the dread of remaining an unknown, when he was writing poetry at night and painting signs in the daytime, and later, when he was a reporter on the *Weekly Democrat*, published at Anderson, Indiana, by William N. Crean. Riley and other congenial spirits met re-

— sign painters — and Riley's roommate, Will N. Crean, at that time owner of the sheet on which Riley's talents were being wasted as on the desert air.

Riley's poetic muse was making a specially energetic struggle for recognition, but it came not. He became what "the boys" called a crank on a similar proposition to that which led to the alleged Kipling wager of several years ago. At one of these coterie sessions, after Myers had given Shakespeare, and Richards and his

photographic friend had dissected the fame of artists, Riley drew from his pocket the omnipresent new poem — a strange weird thing, which followed the style of Edgar Allen Poe.

Riley was a captivating reader, and the charm of the new poem thrilled all in the party. Laying it down, he returned to his old theory of unrecognized merit and gave birth to the "Leonainie" ruse by remarking that if given to the world over Poe's name the poem would be received. That suggested the plan of placing Poe's initials to the piece and publishing it as a long-lost treasure of the master of muse.

The hoax was conceived in the old Anderson *Democrat* office, and by an arrangement with Oscar Henderson, then publisher of the Kokomo *Dispatch*, and later auditor of state, there appeared on the front page of the *Dispatch* the statement and poem as here reproduced. Copies of the paper with the long-lost poem were sent broadcast and placed on the reviewing desk of every literary editor in the country. The find attracted immediate attention. Poe's untimely death had resulted in several unpublished poems being found previous to this time, and many critics accepted "Leonainie" as one of Poe's. Others were skeptical.

The literary world was discussing the new poem, when the expose was made through the columns of the Kokomo *Tribune*, a rival paper of the *Dispatch*. This expose was given a great circulation, and the flood of criticism which came in was crushing. The doubter assumed an "I-told-you-so" air, while those who had accepted the poem as authentic vented their spleen by criticising the author for his clever deception. Some idea of these criticisms may be gained from the excerpts reproduced with this article. They are interesting reading in these days, when the fame of Riley has spread over two continents.

Of special interest is the bitter criticism of William Cullen Bryant's paper, in which the writer went out of his way to reflect on the intelligence of the Hoosier poet. Riley's friends thought he was ruined. It was the first great literary hoax since the one perpetrated by the gloomy Chatterton, who was driven to suicide.

Some of the papers charged that Riley did not have the good taste to follow Chatterton's example.

The result of this bitter display by the critics was that Riley made a public statement, admitting the deception and giving reasons which were sufficient. He resigned from the Anderson *Democrat* and returned to his old home at Greenfield, Indiana. He continued his work and was soon taken up by E. B. Martindale, then proprietor of the Indianapolis *Journal*, now known as the Indianapolis *Star*. From that time on Riley's position was more dignified, and his poems signed "Ben F. Johnson of Boone" won him lasting fame.

The old Ainsworth dictionary, on a flyleaf of which "Leonainie" was written, was from an old library at Anderson. The poem was transcribed on the flyleaf by Ethel, whose copy of Poe's handwriting was obtained from a facsimile reproduction in a magazine.

While the criticisms are interesting reading today, some allowance must be made for conditions which prevailed. The poetic muse was invoked to a greater extent in those days in the preparation of a newspaper than is the case at present. When Riley appeared on the scene as a reporter for the Anderson *Democrat*, he began to infuse new life into eastern Indiana journalism by handling events with startling poetic license. The *Democrat* at once began to attract attention, then envy, and there were many references of its "cheap John poet." There was a veritable fusilade of literary dornicks, not so much because of Riley's personality or his masterpiece of deception, but because contemporaries desired to discredit the publication. The Kokomo *Dispatch*, which had been favored by the then unknown writer, came in for its share of criticism.

The question which confronted Riley presents itself to every one, no doubt, who is having a struggle with ambition. It would be interesting to know how this poem would be received today if it were printed for the first time with the author's name appended. Would not the bookworms and the deep-thinkers get into the depths and dig from the lines gems of which the author never dreamed? Would

not a sweet, weird song be found in the strange meter?

"Leonainie" will never be weighed, however, for what it is really worth. It performed a great service in being the first stepping-stone to Riley's fame.

The following excerpts are from daily newspaper criticisms, that were published throughout the country after the expose of the "Leonainie" hoax was made:

Lafayette Courier—"A cheap John poet from a neighboring classic burg."

Anderson Herald—"We might have forgotten for want of veracity, but it is hard to condone 'Leonainie'."

Logansport Journal—"If Riley could realize that an impassable gulf lies between him and fame as a poet, he would be justly punished."

Crawfordsville Journal—"The verses were written by a young man named J. W. Riley of Anderson, who has obtained a local reputation for writing queer poetry."

Baltimore American—"The composition is wild enough to have been written under the influence of Egyptian or Terre Haute whisky. It is safe to affirm that the ginmills of Maryland and the Old Dominion never turned out liquor bad enough to debase the genius of Poe to the level of these dreadful verses."

Frankfort Banner—"The fellow Riley has achieved some additional notoriety, but it will not benefit him."

Peoria (Ill.) Evening Call—"The poem was the production of an amateur verse carpenter named Riley, who lives in the neighboring village of Anderson."

Norristown (Pa.) Herald—"Poe must have been wrestling with one of the biggest drunks of his life when he wrote it."

Wabash Plaindealer—"Written by one who is merely the victim of a 'vaulting ambition, which overleaps itself'."

The New York Post (William Cullen Bryant)—"To get drunk was one of Poe's habits, to leave an inn without paying his bill was a thing not at all impossible to him, and to write a poem on the flyleaf of a book was a natural thing for any emotional poet to do. The trouble was in the poem itself. It was so manifestly the work of a man much lower in the scale of intelligence than anybody ever suspected Poe of being, even when he was drunk. The poem effectually sets at rest whatever suspicion there may have been, that the author had the material out of which a poet is made, in his composition."

Boston Transcript—"If Poe really did write it, it is consolation to think that he is dead."

Nashville American—"If the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe wanders, he will surely pay his respects to the scalp of the Indiana man who brought it out."



# Peter, Repeater and the Woman

Based on the Situation Indicated in Browning's  
"Light Woman"

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald



PETER FOOR sat up in his orchestra chair and fixed his glasses on a box into which a party was entering. He saw several men and women whom he knew, but to whom he was indifferent, as they represented a fast set in which he took no interest. Then to the front of the box came a wonderful woman, a woman all white and ruddy gold, with shadowy eyes that looked as though they had been rubbed in with a sooty finger, and a red mouth that invited and defied with changing expressions of innocence and knowledge. She sat down, apparently heedless of the many eyes upon her, and turned her attention toward the stage. But it was not she upon whom Peter's gaze was fixed, but young Edgar Pierce who sat immediately behind her, and to whom it was evident that the opera held no attraction to compare with the curves of her white shoulders or the clean turn of her dainty chin.

Peter sighed audibly, and his sister-in-law, with whom he was, exclaimed in a whisper "Isn't it a shame? Edgar is such a dear boy!"

"What do you know against her, Bessie?" asked Peter.

"Really, Peter, how should I know anything about the woman! All I ever heard was a rumor that she was the cause of the Lacey divorce, but as it was settled out of court no one knew positively about it. And you know Fred and I met her and that wealthy little Jew both staying at the Chamoix Inn in Switzerland. The fact that she attracts all men in so marked a degree is rather against her, and they say

her especial delight is to ensnare a man who openly professes no admiration for her."

Peter groaned. "I'll confess I'm worried to death about Repeater, Bess. He is such a bully boy, and so promising, but he told me yesterday he hadn't been in his laboratory for four days and I'm horribly afraid of the woman's influence over him."

Mrs. Fred Foor smiled. "Well, you've nothing to reproach yourself for, Peter. Ever since Edgar's father died and you found yourself appointed guardian of an orphan infant prodigy, he has been your constant care. No wonder they dubbed you Peter and Repeater, the way he has trotted around with you, but now that he is twenty-four he is surely able to take care of himself. You gave him the finest education possible in his line of work, and I really do believe that you take more pride in his discoveries than you do in the finest pieces of marble you ever turn out."

"I believe I do," replied Peter simply, "for he seems like my own boy."

Peter Foor was a bachelor of forty-eight, whose name as a sculptor of rare ability was famous. He possessed everything desirable, a character above reproach, good looks, and much wealth, and yet he had never given a woman cause to think he had observed her twice. He admired the beautiful ones through artistic eyes, he liked to talk with those who were clever and quick at repartee, and he respected a few. Otherwise he was not interested, though many a maiden's heart fluttered hopefully when he was presented to her.

The opera progressed; Lohengrin came and went; the troubles of Elsa grew; but

Peter's attention was unwontedly wandering. He thought of the boy up there in the box, and of the bad effect of the woman's fascinations upon him, and he wondered how he could get him out of her toils. It would not do to appeal to her to set the boy free, for he felt sure that would only gratify her vanity. Anything said to Repeater would be resented because the lad was so terribly in earnest.

With wrath in his soul he looked at the woman, when suddenly she turned her head hesitatingly and met his direct gaze. They both bowed and then continued to look into one another's eyes until the woman smiled consciously and made a little inviting gesture with her fan. A wild idea was born in Peter's brain. Why not respond to the summons and try to cut out Repeater! He, Peter, had so much more of fame and material luxuries that he did not doubt what she would let the minnow go for the larger fish. He made up his mind to try it, though he was rather fearful of the first effect on Repeater.

He heard the final applause, saw the people rising, and mechanically assisted Bessie in gathering up her opera accessories. After seeing her drive off in her brougham he returned to the foyer and waited until he saw Repeater's tall figure and boyish face bending over a mop of red-gold hair. The boy saw him and exclaimed, "Hello, there's Peter! Say, old man, come and meet Bergere."

"Mr. Foor and I have met before, Edgar," said Helene, as Peter bent over her hand with a sympathetic pressure.

"Fancy, now, and old Peter never told me," exclaimed the happy lad. "Say, Pettie, you'll have to excuse us as Miss Bergere and I are supping with the Swifts. Sorry, old man."

"That's all right" replied Peter. Then in almost a whisper, he said to the woman, "When and where can I see you?"

The flattered look on her face broke into an expression at once sly, pleased and wholly triumphant as she whispered back "St. Dunstan's Flats, to-morrow at four."

Young Edgar saw the action and his face looked dark and sullen as he got into the carriage. Peter had never beheld such an expression on his face, and he knew guiltily who had brought it there.

The next morning, as he was breakfasting in his apartments, he asked where Mr. Pierce was, and his valet, who also served the light breakfasts, replied "Begging your pardon, sir, Mr. Pierce came in at three this morning feeling most uncommon bad, sir, and I didn't have the heart to disturb him."

"Very well, Brown," said Peter, "when Mr. Pierce awakens tell him I will see him at the club for lunch."

But Repeater did not come to the club, and at three Peter went home to change his morning clothes and found the boy had gone out, leaving no word. Peter's heart was heavy, for he was wrapped up in the lad, and never before had the latter come in at night or gone away in the morning without some affectionate word for his almost-father. Moreover, Peter's whole being revolted at what he was about to do—he loved the lad so much that he wanted to save him, but the thought of his coming interview with the woman was utterly distasteful to him.

With lagging steps he was shown to the reception-room of her flat, and the pert maid tried to flirt and coquette with him as she said that "mademoiselle would be in directly."

Peter had never in his life seen so much blue satin and lace and gilt gathered into one room, nor had he smelled such heavy fragrance in flowers. The odor got into his brain and made him feel stupid, and he wondered what in the deuce he was going to say to this creature, who made him think of Long's "Fox-woman." He became aware that some one had entered the room, and with an effort he arose to his feet and turned around.

Surely she was a spirit, one created by the evil one himself to tempt man, and Peter's heart beat in sympathy for his poor lad. Clad in the sheerest of white negligees that clung and billowed around her, with her hair loose and glowing, and standing in front of a dull gold portiere that brought out every sweet curve of her body, she so charmed the sculptor's eye that it was she who first broke the silence as she said with a laugh. "And do my eyes really behold the famous Foor in my modest little flat?"

"I would indeed be famous," replied Pe-

ter, as they sat down on a beautiful divan, "if I could reproduce in marble the picture you make. You are exquisitely lovely."

"Nonsense, Peter Foor, nothing could add to your fame. But, seriously, if you want me I will pose for you at any time, in these draperies, or—"

"By George," thought Peter, "if Repeater should know she was my model that would settle her for him." Then aloud he said, "You would be an inspiration. I have in my mind a design for 'Phryne' as she appeared before the judges, and dare I hope—?"

Helene dropped her eyes in mock modesty, then with an indifferent shrug of her shoulders she looked him square in the eyes and asked, "Why not, monsieur artist? Surely it would be an honor for Phryne to rise in snowy marble at your command. See, I will show you."

She sprung up, poised lightly on her toes, and raised both arms over her head, with fingertips touching. The wing-like sleeves fell back from her pretty arms, the bare neck palpitated with a pleasant excitement, and the half-shut eyes looked down into his with reckless appeal.

Peter was, after all, human, and it was only by the greatest difficulty that he gripped the conversation and kept it in the safe, light chatter of generalities. As he left the house he thought with self-disgust that the woman was his now. She had fallen into his plans as innocently as any fox into a trap. The fascinating little devil thought she had him in her toils, but he would show her as soon as he had exposed her to Repeater.

The first modeling was arranged for the following Tuesday, almost a week hence, and during that time Peter and the boy had had several scenes, hot on the boy's side but cool and patient on Peter's, for he knew the lad was really suffering.

"By thunder, Peter!" he stormed, "she's the only one I ever loved or cared to marry, and do you know what the fellows at the club say? They say you deliberately cut me out — *you*, Peter, who have been like a father to me and whom I loved next to Helene," and the poor boy broke down and wept. Peter tried to argue. "See here, Repeater, do you really care for a woman who left you so quickly for a man

who could offer her more luxuries? I tell you, lad, she is not the woman for a promising youth like you. You know how she has kept you hanging around until you have neglected your laboratory shamefully, and I did have such hopes of that last experiment you were working on. It would have established your name in science, besides being such a blessing to mankind. By George! I couldn't sit by and watch you ruin yourself."

"So that's your little game, is it? Doing rescue work for little Edgar, who is only twenty-four and therefore not competent to know his own mind. And all at the expense of a woman's reputation. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Peter -- it makes me want to knock the words back in your throat."

"Look out, Repeater, we are both getting angry and you and I must not quarrel-lad. But I know what I am saying when I repeat that Helene Bergere is *not* a good woman." Before the words had fairly left his throat the boy had sprung at him and struck him squarely in the mouth. Peter clenched his hands to control himself, and exclaimed, "You young fool! Let me tell you that that blow was struck for a woman who is to pose for me tomorrow for my statue of Phryne."

"You lie," shouted the boy, then he threw himself upon the couch, face downward, and Peter left the room.

Peter walked miles in the crisp air trying to work out the best plan by which he could win back the boy. His heart was sore, his self-respect was badly bruised, and he never could remember feeling so mean in all his life. One moment he raged inwardly, the next he groaned, and again his heart called out pitiously for the love of his boy. He went home to dress for dinner, wondering how he and the boy would meet. He let himself into his apartments with his pass-key and walked down the little hall to his own room, but as he passed Edgar's door he paused, sniffing at an unusual, sickening odor that assailed his nostrils.

He lept forward and tried the door, which was locked, then he rushed into the little breakfast-room next to it, one window of which opened on to the same fire-escape as did Edgar's, and in a moment

more he jumped through the open window into the room. There lay the lad in a huge arm-chair, his head hanging limply on his breast, and a broken test-tube on the floor beside him, but he breathed, thank God, he still breathed. Peter dragged the chair to the window, dashed half a pitcher of water into his face, and then ran for the physician in the house. After several hours their energy was rewarded by seeing the eyes open languidly. It was a close shave, the doctor said, but that if the boy would sleep he would be allright in the morning.

"Now, lad, did you hear those orders and are you going to obey?" asked Peter.

"Yes," replied Edgar, "if you will say first that you forgive me. I didn't try to do away with myself because of her, but because I struck you, the best friend I ever had."

"There, there, never mind, Repeater. We are quits now and we'll start all over again."

The boy looked up at him adoringly and said, half-shyly, "Say, Petie, will you sit right here by me where I can see you until I go to sleep?"

The following morning Peter wrote a note to Helene thanking her for her kindness in having offered to pose for him but that he had given up the idea of Phryne and would devote his entire attention to a series of religious subjects for the new cathedral. He showed it to the boy, who handed it back without a word, but who gripped his hand like a vise. Then Peter

telephoned for a messenger-boy, and as he rang, one appeared, bearing two notes, for Peter and the boy.

The boy opened his first, and read:

"DEAR LITTLE BOY —

You have been a pleasant episode in my life and I hate to wound you, but last night I had a long cable from my friend Mr. Hirsch, who has discovered diamonds or something mighty good on his South African land and he wants me to come out and marry him, so I sail, via England, in twenty-four hours. I am sorry that I will be too busy to see you before I go. Be a good boy, and don't forget

Your Friend,

HELENE."

He looked up at Peter, who was regarding him curiously, then in silence the two exchanged notes, and Edgar read

"DEAR MONSIEUR PETER FOOR —

My engagement to pose for you will have to be indefinitely postponed, as I am leaving tonight for the Transvaal, and I am sure that my future husband would not at all approve of 'Phryne.' I have just ordered a highball and now I raise it to my lips and drink to the health, fame and happiness of good old Peter and his faithful Repeater.

Au revoir,

HELENE BERGERE."

Peter held out his hand to the boy and exclaimed in a voice that sounded young and full of joy, "What do you say to a few days fishing on the sound?"

"Bully!" replied Repeater, with shining eyes.



# The Improvement of Water Ways

By Hon. John T. Mack



Y theme was suggested by an incident. In the early fall I stood with a number of Sandusky city officials on a large dredge that was engaged in removing the rock in the city channel paralleling the water front leading up to the Pennsylvania docks. The massive steel tongues of the great dipper were crawling along the bottom of the channel, now moving forward, now backward only to again advance in their effort to grapple with the rocks which the drill and blast had loosened from their bed. Soon the dipper, controlled as if by magic by a simple turn of the wrist of the man who stood at the levers on the forward deck, came up bearing on its rim a huge rock, weighing nearly if not quite four tons, and dumped it into the scow as easily as if it had been a toy. A few days before another large rock had been removed, on whose face had been worn a groove several inches wide and as many deep, carved by a freight vessel which entering the harbor loaded with ore had sought her mooring at the Pennsylvania docks, had gone aground and was held there for several days, entailing a loss to its owners of thousands of dollars in added expense and wasted time. I said to myself, this rock furnishes an object lesson which the citizens of Sandusky should heed if their city is to keep pace with other port cities in industrial growth and commercial development. From time immemorial the rock had lain within seventeen feet of the channel's surface an absolute, impassable barrier to the deeper draught boats entering our harbor.

The most hopeful commercial sign of the times in my judgment is not in the enactment and enforcement of laws to regulate railroad rates, to do away with re-

bates and unjust discriminations and restrict the powers and operations of common carriers, important as all this is, but in the general public awakening all over our land to the necessity of improving and enlarging and multiplying our water ways through a liberal policy of appropriations by the federal government, supplemented by reasonable municipal and State aid. With all our boast of commercial supremacy and our claims that we are a world power, we are far behind other leading nations of the world in the utilization and improvement of harbors and water ways, until we have reached a crisis in industrial and commercial development and expansion which seriously threatens further progress. A coal famine not long since, never before known in our country, due in large part to lack of transportation facilities under present conditions, entailed much suffering and crippled business over a large section of country. The loss in perishable freight alone during those few months, due solely to lack of adequate means of moving it, runs into millions of dollars, while the loss resulting from delays to business and the forced shutting down of factories owing to this one cause mounts up into a much larger sum. The Manufacturers' Record, a leading industrial paper, said:

"A story of this situation should awaken the people of the whole country to a realization of the fact that the quickest and broadest development possible of the transportation interests of the whole country, into which billions must be poured, is the only means for the maintenance of our present business prosperity. Self-preservation demands that the people of the country shall understand the perils which we face."

We have let our interior canals and



water ways go down and abandoned valuable streams once navigable, feeling secure in the belief that the railways, multiplying everywhere, penetrating all sections and increasing in trackage and carrying facilities with wonderful strides, would be sufficient to meet all possible future needs of internal commerce. We have been satisfied with meagre and insufficient appropriations for water way improvements until our commerce has outgrown our facilities to move it, and a congestion in transportation now reached such as was not supposed possible. Facing a condition never before known, we are beginning to realize our delusion. For the first time since the railroad supplanted the "prairie schooner" and the canal boat, railway managers confess their inability to meet our transportation needs. Indeed leading railroad officials themselves freely admit that it will not be possible with all the increased facilities the roads can provide for years to come to move the crops, the coal and ore and the products of mill and factory with reasonable dispatch. They regard the future with concern. Certainly the situation is anomalous in our commercial history. President J. J. Hill of the Great Northern, probably the ablest and most far-seeing railroad operator in our country, in a speech before the manufacturers and merchants of Chicago a few weeks ago said: "The prevailing idea of the public is that the railroads are short of cars, while the facts are that the shortage is in the tracks and terminals to provide greater opportunity for the movement of cars. The country is facing a transportation problem that only time, patience and the expenditure of enormous sums of money can remedy." He advocated a more vigorous policy of the improvement of our water ways by the Federal government, and added that the trunk line roads would welcome the competition of water transportation, assured that they would still have all the business they could take care of.

Railway officials are agreed that to properly handle the freight business of the country double the present trackage would be required, and this they say it would take fifty years to accomplish. Mr. Hill in a letter

to Governor Johnson of Minnesota the past winter said that the railroads to catch up with even the present growth of commerce must spend in round numbers 5½ billion dollars in development work, and he would have this enormous sum spent within five years of active work, an average outlay by the railways alone of over \$1,000,000,000 per year for five years, a total sum twice the bonded debt of the United States at the close of the civil war, more than twice the entire circulation of the currency in the country and nearly twice the savings deposits in all the savings banks in the United States.

No wonder such railway men as Mr. Hill, realizing the utter inability of the railroads to meet the situation, advocate not only the ship canal from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and the dredging and maintenance of a fifteen foot channel in the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans, but a general improvement of all our water ways. In a letter last December he declared in view of the inability of the railroads to move the heavier classes of tonnage in the entire country, "there has been no subject before Congress in twenty years which affects so many people and will prove so great a benefit." This is significant testimony.

The great advantages of a water transportation in the movement of the heavier traffic are apparent. The freighter with her tow of barges traverses from headwaters to destination an unbroken free highway. It is owned by the people. No company or corporation owns nor can control that highway of commerce. The boat can travel night and day. There is no switching nor sidings nor blockades in yards and terminals to impede its passage, nor changes of engines and crews. She can make her way steadily and with little or no interruption whether on lake or river or canal. What would the great iron and coal interests have done, what would they be today without our lake shipments which in the season last closed aggregated the enormous sum of 75,610,690 net tons from our lake ports alone exclusive of all exports to Canada, an increase of 8,265,070 net tons over those of 1905 and of 24,239,835 tons over those in 1904—a gain

in two years of almost 50 per cent. in lake shipments from American ports? There were this past season 81,270 clearances of vessels from these ports. The freight carried in vessels was largely of the low grade—flour, grain, coal, ore, minerals, logs and lumber—thereby relieving the railroads that much for the shipment of perishable goods and manufactured articles requiring quick delivery. The average freight car works less than three hours a day. It is idle on sidings, in yards, etc., 20 to 23 hours out of the 24. The freight locomotive on the average works only enough to haul a train 54 miles per day and is almost as idle as the freight car.

These figures alone furnish all the argument needed to justify larger appropriations by the Federal Government for the rapid development and improvement of our harbors and water ways. They show that the railways cannot meet the problem of transportation unaided by water traffic. The Sault canals, which measure only the tonnage of Lake Superior, carried over 47,000,000 tons of freight in the 250 days of 1905, the season of navigation, and the record the past season was still larger by several million net tons. This is a greater tonnage than that carried by the Suez canal, the Manchester and the Kiel canals combined, the three greatest canals of the world. The tonnage that passes through the St. Clair River exceeds the combined tonnage of all our Atlantic seaports, and the tonnage that will go through the Panama Canal will be but a fraction of the traffic which would be carried by the interior waterways which could be built for the money that one canal will cost the government. It might not redound so much to the glory of our Nation as a world power for defence on the high seas in time of war, but it would be of far more benefit to our commerce and to the general welfare of all the people. Any policy therefore that curtails the development of our water ways by meagre and insufficient appropriations is not a wise policy. Our rivers are the natural highways of trade and commerce and our harbors are the natural gateways for their outlet to other ports and for export. No railway can compete with them in freight charges.

That railroad president was right who said: "There is no use trying to secure such traffic. We can't compete with any transportation line where God Almighty furnishes and keeps up the trackage."

Those water ways which have been utilized for transportation have always been an irremovable and wholesome check on railway rates. The Mississippi River, shallow and insufficient as it is, under the heretofore meagre appropriations by Congress for maintaining and deepening its channel, furnishes a case in point. The shipper even as far east as the Atlantic seaboard pays a moderate rate to St. Louis, but to Kansas City, just across the State of Missouri, he must pay 50 per cent. more than he is charged from New York to St. Louis. The same is true along the Ohio and other leading water ways. These streams are used as basing points for freight charges because they afford direct competition in freight rates with rail traffic. Well removed from these water high ways of traffic the railroad can charge what the traffic will bear, and the power to do this is still further enhanced by combinations of lines. Monopoly naturally results. The natural difference in prevailing freight rates between water and rail traffic is significant. The average rate of freight on all the railroads in the United States is 7.79 mills per ton mile. On some roads it is more, notably on Southern and Western lines. On other roads more centrally located it is less, but that is the average. What is it on the navigable water ways of the country? On the Great Lakes the average is .92 of a mill; on the Erie Canal with its present low draught it is 1.9 mills. On that canal with a 12 foot draught it is estimated it would be but .52 of a mill, while on the Ohio River, shallow as its channel is much of the year, to Cincinnati it is .32 of a mill per ton mile, and on the lower Mississippi 1 mill. Here is a vast difference in cost of freight transportation on the railways of the country and the leading navigable water ways we now use. It represents an enormous sum the consumer must annually pay for the products of the farm, the mill, the mine and the factory. And it suggests how much greater would be the saving if all our water ways capable of

utilization were developed by a wise, reasonable system of appropriations by the Federal Government supplemented by State aid.

I do not need to follow this line of argument further. We have in our country not counting the seaboard a total of 43,799 miles of navigable water ways. Of this total the Great Lakes have 2,299 miles; the Mississippi River and its tributaries 16,500 miles, and all other rivers approximately 25,000 miles, while little Holland, today the richest nation per capita in the world, has but 2,000 miles; France 4,000 miles; Belgium 1,230, and yet Holland has already expended in appropriations for rivers and harbors, \$1,500,000,000 and the United States all told—from the commencement in 1820, of the policy of improving water ways by federal appropriations, to 1906—\$470,000,000, less than one-third what Holland has expended. France, with a mileage of water ways less than one-tenth that of this country, has expended \$1,200,000,000 to our \$470,000,000. Belgium since 1875 \$80,000,000; Austria since 1848 \$100,000,000 Hamburg, Germany, alone has had for its harbor \$75,000,000; Liverpool \$200,000,000; New Castle, England, for its harbor, \$27,000,000; Marseilles, France \$24,000,000; Havre \$35,000,000; the Harbor of Rotterdam, Holland, has had \$9,000,000 expended in its improvement. Our annual total average appropriations for all our harbors and rivers for the past twenty years has been only about \$14,000,000, and for the past ten years \$19,250,000, and this for a nation having over six times the combined mileage of navigable water ways of Holland, France and Belgium.

In the light of these statistics does not the conclusion force itself that we have at our command a better solution of the much mooted problem of freight rate regulation and restriction than the enactment of laws and the establishment of commissions to enforce them by arbitrary rulings and resorts to the courts? In either case the process will necessarily be slow but in the former the results will be more certain and more lasting. Freight charges do not add to the value of the commodity. They are a tax which the producer or the consumer

must pay, and the lower that tax becomes the greater the benefit to the people.

We have been living in the age of the railway, forgetting that God has given this country free internal highways, greater in extent and more generally distributed than possibly any other of the European nations at least, are blessed with, and it is well that the stern logic of events is awakening the public's attention and has entered the halls of Congress. The movement now definitely before Congress for the first time, through the persistent work of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress for annual appropriations of \$50,000,000 for a series of years is the most important measure today before Congress. It is to be national in its operation and no section having harbors or once navigable streams is to be left out. When you recall the fact that it costs about 7 mills a mile to move a ton of freight by railway and less than a mill in the hold of a deep water vessel, is it not strange that Congress has been for years trying to pass arbitrary laws to govern transportation rates but has failed to grasp the key to the situation?

The German government has been alive to the situation and one of the reasons of its rapidly increasing trade with the Latin American republics and all the South American countries is that it has for years maintained a national system of water ways, thereby delivering its traffic for export to the coast at a minimum cost, always the most important item in transportation for export. In both France and Germany the waterways are so thoroughly developed that freight can be moved by water without breaking bulk from practically every part of those countries to every other part, at rates less than one-sixth as high as those by rail. Italy has just opened a great canal through the two provinces of Mantua and Reggio connecting with the River Po. Six thousand men for five years have been employed in digging it.

The week that the last rivers and harbors bill was introduced in Congress the Tehautepec ship railroad in Mexico was opened for traffic with a celebration in which the president of that growing republic officiated. It opens a combined highway by water and rail, 130 miles

across the isthmus that bears its name. In its construction it had the backing and aid of the Mexican government. It will be a rival of the Panama canal when the latter is built. It saves 8,000 miles of travel from New Orleans to San Francisco, 10,000 miles from New York to San Francisco, via Cape Horn, and 1,267 miles via the Panama Canal. The saving in mileage between European ports and San Francisco is likewise surprising, being 8,500 miles between Liverpool and San Francisco via the Cape of Good Hope. In the trade from New York to Yokohama it will save 10,000 miles via Cape Horn or 5,000 miles via Suez. Between New York and Manila the saving will be 1,168 miles over the present route via Suez. Already a leading New York shipping firm has established lines of steamers, their fleet being equally divided between the Atlantic and Pacific trade, and trans-shipment being made on the railroad that crosses the isthmus.

The bill passed by Congress calls for an appropriation of a little over \$92,000,000. Of this over \$40,000,000 is immediately available. The remaining sum is for the continuation of projects already begun and to extend out a number of years. It is the largest river and harbor bill in the history of the country, and yet it is considerably less than one-half the annual appropriations made for the maintenance and expansion of our navy. Estimates are now on file with the War Department by government engineers which call for over \$300,000,000 for river and harbor improvements approved and recommended. For the past ten years only 3 per cent. of the total appropriations made by Congress has been given to this work.

In the consideration of this subject we need to keep constantly in mind that it is the movement of the heavier and bulkier traffic that water transportation most closely affects. grain, cotton, ore, lumber, coal, meat products, and it is not surprising though of much concern that, while there has been a stupendous increase in production, so great and widespread has been the congestion of the railroads of the country that there has been a very heavy falling off in the movement of these products. For example while the grain crops of the coun-

try in 1906 were more than 1,300,000,000 bushels in excess of the crops of 1905, there was a decrease of over 17,500,000 bushels in the 1906 shipments over those of 1905. There was a similar falling off in cotton shipments during 1906 as compared with those in 1905, notwithstanding the fact that the cotton crop for 1906 was some 11,000,000 bales in excess of the 1905 crop.

Time will not permit more than brief references to the local bearing of my subject. Ohio is one of the states that has taken a leading interest in the improvement of water ways, due largely to her situation, the lake marking her entire northern boundary and the Ohio River her southern. With very few streams reaching into her interior navigable for any distance, in my judgment the State has entered upon a wise policy in holding to her two canals and inaugurating a movement for their restoration and improvement. They can be made of great value to the people of the commonwealth under a wise plan of improvements, the cost of which properly extended over a series of years, as the work progresses, will not be a burden. Both traverse the entire State from the lake to the Ohio River, the one piercing nearly the center of the State and the other the western third. Both for much of the way parallel streams which with a proper system of reservoirs and feeders will afford abundant water supply. The St. Mary's reservoir on the Miami and Erie canal is the largest artificial body of water in the world, covering 17,000 acres. Prosperous growing towns and cities are reached by both these canals, and they traverse sections of the State rich in the products of both the soil and the mine. The electric mule takes the place of the long eared pioneer, and their rehabilitation along the advanced modern lines of canal improvement and operation would effect a great saving over the present cost of transportation across the State. We are making a desperate effort to relieve the farmer and land owner of all State taxes and to put the burden solely on chartered interests and public service corporations. How much more sensible would it be to maintain a small tax on all such property and each year expend a reasonable sum for

the permanent improvement and development of those water ways which belong to the commonwealth and which could be made free highways of traffic for all time to all the people!

I close as I began. The subject is a vast one, far reaching in possibilities and results. No country is so blessed as ours in the means nature has provided for growth and development in their fullest and best sense. If we are to become a world power in all it should mean to a Christian people it will not be by a great navy, not in great battleships, nor forts and defenses, nor standing armies, but rather in the widely diffused means and facilities for internal growth and advancement in all that builds for a nation's real and lasting power. and these lie along the lines of peace and industry and good will. They point to advantages for development and to attainments commercially as well as to all those agencies that build up and make a people strong, in which the greatest possible number may share, and in which all may reap some common benefit.

That nation is strong which builds from within; that fosters by wise provisions those internal improvements in which the material welfare of the greatest possible number may be touched and helped. It is this sort of commercialism that goes hand in hand with the free school, the free pub-

lic library, the free church and all those higher forces which make for real thrift, material and spiritual, and build up intelligent, law-abiding citizenship. I have no fear we shall be overwhelmed by sordid greed massed in great combinations which seek to monopolize trade, to throttle competition and override law human and divine. We need, of course, to grapple with such, to curb them and to throw about them safeguards, but let the Federal Government supplemented by the State and the municipality if need be, by wise systems of appropriations develop those natural resources which God has given us and which are the common heritage and for the free use of all. Foremost among such resources are our water ways.

President Roosevelt in his latest book, "A Square Deal," speaks a truth we all need to keep in mind when he says:

"It is the merest truism to say that in the modern world industrialism is the great factor in the growth of nations. Material prosperity is the foundation upon which every mighty national structure must be built."

Of course there must be more than this. There must be a high moral purpose, a life of the spirit which finds its expression in many different ways, but unless material prosperity exists also there is scant room in which to develop the higher life.



# SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

*The first installment of this dramatic and characteristic story of Southern life during the Civil War times, appeared in THE OHIO MAGAZINE for June, 1907, and succeeding installments in the intervening months up to the present number. The publication of the novel as a serial is now about half concluded. To all readers of the current number who may desire to obtain the back numbers containing the serial, THE OHIO MAGAZINE will send them, postpaid, free of charge, on application. Just mention "SNOWBIRD" and get all the back numbers free. This offer will not be renewed.*

## CHAPTER VIII.



LIGE EVANS was in an unruly frame of mind when the gentlemen called that day to notify him to move. As the woman had anticipated, he came back from Williamsburg "plum full."

He stood in the door of the cabin staring moodily at them as they stopped near the low rail fence.

"Howdy, Lige," called Fallis cheerily. "Howdy."

The greeting of the ex-guerilla was like the snarling of a wolf.

"These air frens o' mine from up North mos'ly," Jack continued. "This is Mr. Arthur Hawley, son of an ole fren of mine. I reckon you mought heard tell o' Majah Hawley of the cavalry. This is Mr. Caine, of Chicago, an' Yancey, I reckon yuh done heerd o' him?"

"I've seed him," growled Lige.

"Well, havin' givin' yuh a interduction in a Christian sort o' way, we air ready to talk business."

"I reckon yuh all didn't come ter visit; ef yuh ready to talk timber I'm with yuh," Lige answered.

"I wish to talk to you about the place in general and the timber in particular," Arthur said. "You have sold some, have you not?"

"T'ar's plenty o' it left ef yuh want it," Lige growled.

"You are aware you do not own this land?" Arthur looked steadily into the snake-like eyes.

"I mought say thet's none o' yuh business. Ef its a furse yuh want, yuh kin git it dam quick." Lige made a move as if to draw a weapon.

"None o' that, Lige," cried Jack Fallis. "None o' that; I won't stand for it. I low yuh know me tolerable well, an' yuh know I wouldn't ax any o' my friends ter come and see yuh ef I didn't count on 'em goin' back as healthy as when they come. Ef you make a move like that agin, by the eternal, Lige, thar'll be a funeral right here, an' mighty little sniffin' over the corpse."

"I'm easy scart in the evenin', Jack Fallis, but not in the mawnin'. Come some other day, yuh gettin me riled now," Lige replied.

"Let me say a word," and Yancey Everett spoke kindly. "I represent this young man and his partners. Mr. Hawley belongs to one of the greatest law firms in the country. One of the men whose land you are living on is the greatest constitutional lawyer I ever met, suh."

"What the h—I do I care ef he is?"

The discourteous reply aroused the spirit in Everett that made him a dangerous foe in the days when he joined in the "rebel yell." An insult to Beverly Wade was an insult to him, and the wide, firm mouth

grew severe, and the keen eyes flashed. Just then the woman, uncombed and disheveled, came and stood beside the outlaw.

"You do not care, I know that; how could you? You have been a thief all your life and you can't quit until the law puts its clutches on you."

Again the hand of the timber thief moved nervously, but that was all. He saw Fallis coolly waiting for him to make a move to shoot. He knew, too, that the business which brought these men to his cabin would be concluded when the smoke lifted from the muzzle of Fallis's weapon.

"You are not an honor to this neighborhood," continued Everett. "You had better go where they don't know you. One thing you must do, and that is to get off this land."

"Yuh mought stay fer dinner, Yancey Everett, and the little eyes glittered, while an ugly smile swept over the stained lips.

"I'm obliged to you, Lige, obliged mightily, but my wife insists that I keep decent company."

"Yuh wife," hissed Lige. "Yuh wife—I knowed that speckled faced —

"Stop, Lige Evans," and his voice rang out commandingly; "not a word about a woman as far above your kind as a pine towers over the toad stood. She is my wife." The sneer on the face of the woman angered Yancey, who continued: "Why, Lige, her bare brown foot in childhood was whiter than the soul of a woman who could give birth to a beast like you."

"Why don't yuh k'll him, Lige?" cried the woman. "Why don't yuh kill him?"

"I'll kill him shore enough—just wait!"

"I did not come here to fight you, Lige," said Everett slowly. "You are too far beneath me. I am a gentleman. I fought gentlemen for four years; part of that time I was under that knightly soldier, Stonewall Jackson. There was not one of your kind of cattle in all his command. From what I have heard of you, you made war on women and murdered children. I could not bring myself to fight that kind of a human being — if you are human. I am here, however," and Yancey's voice rose with indignation, "I am here to tell you to get off this property, and to get damned quick."

"Put me off, will yuh? Put me off!" yelled Lige with a torrent of profanity. When his storm of oaths had subsided, Arthur said:

"Mr. Everett and I represent the owners of the property and we have authority under the law to demand that you vacate the place. Here is the formal notification." Arthur offered the paper to Lige, who refused to receive it.

"It is my business to leave it with you," and Arthur sprang from the carriage.

"Don't yuh come inside the fence, yuh cursed Yank! I'll fill yuh full o' holes ef yuh do!" yelled Lige.

"Take the paper and read it," demanded Arthur sternly.

Lige took the paper, and tearing it into small pieces, threw them at the young man.

"I warn you not to cut another tree," Arthur said as he returned to the carriage.

"Is thet all?" Lige asked.

"That is all for today," was the answer as the party drove away.

There was little said for a time; Arthur thinking of the threat against Everett, and believing the vindictive scoundrel would attempt to murder either one of them, tried to form some plan to do the work of evicting Lige himself and not subject Everett to the danger.

"I am fearful, gentlemen," he said, after the pause, "that there will be trouble if you assist me in driving that scoundrel from the property. He will not move unless the authorities make him. I suggest that you let me get on as best as I can, without you. Mr. Fallis lives here, and you not far distant, Mr. Everett. With me, it is different. If I should escape his wrath now he would not likely see me again; at least he would not follow me to Cincinnati."

"Do you wish me to withdraw from the case?" asked Mr. Everett.

"I wish you to guide me in the conduct of the case without taking an active part. You know, Mr. Everett, that scoundrel will kill you if he gets the opportunity. He may attempt my life; but, could I ever forgive myself for getting you into a case like this? Your life is worth more than all the forests of this state."

"I thank you, suh, I thank you. No sane man seeks death unless duty demands

it. I am in this case to stay, if not absolutely ordered out of it," Yancey said.

"You have a wife—I have none. I do not wish to place my life in jeopardy for a few trees, but it is more my duty than yours."

"And to leave you here alone to fight this man would be cowardly," Yancey said.

"Yancey is right," Jack observed.

"What right have I to draw you into this, my friend?"

"Yuh father could tell yuh, that I didn't weaken in '64.

"I know that well," Arthur replied.

"Ain't it mos' too late ter weaken now?"

"What sort of a story could you fix up to tell Beverly Wade about me?" Everett interrupted. "You might say, you engaged a man who claimed to be a lawyer, by the name of Everett, who when threatened by a bully and a coward, quietly stepped out of the case."

"You have no right to put it that way," Arthur protested.

"You mentioned my wife a moment ago, and that reminds me, what would she say? What do you think that woman would say to me, if I told her I was getting out of the case because Lige Evans threatened me? I'll tell you," Yancey continued, as he began to grow excited, "I'll tell you what she would say: 'Go home and do the cookin, Yancey Everett, an' I'll see Lige Evans myself.' No, sir, Mr. Hawley, I could not face that woman if I did anything like that. I'm in this fight, and I'll stay in it as long as that ugly devil has any fight in him."

## CHAPTER IX.

"I must go back to the city," said Yancey, when they had returned. "You can go on with the case so far as getting service on Lige is concerned. 'Squire Peters will notify him and continue it. If Bill Simms, of Williamsburg, appears for Lige, he will insist upon the limit of time for continuance. If they do not ask for it we will. You may fix the date for the 18th; I will be back here on the 16th, and go over the case before the trial."

"Yuh mought make it the 25th," said Fallis, thinking Arthur would go home as soon as the case was concluded.

"Any time will suit me," Yancey answered.

"Do not tempt me to stay longer; I am most willing, but why should I burden these good friends with my presence so long?" Arthur asked.

"Don't, my boy, I don't deserve that from the son of Majah Hawley," said Jack, earnestly.

"I shall be unwilling to go when the time comes, but I do not wish to wear out my welcome," Arthur said.

"Suppose we refer the matter to an arbitration board consisting of Miss Lina, Bess and Malvina," suggested Yancey.

"With that board I'll willingly leave my case," Arthur answered, heartily.

Lina and Malvina joined the gentlemen, as they sat in the walnut arbor, as they called it, and Lina asked if everything was settled.

"Trouble is just beginning," Yancey explained.

"Then you cannot get away, Mr. Hawley, even if you wish very much to do so," and Lina's eyes were luminous.

"I will go back in the morning, dear, Everett was saying; 'do you wish to visit until I come back or will you go home with me?'"

"Let Mrs. Everett stay; she has not been here for years," Lina said.

"It is just as she says," replied Yancey.

"Do yuh think yuh will miss me any ef I stay an' visit?" Malvina asked.

"Of course I'll miss yuh, yuh know that, wife; but stay an' keep an eye on this young man here; he may get in trouble if one of us is not about."

"I hope them two girls won't make a fool o' yuh," Malvina said to Arthur when later they happened to be alone.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I reckon jealousy comes early ter some. That little one watches you like a hawk. When Lina smiles at yuh her eyes seem to flash lightnin'."

"Bess is little more than a child," Arthur answered.

"She is fourteen. She might 'a been a chile when we come heyre Thursday, but she's not now," Mrs. Everett said.

"Let us go and see your old home one of these days," Arthur said, seeking to change the subject.



"Why, it's only a pore ole shack, a-settin' thar on the side o' the mounting a-thinkin', it seems ter me."

"That's a quaint idea, Mrs. Everett. Sitting in its loneliness thinking, eh? It was to that home you went after that night in camp—after he had said good-night to you."

"Go an' talk to the girls; yuh bringing him back ter me," Malvina said, as she arose to leave him.

"Here you are," called Lina, cheerily, as she joined them under the walnut. "I do not know, Mrs. Everett, whether we can allow you to monopolize Mr. Hawley in this manner."

Malvina did not see the merry twinkle in Lina's bright eyes, or was not in a mood for pleasantries, as she answered:

"I met him 'fore yuh did; an' I knowed his father, too. Yuh girls cain't have him all the time," and Malvina abruptly left them.

"Was she in earnest, I wonder," Lina asked.

"She has meditative moods at times, I have observed," Arthur said. "Perhaps she has been living in the past—these old home scenes recalling her girlhood days."

"I know the story of those days; Uncle has told me," Lina said. "I think sometimes she loves that northern officer yet."

"She and Mr. Everett seem very happy in their relationship," Arthur replied.

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Suppose it is true she loves another better than her husband?" Lina asked.

"She will not forget that she is Yancey Everett's wife," Arthur said.

"Even though she does not forget—even though she does not see this man again—she should love her husband best."

"Yes, that is very true."

"What if she does not?"

"Is that a misfortune or a fault?" he asked.

"It is not for me to answer. I can only say. I would love my husband better than any one else on earth, or I would not marry him," she said.

"Arthur thought he saw a sort of love light in the large, fawn-like eyes.

"Am I not beginning to care for this sweet, unspotted girl—her whose first love-

story has yet to be told?" he asked himself.

When Arthur Hawley left home, he took with him a small, but expensive revolver. He felt that some sort of weapon was needed when one visited the mountains of the South. When Jack Fallis saw the revolver he said, smilingly:

"Thet is a very purty toy, an' might please Bess; but it ain't the sort we use heyre. Yuh see, we don't believe in jist teasin' a man till he gits mad, like thet bum-bee killer would make him."

"But that is a clever weapon," Arthur said.

"I reckon; but it ain't big enough. Now heyre is one; I got another left," he explained, as Arthur was about to refuse his gift. "When yuh go after a man weth this, an' thar ain't a funeral, it is the fault o' the markmanship."

"Do you think Bess would like this?" Arthur asked, half ashamed of the handsome little weapon.

"Did yuh ever see a child thet didn't like toys?" Jack's eyes twinkled merrily. Calling Bess, he said:

"Mr. Hawley hes a present fer yuh."

The young lady was not in a pleasant frame of mind for some reason, and did not reply. She took the weapon and examined it carefully.

"Will you accept it?" Arthur asked, as he noted her indifference.

"To keep?"

"Yes, to keep, if you care to have it."

"Will yuh hev any?" she asked.

"Your uncle loaned me this," Arthur said.

"I give it ter yuh ter keep," Jack replied.

"We are not likely to need this sort of thing in the city," replied Hawley.

The target practice was begun at once, and Jack watched them awhile. Finally he took the little weapon and at the second shot touched the bulls-eye.

"Thet ain't so bad, Bess; yuh kin kill rabbits weth it, any wey."

When Fallis was gone, Arthur asked the girl why she was acting in such an unusual manner. "You have not had a word to say to me this morning."

"Yuh don't keer much, I reckon."

"I do care. We were great friends when

we went to the cabin of Lige Evans. Now you have not a word to say."

"Ef Lina asks yuh fer this pistol, yuh'll take it away from me an' give it to her, I 'low."

"What right have you to say that?" His assumed indignation moved the girl.

"You can give it away yourself, if you wish," he said.

"I will keep this always, ef yuh will tell me again thet yuh don't hate me."

"I can easily answer that. I do not hate you; on the contrary, I think you are a delightful little friend when you are not angry."

"An' yuh don't think me perfectly silly?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh! It is all about that kiss, is it? Well, I'll give it back to you? Shall I?" he asked.

"Uncle Jack is a-lookin', an' he'll laugh at us."

"We cannot afford to be laughed at, I'm sure, but the very next time you ask me about that kiss I'll give it back."

She looked at him slyly through the tangle of brown and gold.

"How long air yuh goin' ter stay heyre?" Bess asked, presently.

"Why? Are you anxious to have me go?"

"Sometimes I am; sometimes I think yuh ort ter stay heyre always."

"How about this morning?" he asked.

"I dreamed last night yuh hed gone," she answered, evading his question.

"I wonder if you were sorry?"

"I reckon I like ter hev yuh stay," she answered, softly.

"Good! Bess, my little friend; now we are friends again, are we not? Let me see whether these eyes are grey this morning, or are they green?" He saw the red steal into the pale cheeks.

"Let us shoot at the mark again," she said.

When they had tired of shooting, Arthur asked her to take him to the woods, where the birds talked to her.

"Mebby they won't talk when yuh air a-listenin'." she said.

"You might try them."

"We'll go."

"The woods look cool and inviting, and I think I should like to be there this morn-

ing," he said, as they strolled through the orchard.

"What is the name of this pretty stream?" he asked when they had reached the deeply shaded banks.

"It's Lone Creek," she said.

"If it was only deeper, I would like to plunge in."

"Weth yuh clothes on? You would spile them," Bess said.

"Little mother, I meant if I was alone."

"Come; I'll show yuh the swimmin' hole," she said, as she took his hand and led the way to a bluff, below which the creek moved lazily, proclaiming its depth. Above and below this bluff the banks sloped gently until the ripples kissed the mosses bending low to invite the caress.

"This is glorious, Bess," said he, as he threw himself upon the carpet of green. "Listen to the murmur of the south wind in the trees."

Bess sat close beside the young man, while a brown thrush upon a bough above them sang a merry song.

"Is that one of your friends?" Arthur asked in low tones, not wishing to disturb the bird. A sunbeam falling through the open boughs turned the curls into threads of gold. A bit of the gold thread touched his cheek, and he felt a thrill unknown before.

"Am I falling in love with this young girl?" he asked himself. The thrush was warbling his sweetest then, and looking up, Arthur cried:

"Sing on, my rival; sing on. I am not jealous of you!"

He could not read the message Bess's eyes were telling, but he understood when she asked:

"Do yuh mind whar yuh said 'fore we come heyre?"

"No," he answered.

"I do."

"What?"

The eyes were almost green, but they were laughing, and she asked:

"Air yuh mad at me?"

"O daughter of Eve, there—there—there—. Now let us go in the house."

All that day Bess kept humming a theme from "The Flower Song."

It was the next day that Jack Fallis took Arthur to call upon Justice Peters. He

understood the peculiarities of the squire's family. Close decisions were usually given in favor of those whom Mrs. Peters regarded as friends and equals. Fallis explained something of this to the young man as they rode along, and from a free discussion of the Peters girls he drifted into a rather confidential talk about Lina and Bess. He did not love Lina less because he loved the little one so well. Bess was a girl, women cared little for, but men liked her at once. That mysterious something — magnetism, perhaps — that which repelled her sex drew men to her, and Jack and his guest were in easy accord when discussing the girl.

"She likes yuh, I know," Jack said, and the young man wished that the vivid flush which came quickly to his face might not be observed, for he was thinking, as Jack talked, of that rare moment at Lone Creek when the brown thrush was whistling.

"Yes, she likes yuh in her queer way, and it is a mighty satisfaction ter all o' us ter hev the son o' Major Hawley a visitin' us, but as I war sayin' a bit ago about the Peters', they air queer, an' ef they think yuh act sorter stuck-up it might hev some bearin' on the squire's views on the case."

Arthur understood perfectly and when he was introduced to that functionary and his family, was urbanity itself.

The Peters' girls, Emily and Jane, were not noted in the neighborhood for their beauty. Emily was thin and angular, while Jane was plump to obesity. Nature had painted her cheeks a fiery red. The squire like his youngest daughter was round and rosy, while his wife was as lean as Cassio. Her voice was pitched in a high, discordant key. When she said "Howdy," in answer to their greeting, Arthur caught himself looking for the parrot that had spoken. He discovered his mistake in a moment as the raucous voice went on: "I meant ter go over ter your house yistiday, Jack Fallis, ter see Malviney and ax her ter come an' visit us, but Pap ther war so burned lazy he wouldn't hitch up the critter. Lisha he would hev gone but he war a gaddin' somewhar. I reckon it don't take no coaxin' ter git him ter go ter yuh house. It mought be different now case vuh all has company and 'Lish is powerful bashful when company is 'round."

"I reckon yuh all had better come over an see us. The house is still a standin' thar an I think we got a ruther spruce lookin' young man visitin' us; I wonder the gals warn't ovah," and Jack winked at the fat girl.

"Lord Gawd, my gals," began the parrot-like voice which was interrupted by a hysterical laugh from the red girl, while the other, the image of her mother, cleared her throat with strained effort. Mrs. Peters did not mean anything that approached profanity, but this was her expression when profoundly moved. "I reckon my gals wouldn't shine much wher Lina is; we didn't all hev yuh money, Jack Fallis, ter send our gals ter Knoxville, an' git style pumped inter 'em."

"Come ovah an hear our young frien play the pianner," Jack said quickly, knowing the Knoxville incident was a source of bitterness to Mrs. Peters.

"Kin he play on the pianner?—Is thet his business?" Jane asked.

Arthur pretended not to hear and going to the door said: "I would like to get acquainted with that big dog in the yard."

"I reckon one o' the gals will hev ter hole him or he might git acquainted weth yuh pants like he did a peddler's one day," said the voice.

The red one, Jane, had joined him at the door and as her mother paused a moment for breath said:

"It mortified me mos' ter death ter see thet dawg a chawin them pants."

"No doubt," Arthur answered. "Not to mention the mortification it must have caused the peddler."

Mrs. Peters had forgotten the dog and the peddler when Arthur resumed his seat and asked:

"Kin yuh play Ortenville?"

"Oh, yes, I'll play it for you if you will come over," Arthur said.

"Does Mother Fallis like the pianner?" asked Emily.

"Wal sorter," Jack replied. "Really, mother's sot on a harp. She never seed one, but she says any instrument good enough fer David, is good enough for the Fallis family. Mother persists thet David could beat any pianner on earth with that harp o' his."

"Thar ain't no Davids now-a-days," said Mrs. Peters.

"I reckon thar ain't in some ways," Jack replied. Turning to the squire, Jack continued: "We come ovah terday ter fix a time fer the case against Lige Evans, fer settling on them timber lands. Mr. Hawley will tell yuh the facts in the case, but I want yuh ter put it off as long as the law will let yuh."

"Yancey Everett is my attorney," Arthur explained, "and he will not be here before the 16th or 18th. The preliminaries can be arranged today, however."

"Will you be ready for the trial on the 18th?" the justice asked.

"Not before the 20th," said Jack promptly.

Arthur smiled as he assented to the date and would not have seriously objected had it been later.

Nate was waiting for them when they returned. "Nannie is in the house," he said. "An' she come ovah ter tell yuh ter look out fer Lige Evans, as he is a swearin' ter kill yuh."

"I reckon, Nate, he won't do no killin' while yuh uncle is able ter handle his weepoon," Jack said.

\* \* \*

Arthur had gone to the pool, or swimming hole in Lone Creek several times before he discovered that Bess had followed him. So discreetly and secretly had she guarded him that he might not have known of her presence until that morning when he thought the end had come, but for a heated argument he overheard. He had asked Bess to join him again in target shooting when Lina said: "You will kindly excuse Bess this morning, Mr. Hawley."

Arthur thought he detected a sharper note in the usually low, sweet voice than he had heard before. After he had arranged the target he discovered he had forgotten the cartridges and returned to the house to get them. As he approached the open door he heard an angry voice cry:

"That is a lie, Lina Burrell, an' yuh know it."

What has aroused Bess, he wondered as he turned away, not wishing to play eaves-dropper. He heard Lina angrily reply:

"How shameless you have grown; following Mr. Hawley in the manner you did

and using such language as that to me. I feel that I should punish you.

"Don't ever lay a hand on me, Lina Burrell," the voice of the girl was deep and thrilling. Arthur could imagine the eyes were green and flashing.

"I wonder if he knows you followed him?" Arthur silently stole away out of hearing.

"I wonder if he knows you follow him?" Lina was saying—I wonder too, what he would think of you if he knew it?" Would he not think you—or all of us belong to the same class as that woman with Lige Evans."

"I did not see him in the creek—I did not try ter see him. I'm no more low down than yuh air, Lina Burrell." The bare foot stamped the floor.

"Then why did you follow him?"

"I went ter see that nobody harmed him," said Bess bravely.

"I suppose he needs a miss of fourteen years as his guardian." The girl felt the sarcasm keenly and blushed.

"Yuh don't like it 'case he's weth me more than weth yuh—I know," and the sneer of the young girl brought an angry flush to the cheeks of the young woman.

"How can he help it? You are always after him. I'm sure I do not follow him to his bath." Lina was rarely unkind, but Bess' thrust cut deeply and the retort, unworthy of Lina as it was, came before she thought.

"I'll hate yuh Lina—all my life, I'll hate yuh for that." Bess uttered the words slowly and impressively and when she had done, turned and walked away. She did not return when dinner was served and soon Arthur started out to find her. He thought she might be in the woods down by the creek and he followed the path to the orchard. Bess had climbed into a tree and was sitting in the forks looking away at the foot hills and beyond these at the mountains. He heard her sob and a thrill of pity for the lonely, heart-bruised girl went through him. He had intended going past her as if he did not know she was there until the sob smote him and he went directly to the tree and, calling to her, said:

"Jump, I'll catch you."

Not a moment did she wait. She

sprang toward him and he caught her in his arms and drew her closely to him. The tangle of hair lay upon his breast and touched his cheek when he bent over to look into her eyes. With his arms about her and with her head upon his breast, the sobs grew softer and fewer until the sting of Lina's words was no longer felt. This was her moment of victory and even as she brushed the tears away she smiled, as she wished Lina might be looking. Arthur did not catch this smile for her face lay close to his heart, so closely that she began counting the quick throbs.

"Bess," he said tenderly, "Bess, bravest little woman in the world, I do not like to see the tears in your eyes; those eyes are very pretty, Bess, girl, and some day they will make glad or weary a human heart. Remember you have Uncle Jack. On his broad breast there is rest and comfort for a little girl when trouble comes. Then, there is some one else who likes you better than he cares to tell."

#### CHAPTER X.

Had Jack Fallis appeared at that moment, Arthur Hawley would have stood before him speechless and abashed. In his heart there was no thought of wrong, but he knew that it was not a manly thing to do. Bess was simply a child—nature's child—and she loved him. What could he do, now that he knew that this passionate child had bared her soul to him?

Had he not encouraged this affection when he had kissed her twice while they were alone in the woods and the brown thrush was singing?"

"Who?" she asked presently. He did not reply. He seemed to see Lina's brown eyes resting upon him reprovingly.

"Who likes me?" she asked.

"I think I need not tell you — some day when you are older I will."

A soft, sunburned hand crept up to his face and rested there a moment. Slyly she drew his head down until two sweet, wet lips met his. The soul of a woman took possession of that mountain waif of less than fifteen years. The caress that at first was as soft as the scent-laden breath of spring ended in a hungering, eager kiss and the wide eyes, the gray all gone and

the green gleaming, were alive with love and ecstasy. The upturned face was radiant and her lips were as pink as the wild strawberries in the meadow. He stood silently looking at her, realizing all at once what it meant.

"Ah! there is Mrs. Everett, over by the fence, let us go to her; she is waiting for us perhaos." Bess was not eager to leave the orchard where the saddest and happiest moments of her life had been so closely interwoven.

"Mrs. Everett," Arthur said when they joined her, "this little lady has had some trouble today that maybe she will care to tell you and does not wish to tell me. Bess and I have few secrets we cannot confide to each other and to our friends. I do not like to see her unhappy; maybe you can cure the trouble, who knows?"

"She don't look very sorrowful now," said Malvina. A shy, tender glance from out of the long lashes rested a moment upon the young man as she said:

"I 'low they'r lookin' fer me at the house."

When Bess was out of hearing Malvina said:

"Ain't yuh learnin' her somethin' thet aint in the books?"

"Nothing for which she need blush when she is a woman," he answered.

"I hope not."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Everett?"

"Arthur Hawley, what did them kisses mean?"

"I thought you knew me well enough not to ask that question. Do you think I would instill in the mind of that girl thoughts that would stain her character? Do you think that I could bring sorrow into the home of Jack Fallis, who is my host and my friend?"

"Yuh wouldn't mean to, I know, but—"

"But what?"

"Let me ask yuh Arthur, do yuh love her?"

He did not answer at once but looked into her honest eyes and replied slowly: yes, I love her as I would a little sister."

"That won't do, Arthur," Malvina said. "I've never seed yuh kiss yuh sister, but I did see yuh a kissin' Bess. When a brother kisses his sister its soon ovah, an' it don't matter much where, on the cheek,

her chin or back o' her ear. Yuh all didn't make any mistake o' thet kind. Ther war two red lips 'a waitin' fer yours, and ther didn't seem as if either one wanted ter quit."

"Do you disapprove of my affection for Bess," he asked quietly.

"What is to become o' her when yuh air gone? She hes given her soul to yuh. Yuh can't help seein' thet. What do yuh think she will do when yuh go home an' fergit? Won't she go down ther' to the creek bank wher' yuh all hev been tergether—won't she go down ther' an' lay on the moss an' pray fer yuh ter come? Won't she cry to her Gawd—send him back ter me, make him come back to me. I couldn't help alovin' him, I couldn't—I couldn't. An' then at the last when yuh fergit thet yuh stole all the sweetness out o' her child lips, yuh'll heah some day how Jack Fallis found her a sleepin' down in the watah—jus' as he found her sleepin' in the snow when a baby gyrl—only this time the tangled curls will be soaked an' the red faded out o' her lips."

"Stop: Great God! Mrs.. Everett, stop. Do you think I am such a wretch? No, she shall wait only until she is old enough to hear me say: "Bess, I love you better than all the world and I have come to ask you to be mine, mine always, always."

"I believe yuh, Arthur, but don't fergit. Sometimes Bess seems like a little gyrl, an' at times like a woman thet has suffered. I had hoped though it might hev been Lina." Her grey eyes had grown dim.

"Lina and I are friends. I'm sure," he said, "I might have learned to care for her, but not a word has been spoken that either of us do not fully understand. I did not know until today how much Bess is to me. I know how strange this must seem to you, Mrs. Everett. I cannot understand it myself. I come to the mountains and I find myself in love with a child—a girl in her early teens, and uneducated. When she sprang from the tree and I felt her tremble in my arms I knew there was no one else in the world for me, but Bess."

"Tell Jack Fallis how it is an' don't look love at Lina any more. Oh, I've seed yuh," Malvina said.

There were many stories floating about

the neighborhood concerning Arthur. It was reported that he was immensely wealthy, or would be when his father's great possessions came to him. Then Yancey Everett had aroused the curiosity of the neighborhood by stories of the great law firm with which the young man was connected.

Arthur was over the average height, a trained athlete with admirable proportions of figure and a strong and rather handsome face.

He belonged to the best social class in his home city. He had caught many a tender glance from the eyes of imperious beauties, but fate willed it that he should find a heart-mate in the mountains. A bit of a girl, the touch of whose lips enthralled him. .

"How did a soul so old an' knowin' come ter a gyrl o' her aige I wondah?" Malvina said next day. "Po' little one, I understand her better than any one, I 'low. Like me, she's hed no chance, but ef she gets a chance she'll make her mark."

"She shall have her chance if I have my way," Arthur replied. Malvina told of her conversation with Bess and how she learned the cause of the argument with Lina. By some means Lina discovered that Bess had followed Arthur when he went for his plunge in Lone Creek, and, as is known, sternly rebuked the girl. Bess explained as best she could the indefinable fear that possessed her when Arthur went to the pool. That her fears were not groundless was known later.

Bess told how she came to follow him and in Yancey Everett's wife, she found a sympathizer. "I waited till he got through the field an' ovah in the woods before I left the orchard," Bess said. "Then I just flew till I got sight o' him. I'd dodge from tree to tree, thet he wouldn't see me. Arthur give me a pistol, yuh know, and I allus git it when I see him start fer the crick. I kep' sight o' him till he took off his coat and belt with the big Colt's revolver Uncle Jack give him, then I'd git back o' a tree an' wait till I heard him plunge in. When he was in the water I crawled up till I could watch the bank on both sides the crick. Ef I didn't do that I think Lige would sneak on him an' kill him."

"Yuh couldn't stand that now, could you Bess?" Malvina asked.

"Ef he killed Arthur I'd never rest day or night till Lige war dead. I don't want him ter go to Lone Creek again without me. Ef I felt I hed to save him before he said he liked me more than any one as he did yisteday, why won't I go again ef he does? Lina said I war shameless—I ain't, Malvina, I ain't. He is mine now an' I'll see that Lige don't rob me of him. Do yuh think he'd be 'shamed o' me, if he knowed?"

"I reckon not, dear, he wouldn't be worth thinkin' about ef he did—knowin' it war ter save his life. I keered for a man once, dear," Malvina continued, "when I war a gyrl o' seventeen, an' he war grand lookin' like Arthur—handsomer I 'low than he is—"

Bess shook her head—"No he couldn't be nicer than Arthur," she said.

"Bless yuh soul, child," said Malvina, "that's right, ther ain't any one in the world so handsome as the man we love, but yuh never seed this one. It was before Mr. Everett come. He was from the North, too, an' a friend o' Arthur's family. He put his arms 'round me one night an' kissed me jist like Arthur did yistedy weth yuh."

"Do yuh sometimes dream that he's kissin' yuh yit?" Bess asked.

"Dream of 'em? Ef I could only stop a dreamin', but I can't. I ornt'n't say this ter yuh, Bess, yuh ain't old enough ter understand, but Arthur minds me o' him—an' he went away an' never come back."

\* \* \*

"Yuh wanted to see my ole home, didn't yuh, Arthur?" Malvina asked when she had told Bess' story and how she had guarded him in the creek.

"Yes, why not now?" he asked.

"I'll tell them we air goin'," said Malvina as she sought Lina and Bess.

There was a family living in the cabin, and as usual in the mountains a pack of lean and hungry hounds rushed out, barking furiously.

"They are ugly looking beasts," he said.

"Do yuh want ter go in?" Malvina asked.

"Not through that army of dogs."

Just then a troop of dirty, half-dressed

children came running around the house. The eldest, a girl of fifteen years, clad in a ragged garment so torn that her shapeless, unwashed limbs were not hidden, stared boldly and asked what they wanted.

"How long hev yuh lived heyre?" Malvina asked.

"Not very long," answered the girl, who never took her eyes from Arthur.

"I think yuh'd keer ter put on some clothes 'fore strangers any way," and Malvina frowned. The girl grinned and drew the one torn garment about her. Just then there appeared in the door a woman who loudly ordered the children to get away.

"Heyre, Lize!" she said, "take this young un an' git out; yuh stan' thar starin' like a passed o' idjits."

"I didn't know any one war a livin' heyre," said Malvina.

"I come heyre from Kaintuck a month or two ago," replied the woman.

"Who told yuh ter move in this house o' mine?"

"My sister 'lowed as we mought."

"Who is your sister?" asked Mrs. Everett.

"Lige Evans' wife," she answered.

A smile, in which was a trace of scorn, appeared as Malvina asked:

"Where is yuh husband?"

"He's daid."

"How long since?"

"Mos'ly two years, I 'low," answered the unkempt woman, whose eyes fell before Malvina's questioning glance at the infant she had given to the young girl.

"Do yuh count on payin' any rent?"

"I reckon I don't count on nothin' else—that is, onē o' these days. Thars a feller ovah thar by Pisga' as is a talkin' some o' marryin' me," said the woman.

"Yuh caint make it any wuss than it is," said Malvina as they drove hurriedly away from the place.

"I'm sorry we come," said Malvina when the turn in the road shut out the view of the old home. "I'd hoped it would be jist as it used ter be, lonesome, like when I went away. I felt a shame fer thet young gyrl, who had no sense o' shame herself," Malvina continued. "Fer et seemed ter be me a standin' thar. Mebby I war shameless then as she is."

"I cannot think so," Arthur answered.

"Mebby not, but what chance has mounting gyls in these po' famblies got to larn the decent things o' life? No schools, no larnin, an' all livin' tergether like the cattle o' the fields."

Her unforgotten girlhood had come back to her, but nature had formed her of finer clay and her environment after she had married Yancey Everett lifted her above the humble surroundings of her birth.

Lina and Bess were both at the gate waiting for them when they returned. When Arthur helped Malvina from the carriage Lina was quick to observe that the visit to the old home had not been a happy one for Mrs. Everett. 'The smile of welcome upon the fair face of the mountain girl faded slowly. Her heart kept asking, "What is wrong? What happened?" Mrs. Everett's averted gaze worried her. Had there been a quarrel or was it memory that caused the pained expression? Even Arthur seemed at a loss to break the silence that was beginning to be embarrassing.

Bess had been observing her new friend, Mrs. Everett, closely also. She saw the tears glistening in the gray eyes that were seldom wet. When Bess wished information she did not hesitate to ask for it.

"What is the matter, Malviny—Mrs. Everett?" she corrected.

"Thur's cattle come in over thur at the old place."

"I'll take the daug an' go over an' drive 'em out pretty soon," Bess said.

A fleeting smile swept the face that bent over Bess, as she whispered, "Come ter my room as soon as yuh kin." Aloud she said: "I reckon them air cattle as won't go 'way fer the daug."

"Nate will take care of the team presently," Lina said.

Arthur was preparing to drive to the stables. Lina was hoping Arthur might explain what caused the marked change in the demeanor of Mrs. Everett. Malvina and Bess preceded them and were about to go to Mrs. Everett's room when Bess observed that Lina and Arthur were seeking the shade of the walnut tree.

"Wait," said Bess. . "Do yuh see Lina thur—she's a takin' him away from me."

"No she ain't. I don't reckon as she could, now that he kissed yuh jist as he did. Don't be jealous, Bess, an' don't let them see it if yuh air. Come ter my room. I don't want ter be alone, an' I don't want ter talk much. I jist want ter put my arms around yuh an' hold yuh close ter my heart. Yuh an' me is a good deal alike, Bess. Yo' air a gal—jist a bit of a gal, and the one yuh love is near yuh. The one I loved is far away. Maybe the Lord counts us as good as they air, but they belong away up yander where the eagles roost, an' we down here whur the hens hide their nests."

"But yuh hev Yancey, don't yuh know, an' he is good."

"Dear Gawd! yes, he's good—he's good," she said wearily.

*(To be continued. )*





# ARROWHEADS.

BY

A.C. SHETRONE.

**R**ude effigies of by-gone savage hearts,  
Wrought from the silent everlasting rock;  
What varied store of long-forgotten arts  
And mystic rites, within themselves they lock!

Mute voices from the ages which they span,  
Once vibrant—in a moment's hurried flight—  
"Come be the guest of Death" their message ran:  
Thus ruled the primal law when might was right.

Footprints—last records of the fading van  
Of stealthy hosts, along the trail well worn;  
Memorial of primeval bronze-browed man,  
His silent passing to an unknown bourne.



# Anne Sargent Bailey

By Mrs. James R. Hopley



THE quality of bravery is capable of varied definitions. The brave endurance of outward conditions, not subject to improvement, or of pain, not subject to amelioration; the brave advance into the decrepitude of years without loss of vital intersts nor active optimism; the bravery of those pronounced incurable and who know themselves likely to die violent, painful or loathsome deaths; the fortitude of others who await terrible physical ordeals, or calmly face living problems worse than death — these are all familiar examples. Hourly we are made aware of the sublimity of the souls close about us and learn that it is in pain that the strong chain is forged whereby we are united, alike, to God and to our fellows. Below, the links are called sympathy, helpfulness, altruism, and, drawing us upward, become aspiration, alikeness, a divine co-existence.

But in contra distinction, bravery is seen in another and different set of manifestations — unpremeditated, active, of one's own volition, choice and seeking. This is shown by the mere bystander who throws himself before a train, or into the sea, to save a child, a woman, a youth, whom he has never before seen; again in the thousand instances of soldierly daring, the storming of Missionary Ridge, in the example of Von Winkleried, of Hobson and his companions, of Custer and the ancient Aztec warriors.

To analyze the promptings of the spirit within us, which makes us endure, or which makes us dare, is the province of the psychologist, and it is a province the laws of which are not likely to be reduced to a science. When these two forms, elective courage and enduring bravery, are found to exist side by side, and so to con-

tinue, through years and innumerable tests, the character thus endowed is called heroic. The tremendous value of such lives is hard to estimate. They seem to take the world by the ears and set it forward, sometimes a decade, sometimes a cycle. They precipitate events and clear the way of obstacles when the events loom before us. The timid, the garrulous, the army of objectors big and little, are swept from the path as the hurricane sweeps the huts of the natives in tropic islands. Such a force was Luther, discovering that "Man is saved by Faith."

Faith is the saving power here and hereafter. By it prosperity is held to its course as a great ship before constant winds. To lose faith is to have the panic already upon us. Without it no great work may be done. Faith in himself makes many a man a militant figure. A few lapses, the contagion of distrust spreads, and finally the stampede occurs among the followers. Up from the valleys of their humiliation, forth from the fields of their heroism, down from the mountains of suffering, the heroic dead glorify the horizon of our imagination, and I would see a figure blazoned there more clearly with that of Jean d'Arc, Sheridan on Winchester Road, Sherman on his March to the Sea, Columbus with his "Sail on! Sail on!" or Elizabeth Fry, for prison reform! It is the figure of Anne Bailey. How they all pushed the world forward!

Voice, pen, sword, brigade or squadron, the commander-in-chief must be Faith. Such men and women inspire fear, a wholesome fear, as well as the desire of emulation, and they inspire a love and an admiration it is good to feel. Such a character manifested itself in the person of Anne Sargent Bailey. She was born in Liverpool, England, in 1700 and was

named for Queen Anne, whose coronation, she, with her parents, witnessed in 1706. When the hazardous undertakings of this woman are reviewed; when with them are found the usual domestic qualities, unsullied virtue, the inheritance of a good name, correct moral standards and the fact that these conditions were present for more than a century, it is strange that the name and fame of this old heroine are not widely known.

Perhaps, upon a cherished shelf, in the room of the child you were, there reposed a blue volume called "Women of Worth." In the education of some of us it followed immediately after dolls. It was probably not the biggest selling book of the year. It bore a London imprint and was not a bargain counter book, nor, as Dorothy Wordsworth wrote to Coleridge, "bought from a haberdasher," but a beautiful book, one to caress, — peculiar, distinctive, individual; a book that first pleased your eye and then pleased your fancy, written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. In it one reads of "The Illustrious Matron, The Teacher in the Wilds, The Noble Dame, The True Wife, The Worthy Daughter, The Worker of Charity, The Devoted Patriot, The Estimable Governess, The Sculptor's Assistant, The Friend of Columbus, The Pastor's Helpmate and The Christian Heroine." Now the reader I knew best, thrilled and chilled and glowed and wept over these great souls, yet none of them seem to rise to a more heroic plane than this woman of our own wilderness.

Seized while on her way from school, and carried off with the cherished books under her arm, she was brought to America, and, at nineteen, sold in Virginia to defray her kidnappers' expenses.

General Lewis Newsom, an early resident of Gallipolis, where Mrs. Bailey's last days were lived, appears to doubt the authenticity of this and says her station was simply that of one sold out to service on account of poverty and indicates that she emigrated of her own free will. This is a mistake, due to the fact, doubtless, that General Newsom had no acquaintance with Anne Sargent Bailey until she was near to the close of her life. He does not seem to have known that she was finally

located by her parents, after a long search, and demonstrated her love for America by choosing this rather than England, for her home, so that the Sargents returned without her.

Mr. William P. Buell, writing in 1885, makes no mention of her under the name employed by General Newsom. She became the wife of John Trotter of Virginia, then of course, an English Colony, belonging to Great Britain. She had one child, a son, who was named William, to whom she was deeply attached as was Sarah to Isaac, for he was born in her old age. At the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, her husband, with his Colonel, was killed by the Indians, and from that hour she became devoted ardently to the interests of her country and the avenging of her husband's death.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." But how many men owe their defeat and how many causes owe much of their success to the tremendous force, the invincible will to repay in some adequate measure of pain or frustrated ambitions, the evil done to those dear to us. Christian ethics this clearly is not, but God, by whom we are enjoined to honor our parents, can hardly look with pleasure on the child who presses the hand of his father's unjust enemy or fawns upon the creature who has broken his heart upon the wheel of disloyal friendship. As for some of us, such creatures either have no part, do not exist in our world of genuine and eternal things, or they exist for us to loathe, to disdain and to humiliate. Shakespeare's imagination never conceived a situation more revolting to the normal mind than the espousal of Hamlet's mother to her husband's murderer.

Not so with this woman of our wilderness. The murderers of the husband of her youth were to be hunted, harried, exterminated, if possible. And avenging his death, she furthered the cause of freedom, made way for liberty, life and good order in the new world. For this became her passion, and her services to the settlers as scout, soldier, provisioner of forts and as teacher to their children, were hooks of steel by which, her devotion having been tried, they bound her to themselves and themselves to her.

Anne Sargent was of good family, and her people in England of comfortable fortune. But she was intensely fond of books and on coming to Ohio in 1818, taught a school near Gallipolis, though she was then past the century mark in years. She enforced her discipline, and as many of her pupils have since testified to the soundness of her learning and the advantages secured through her instruction, it can not be gainsaid that for mental and physical vigor, she was one of the most remarkable women of any age. Her eventful career has been linked with that of the soldier, whom after many years of widowhood she married — John Bailey, of Virginia. Mrs. Bailey was not tall, was very sturdy in figure and of necessity adopted the dress of the pioneer of the border. Her face was bronzed by exposure and marked with the conflicts of her soul and the sorrows which had robbed her of even the little ease a pioneer settler's wife might enjoy. She hunted and fought like any soldier of her time and enjoyed the hazardous journeys in conveyances of information to commandants of scattered forts in the Kanawha Valley.

Her husband had been assigned to duty with the garrison at Fort Clendennin, the site of the present city of Charleston, West Virginia. From this she was to make the most hazardous of her many journeys and here she was to render the most signal, the most heroic service of her career — the most heroic, possibly, of that of any woman in any time. Mrs. Bailey had become an expert with the rifle, and her accomplishments as messenger, scout and spy were so celebrated that she had been called the Semiramis of America. Her absolutely unerring, and as she rode upon her splendid black horse, Liverpool, the gift of the soldiers of the fort, and named for her English birthplace, she was an object alike of fear, veneration and love. She had not the soft, timid warp of a protected life, but would have offended us, doubtless, by her striking characteristics and untrammelled ways of speech and conduct. But the virtues of the pioneer, the fire of patriotism, the love of all that is true and brave, shone from her bold eyes and glorified her in the field of her operations.

This lay in that stretch of valley at Point Pleasant to the long distant settlements of the James and Potomac in Virginia. Sir Galahad upon his white charger, adventuring forth in search of the Holy Grail does not lay stronger hold upon the imagination than does this lone woman upon her black horse, riding in sunshine and darkness, frozen bleakness or dewy spring downs, through rugged canyons and beautiful valleys, over lofty mountains and densely wooded hills, in the holy cause of freedom. Such is the instinctive prejudice of sex, however, such the marvelous glamour of time, that this woman, unsung and almost unknown, holds with difficulty our interest, for the moment only, in comparison with Tennyson's well-sung, remote man-hero, further weighted with youth, beauty, and magnificently set forth in the paintings by Abby. A grateful people may yet show their appreciation, and the memory of Anne Bailey be perpetuated in some other enduring form, if not in literature or song.

Among hundreds of instances of her daring these are selected as illustrative of what has been said. Upon one of these long journeys from Point Pleasant to Charleston, a band of Indians discovered her and, raising the war whoop, came on in hot pursuit. In order to escape, she dismounted and crept into a great hollow sycamore log. The Indians, coming up, sat down to rest upon the log in which she was concealed; soon others secured her horse and finally led him away. After their departure, she left her hiding place and, taking up the trail, followed it till late at night, when she came upon the party fast asleep. With incredible daring, she crept forward, untied her horse, mounted him and escaped, reaching the fort in safety. The tale that the Indian lays gentle hands only on the squaw, or that they believed Anne Bailey demented, does not appeal with any convincing power to the intelligence of the reader today. No one, insane, could invariably proceed with the calm, intrepid and always successful plans this great woman carried out, nor could she fail to be the victim of the Indian's vengeance in wigwam or before the council fires, had she fallen into his hands.

It was necessary when encamped, to

walk back some distance on the trail, to escape the vigilance of the savages, so that she was compelled always to let her horse go free, thus nightly cutting herself off from means of escape, should she be surprised and surrounded. But the exploit which is not paralleled anywhere in our history, and which exhibits the high and sustained character of Mrs. Bailey's heroism, occurred when the garrison under Captain Clendennin was notified by a runner, sent from Captain Arbuckle at Point Pleasant, that a great attack upon him was planned by the Indians. They had a large force and would be upon the fort within a few days. Settlers were immediately summoned and with their women and children came into the fort. At this juncture Clendennin found that the supply of ammunition was not only low but was nearly exhausted. About one hundred and fifty miles lay between Charleston and Lewisburg, (Point Pleasant). The country was the hunting ground of the savages, and not a settler's house dotted the entire distance. Volunteers were called for. Who will be the man to immortalize his name by undertaking the journey? Only one could be spared. He must go forth alone. Not one of the brave men who listen, though each is a man of daring and fortitude, is willing to face the hideous perils and almost certain death by torture, wild beasts or starvation.

In this crisis a woman steps forward. She is short, unprepossessing in her stout boots and skirt, short flowing locks and man's coat. She speaks briefly, "I will go." This woman will, alone, climb the mountains, swim the rivers, meet the perils hideous to the minds of men—tenfold more hideous to the mind and person of a woman. Her trail will be followed for hours by wolves, waiting to attack her horse; when encamped and night has set in, she will be compelled to make fires to keep at bay the creatures of the wild. To protect herself, should she care to slumber, she must construct a bed by driving into the ground forked posts, adjust upon them rails and slats, cut boughs and lay herself

thereon to escape the deadly rattle snake and copper head. At the very earliest break of the dawn she must replace her load upon the back of the faithful horse, if he lives through the journey, and go forth to meet the still greater perils of the day. Her resolve was instantaneous but made with entire knowledge of what she was to encounter. The commandant yielded and accepted the heroic service. History has preserved sufficient records of the journey, as to enable us to trace it on the map. Doing so, we marvel at the sublime daring of this woman, the terrific force of hatred, the majestic power of loyalty and love. Mrs. Bailey made the 300 miles journey. She met and overcame all these perils and hardships. The fort could not have been saved except for the timely arrival of the ammunition which she brought, thus achieving a feat unparalleled even among the many instances of heroism in the history of that period.

Near the close of her eventful life, she came to her son's home at Gallipolis. Having so loved the wild and free life of the frontier, even this son of her great love could not tempt her to live under his own roof, and her independent mind craved her own roof-tree. In a log house of her own she held court. Rough and strong, the fiber of both mind and body never lost its resiliency. The people fairly idolized her. She was loaded with gifts of every sort and treated with the greatest respect and kindness. She was never ill. She only ceased to breathe; having heard a great voice saying, "Come up higher" her soul answered swiftly, silently. She was said to have been 125 years old.

Her services to her country, to the cause of freedom, and the inspiration of her brave deeds, should be the ample reason for raising some fitting memorial to her name. Instead of this, only the delver in old records, only the curious seeker after the unusual, finds her name, and the place of her burial is on a lonely hill near the site of her son's home, "in the solitude of the woods, unmarked by a headstone."

# CAHOKIA MOUND

By Hon. E. O. Randall

Secretary of the Ohio State Historical and Archaeological Society



HILE "doing" the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held at St. Louis during the year 1904, it was the privilege of the writer in company with a party which included several students of

American archæology, to make an inspection of the world-famed Cahokia mound.

We crossed the Mississippi to the Illinois side, over the colossal bridge, one of the engineering achievements of modern invention and skill, which, had it existed in the ancient days or Oriental glory would have been regarded, if not the first, then easily the eighth wonder of the world. A half hours' ride on a swift speeding trolley car bore us inland some six miles and landed us almost at the base of the great mound — called respectively "Cahokia Mound," from the Indian tribe which formerly inhabited the locality, and the "Monks' Mound," from the fact that in the year 1810 a colony of Trappists settled thereabouts and occupied a monastic building, which they erected on the summit of the mound. After only a few years' sojourn the solitude seeking religionists returned to France. But little evidence remains of their occupancy.

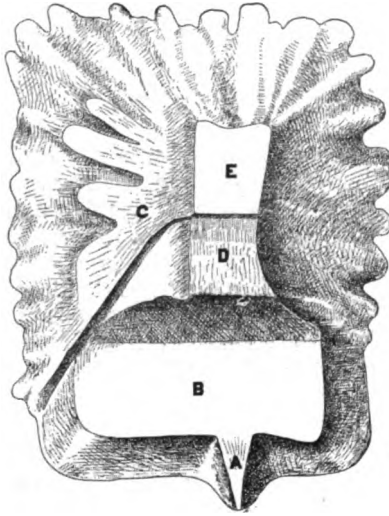
The Mound Builders never failed to exercise sagacious judgment in their choice of sites for habitation or the erection of their chief structures. No better place could have been found for the great Cahokia and its surrounding mounds than in the upper Mississippi valley near the juncture of the Missouri from the west and the Illinois from the northeast, a strategical point on the main waterways of the vast Northwest. For many miles below the entrance of the Missouri, the east side of the Mississippi broadens into a plain some eight or ten miles in width, interrupted by a line of bluffs which form its eastern boundary. This stretch of level surface composed of

rich, fertile, alluvial deposit is known as the "American Bottom." Several creeks cross it from the eastern rise to the Mississippi and many little lakes formerly dotted the thick growths of timber and prolific underbrush, that in the early days must have clothed it.

It was a prime hunting territory for primitive life of a prehistoric people. Near the center of this Bottom and just south of its chief stream, the Cahokia, stands today as it has stood for untold centuries, the most massive and imposing monument of the Mound Builders in this country and probably in the world. Surrounding this mound, within a radius of two or three miles, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, in varying shapes and sizes, from ten to sixty feet in height, are some fifty lesser mounds. At still greater distances from the center structure, in groups or isolated instances, are many more. Great numbers have been obliterated. Doubtless in the days of the "Golden Era" of the Mound Builder, hundreds of mounds dotted the American Bottom. Scores of these strange earth-heaps originally occupied the site of St. Louis and were demolished to make way for the lengthening streets and spreading squares of that metropolis. On these banks of the mighty river must have flourished a vast population whose labors were almost incredible in their results as evidenced by the relics still extant.

Cahokia Mound is a truncated rectangular pyramid, rising to a height of one hundred feet above the original surface upon which it was built. The dimensions of its base are: from north to south, 1,080 feet, from east to west, 710 feet. The area of the base is therefore something over sixteen acres. This is a greater area than the base of the Pyramid of Cheops — the greatest of the Egyptian tombs. The mound was

originally a curious series of receding terraces, four in number. The peculiar design will be better understood by the ac-



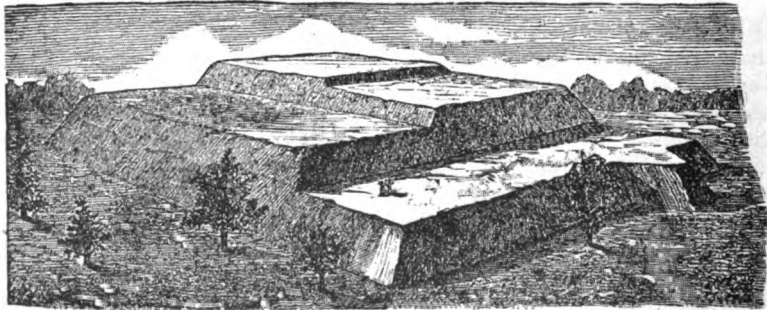
PLAN OF CAHOKIA MOUND FROM ABOVE,  
SHOWING WORN SIDES.

companying illustrations, than by any attempted verbal description.

In the plan representing the structure as appearing when viewed from above, the lowest terrace (B) is 500 feet from the east to the west and 200 feet from north to south. From the south face of that ter-

The next terrace (D) has an elevation of ninety-seven feet above the original base surface. Near the center of that terrace there formerly stood a conical mound, long since destroyed. The fourth terrace (E) is now the most elevated platform of the mound. Its greatest height is one hundred feet above the plain or three feet above the third terrace; it was probably higher in its original condition. The area of this summit terrace is about 200 by 160 feet. The dark line on the left of the mound, leading from the base to the summit is a modern pathway for easy ascent. The contents of this mound have been estimated to considerably exceed one million cubic yards of earth; and the labor of loading and unloading this material or carrying it from a likely distance would occupy 2,500 men two years, working every day in the year.

There is no dispute among scientists concerning the conclusion that this is an artificial mound. Geological demonstrations and archaeological explorations have indubitably determined that this enormous pile of earth was built by a primitive and prehistoric people, so far as any evidence can be shown, built by the hands with implements of the crudest and most primitive character. This truncated, terraced form of mound had its analogy in many of the temples of Mexico and Central America, and indeed in many of the early works of



CAHOKIA MOUND AS ORIGINALLY APPEARING.

race, a point (A) having the appearance of a graded approach projects due south for a distance of about eighty feet. The second terrace (C) is at the present time badly gutted and worn away, which makes it difficult to ascertain the size or elevation.

oriental nations. Such is the monarch, man-made mountain as it was raised above the plain in the midst of this Mound Builders' country. The first view, to the archaeological student, is apt to be dispelling of a preconceived idea, which is that of the

mound in its architectural prime. Its original clear cut lines and arithmetical proportions are blunted from wear of age. Deep furrows have marred its sides and wrinkled its front. Though resisting val-

on the mounds, typifying the conquest of civilization over savagery, the inevitable survival of the fittest. It was a scene for the historian and the philosopher, the artist and the poet. As one writer observes:



CAHOKIA MOUND — EAST SIDE.

iantly, it has bowed to the storms of nature and the vandal assaults of civilized man.

We climbed its jagged flank to the summit and stood upon the elevation that lifted us above the surrounding plain. It was an amiable afternoon in September; the sun had crossed the Mississippi and well on his way to the western horizon cast a mellow tone over the landscape that lay before us. The broad valley gave us a peaceful and pleasing view — stretching to the east till cut off by the dim outline of the uplands; to the west to the great "Father of Waters" which like an irresistible flood plowed its way to the Mexican Gulf. Round about on every hand, like contrasting fea-

"There was a double presence which was forced upon the mind — the presence of those who since the beginning of historic times have visited the region and gazed upon this very monument and written descriptions of it, one after the other, until a volume of literature has accumulated; and the presence of those who in prehistoric times filled the valley with their works, but were unable to make any record of themselves except such as is contained in these silent witnesses." Here certainly was one of the great centers, if not the chief center in the western continent, of this mysterious people.

Many writers and students conclude



CAHOKIA MOUND — WEST SIDE.

tures of a race vanished and forgotten and a people now world-predominant, were interspersed the weather beaten and depleted mounds and the prosperous farm homes. In many instances these homes were built

that if the Mound Builders of the territory now embraced in the United States had a central government, it must from all evidences have been located here in the American Bottom of the Mississippi



valley. Here in great number were found their largest monuments, which bear testimony to their patience and industry and long sojourn. In the mounds and in the intervening fields were found astonishing quantities of human bones and crude stone implements, of war and domestic life, simple but eloquent witnesses of the most primitive stage of human progress. No copper or iron implements were found. These people had never emerged from the age of stone. And was this gigantic earthen structure their temple, their religious tabernacle, the "great central shrine of the Mound Builders' empire," "upon which," suggests one writer and distinguished scholar, "one hundred feet above the plain, were their sanctuaries, glittering with barbaric splendor and where could be seen from afar the smoke and flames of the eternal fire, their emblem of the sun?" Or was it some mighty tomb erected to be the fitting mausoleum of a great conqueror or chief — some terrible Attila, or invincible Alaric, a Cæsar or Napoleon of savage days?

Small wonder that the scene presented from that Cahokia summit awakened one's curiosity and stirred one's imagination. Marvelous relic — preservation of a prehistoric people, looming like the dome of a cathedral from the level valley — the arena in which a vast race had lived and toiled, had come, seen and perhaps had conquered, achieved their ambitions and proudly expended their energies. A race of mystery, whence and when it came, whither or when it went, no man knoweth unto this day. All is locked in impenetrable secrecy. As my companions were discussing the unsolved riddle of the past, I was reminded of Volney's *Meditations on the "Ruins of Empires"* — seated amid the demolished architectural splendors of Palmyra in the Syrian plain of the historic Euphrates, there passed before his "mind's eye" the representatives of buried dynasties and dead faiths. What a chance was here at Cahokia for some historico-philosophic dreamer "to interrogate ancient monuments on the wisdom of past times." Surely here were the remains of a vast and vanished empire. In this valley of the Mississippi had flourished — who knows

how long ago — a mighty nation. They had builded better than they knew, for their simple and stupendous structures had survived "the tooth of time and rature of oblivion."

The Mound Builder had certainly founded his kingdom; it had flourished, for he had erected imperishable and inscrutable memorials; imposing structures that survived ages and races. Could some wizard's wand recall the procession of the peoples who had made their entrees and their exits in this Mississippi valley, what a varied and graphic panorama would be unfolded! The Mound Builder had dwelt here in great numbers and power perhaps for ages, only to join "the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm" which is the destiny of races as of men; then came at least one other savage successor, the child of the forest, the Indian; bitter and bloody was the struggle of his stay, but his happy hunting grounds were to be the dwelling place of the pale face. Yes, even the white intruder, the European emigrant, had made this American Bottom memorable; it had been the field of the national contest for supremacy in the Western World; in turn the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Briton and the American had struggled for this winning of the West; here DeSoto and his gaily attired Cavaliers had planted the flag of Castile and Arragon; here the Jesuit priest and the adventurous *Couriers de bois* had sought favor with the redmen and claimed the basin of the Mississippi for La Belle France; here the insatiable Anglo-Saxon had supplanted the banner of the Bourbons for the standard of St. George and the Dragon; and here that patriotic and dauntless "Washington of the West," Colonel George Rogers Clark and his heroic little band of Virginia riflemen had carried in triumph the Stars and Stripes and saved the Northwest Territory to the infant republic; and now "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," the peaceful homes of the American farmer crown the summits of the temples of the Mound Builders. Is this the final chapter or are others yet to be written? Macaulay, in his famous prophecy wrote: "She (Rome) saw the commencement of all the

governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain,—before the French had passed the Rhine,—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch,—when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul."

So the Mound Builder was here be-

fore European civilization found its foothold on the Western continent. His relics have survived centuries of civilized conflict. Perhaps a cycle hence some representative of another race yet unborn, may stand upon the summit of Cahokia and as he wonders over its age and origin may look about him and witness the ruins of an antique American Republic, while he recalls the epitaph from Byron:

"There is the moral of all human tales;  
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.  
First freedom, and then glory—when that fails.

Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last,  
And history, with all its volumes vast,  
Hath but one page."

## Just A-waitin'

De win's a whisperin' in de wood—  
Lawd I'd be tha' ef I could,  
Yander wha de passom's waitin';  
Put my laigs da kind o' groanin',  
An da lef' me heah a moanin',  
Case de passom he's a waitin'—  
Jist a waitin' in de wood.

He's done settin' da a thinkin'—  
Sort o' looks like ef he's winkin',  
Jist a winkin's case I'm waitin'.  
Well, he 'members many a wa'nin'  
Dat he got bofe night and ma'nin',  
Dat ol' Eb was da a waitin'—  
Jist a waitin' in de wood.

Ol' Miss Coon, she keep a smellin'.  
An she got a way o' tellin',  
Tellin' wha ol' Eb is waitin'—  
V'aitin' down da by de pastur',  
An walkin' slo—cain't walk no faster.  
Case he's ol' an sort o' waitin'—  
Jist a waitin' by de wood.

Ol' Miss Coon, she set an' giggle  
An de passom laf an wiggle,  
Case Ol' Eb is jist a waitin'.  
Da sort o' know dat Eb am hon'in'  
Fer de home wha' da's no moanin',  
Wha Ol' Mammy is a waitin'—  
Jist a waitin' in de wood.

— WAYNE.



TURTLE ISLAND IN LAKE ERIE NEAR TOLEDO.

## PICTURESQUE OHIO

By Hollis Kight



THE scenic beauties of the Buckeye State, which formerly received scant recognition in the strenuous strife of industrial development peculiar to a region just beginning to realize its great possibilities in that direction, have during recent years obtained a prominence in the publishers' world formerly wholly denied them. Indeed, the indifference of the old times seems to have had a reaction, producing a fervor to extol her charms quite uncontrollable by admirers of Ohio's varying landscapes. Where their beauty was formerly lost sight of, smoke stacks appearing more alluring than rocky eminences and clay beds more seductive than scenes of waving foliage, a general desire is now manifested to proclaim these natural physical attractions from the house-tops, and especially to rush into print in commemoration of them.

The number of works illustrating Ohio scenes, now appearing from numerous presses within and beyond the State, is legion. Sad to relate, while some of them are authentic and legitimate, with a literary preparation worthy of the theme, the most noticeable thing in connection with others is the odor of commercialism, not unconnected with the suspicion of "graft." But at any rate, the State's natural beauties are receiving the recognition that is their due; there has been a general awakening of interest in the manifold charms

of Buckeye scenery, and even the baser tributes to their allurements constitute a confession, heretofore wanting, that the world is aware of what Nature has wrought in the State of the Union which she has most abundantly favored.

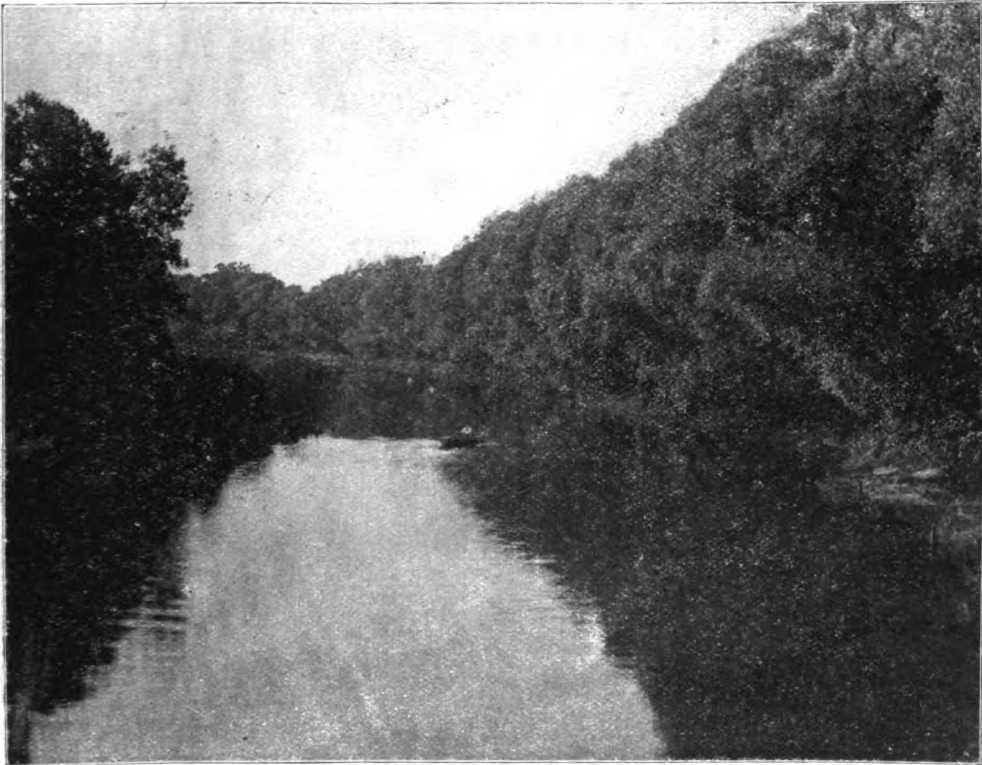
In passing it is no less than just to acknowledge the value of the services of many men and women in this State who are now devoting time and energy to the preservation, in many localities, of natural beauties in danger of destruction. These services have accomplished a great deal, and promise to accomplish much more, in rural communities, but in the vicinity of the large cities there is a lamentable lack of enthusiasm in this cause. Urban additions are being made on all sides at an immense sacrifice of natural beauty. In the cities themselves there is an obvious neglect of shade trees, and with disheartening frequency the hand of commercialism despoils Nature near the centers of population. There has recently been in Cleveland a notable awakening from this lethargy, and in Columbus there is a half-hearted movement for a boulevard system and the redemption of the Scioto river banks from their present state of desolation and consecration to the tin can and the dump pile. In other cities, also, have occurred desultory whisperings relative to reclaiming some of the bygone natural beauties of these places, but as a rule, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of many good

people for reform, the immediate neighborhood of Ohio cities is an eyesore on the face of Nature.

It is refreshing to turn from these neglected wastes and lost opportunities to the innumerable beauty spots that exist in all parts of Ohio, unmarred by the hand of Man or in other cases made more beautiful by his cultivation of the soil. The agricultural sections of a large part of the State have a restful picturesqueness that

them. But, notwithstanding the encroachments of commercialism, this region will never cease to afford scenes of unsurpassed beauty, in intermingled views of land, water and sky.

Turtle Island is an insular gem in the vicinity of Toledo, well named for its shape. It is one of the large number of islands in Lake Erie insignificant in area but most grateful to the eye when seen at some distance. It is so isolated that its



TALLAWANDA CREEK, NEAR OXFORD, BUTLER COUNTY.

is all their own, as may be readily imagined from some of the accompanying photographs; and there still remains a large part of the rugged scenery of the State existing in all its pristine glory.

Happily the shores and islands of the Great Lakes retain their loveliness of older times, emphasized by the labor of the husbandman, except in some isolated cases, where the ruthless hand of the iron manufacturer or quarryman has defaced

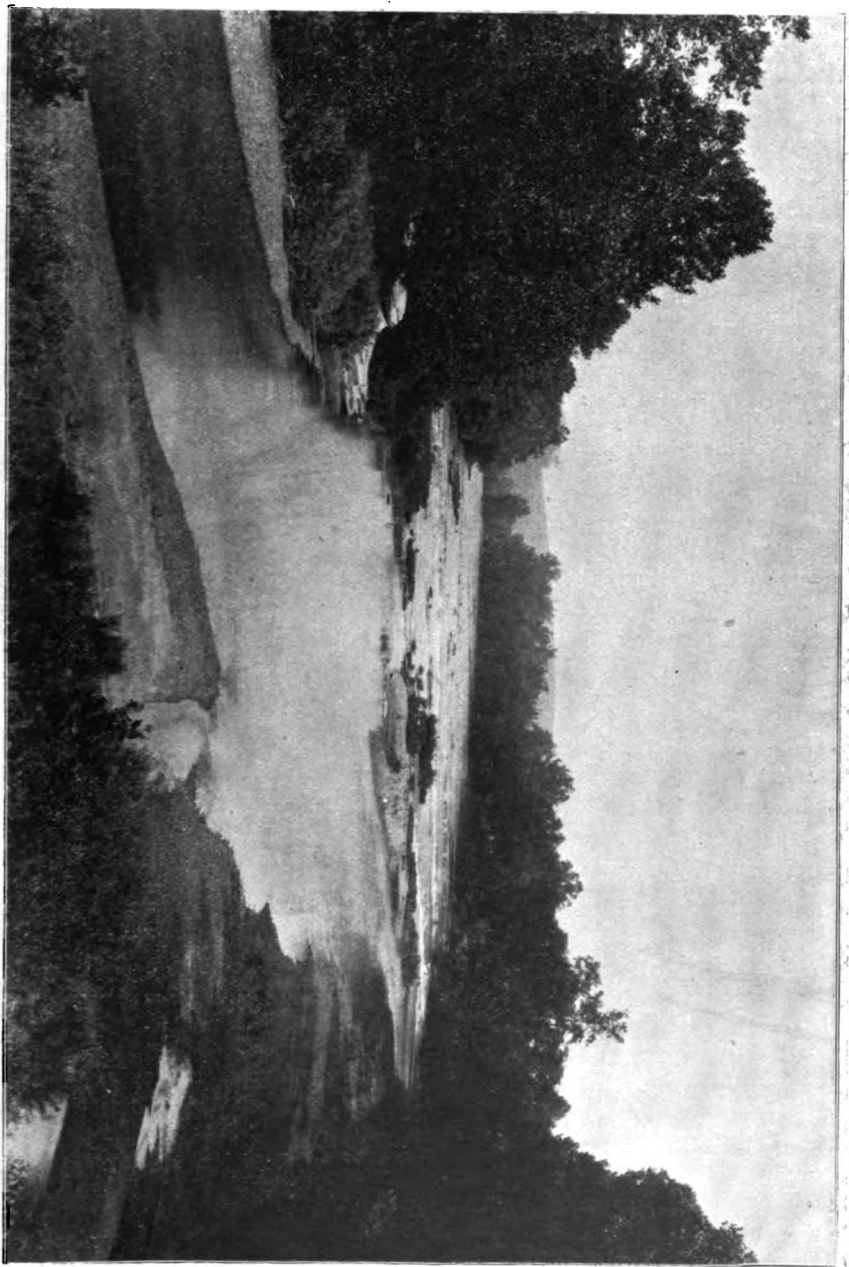
presence comes upon one as a surprise. Nature has done a great deal throughout the Great Lakes to thus relieve the landscape of a waste of water, and Turtle Island is a notable example of her work in this direction.

The Muskingum valley presents countless scenes of calm rural beauty, even without reference to the Muskingum river. The accompanying farm view discloses a valley that would be charming under any



ON ROCKY FORK, HIGHLAND COUNTY.

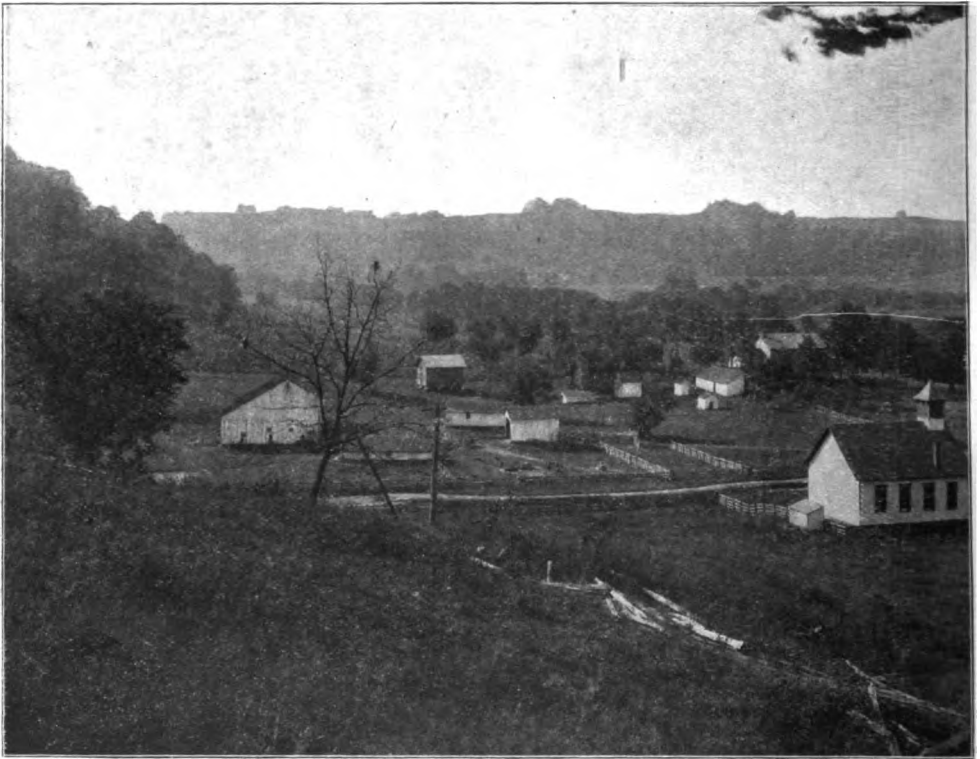
*Photo by DeWesse and Campbell, Washington C. H.*



DILLON'S FALLS ON THE LICKING RIVER NEAR ZANESVILLE. Photo by A. H. McDonald.

circumstances, but the buildings that here dot the landscape and the cultivation apparent in the soil, certainly do not detract from its artistic value. Moreover, they tell a story of remunerative toil and abounding prosperity that affords the onlooker as great a sense of gratitude as the natural attractions of the locality. The generous proportions of the buildings are indicative of the agricultural richness of this region, but the restfulness of the

Ohio," but there seems to be no end of the beauties which the camera may preserve in this section. The accompanying view of Mohican Creek, searching its way among the hills and on all sides refreshing the cool verdure of its banks, is most typical of Coshocton county. Yet very much the same atmosphere pervades the environments of far away Tallawanda Creek, near Oxford, in Butler county, some two hundred and fifty miles to the southwest across



A MUSKINGUM VALLEY FARM.

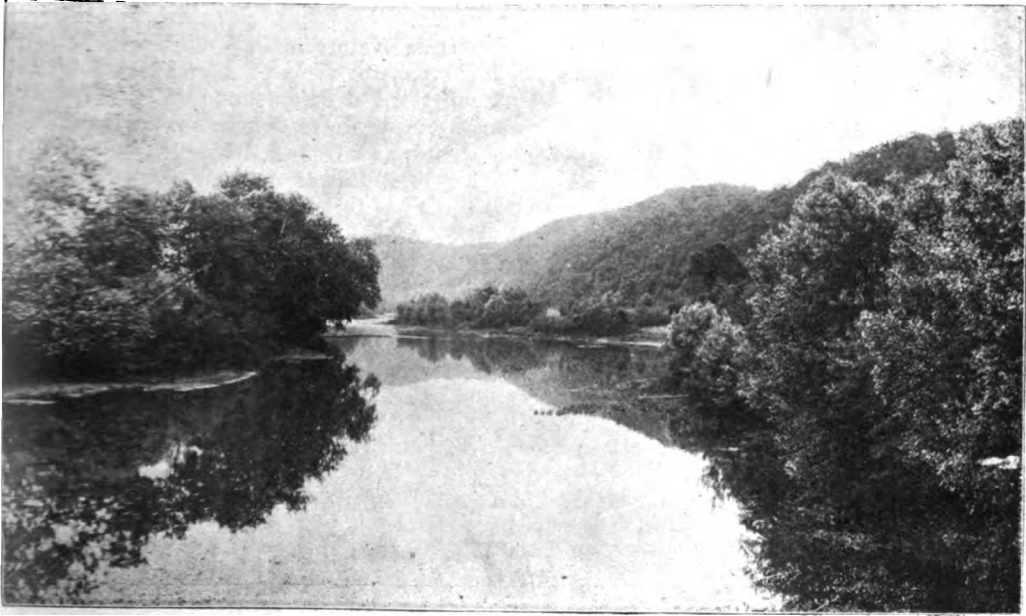
*Photo by A. H. McDonald.*

scene gives no hint of the industrial struggles of this age. The verdure of the surrounding hills affords a fine background for this picture, whose interest as a farm scene it will be difficult to find surpassed anywhere.

Coshocton county is noted for its fine views of rushing waters, rolling hills, green woodlands and fertile pastures. Previous articles in the present series have paid due tribute to this garden spot of "Picturesque

the expanse of this great State. Tallawanda Creek laves the bases of hills and cuts frequent deep and picturesque ravines, through which great torrents once undoubtedly passed.

Much wilder than either of these is the vicinity of the celebrated Rocky Fork stream in Highland county. It was in this romantic section that "The Romance of the Dry Cave," so admirably related and illustrated in a former article by Mrs.



MOHICAN CREEK, COSHOCTON COUNTY.

*Photo by C. M. Hay.*



A GROVE IN MARION COUNTY.

*Photo by F. H. Haskett.*

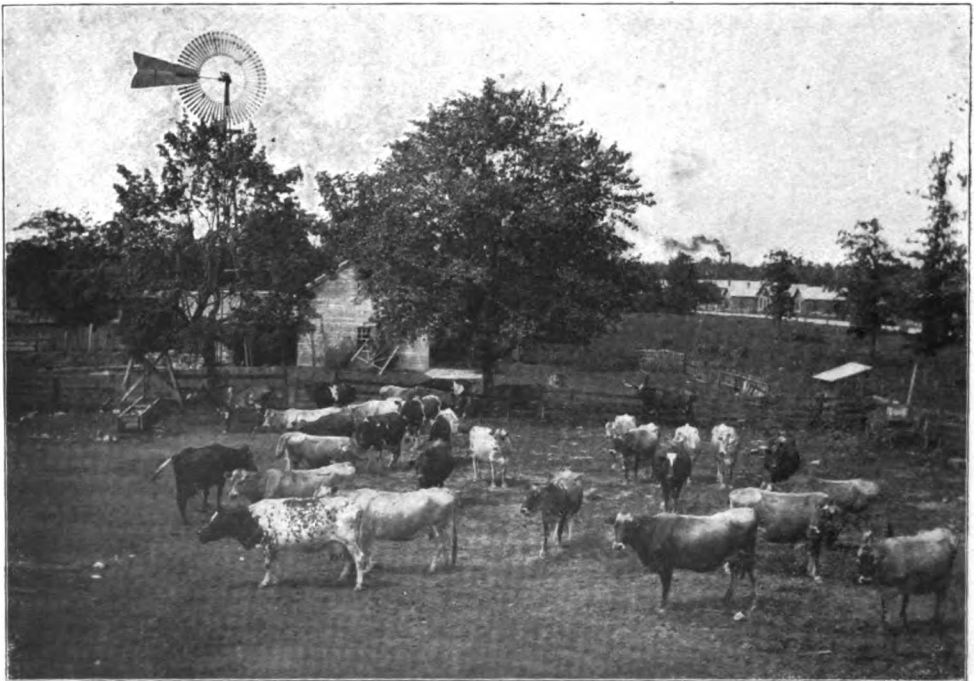


Lena Kline Reed in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, had its origin. Here also is "Ship Rock," already pictured in the present series, and many other picturesque and awe-inspiring rock formations. The country frequently appears as wild as in the aboriginal days. There is no doubt that Rocky Fork is an artery penetrating some of the most striking scenes amid Nature's hiding places.

Less thrilling but equally beautiful appears the view in the vicinity of Dillon's Falls, on the Licking river, near Zanesville. This stream, which flows through the romantic Black Hand country, discloses many of the scenic show spots of Ohio and fully sustains its reputation for

gladdening the eye of man in the present illustration.

Deserting Nature in her wilder moods, the accompanying views of a grove in Marion county and a dairy scene in Franklin county bring peace to overwrought nerves. The artist was no goose himself when he included in it the geese seen in the first named picture, for they are even more appreciative of its charms than the human variety. The trees are oak, elm and maple — fine specimens of each species. It is a grateful retreat, but only one of thousands like it, which have been spared the axe of the woodman and still abound in the Buckeye State.



A DAIRY HERD IN FRANKLIN COUNTY.

*Photo by Haskett.*

# Among Those Present

By The Chronicler



SINCE their first tilling, the farms of Ohio have produced crops of men and women entitled to even greater precedence than the agricultural products which are the foundation of Buckeye prosperity and greatness. Future generations

As a boy John L. Zimmerman, the eminent lawyer of Clark county, was "Among Those Present" on a farm up in Mahoning county, in the early sixties, doing a farm boy's work and "growing up with the country." His grandfather had settled on a farm in Columbiana county, in 1803.



JOHN L. ZIMMERMAN.

will never be able to pay adequate tribute to the rural life of this period and preceding years in Ohio, in view of what that life has contributed to the possibilities of happiness, progress and culture in the years to come.

Physically young Zimmerman grew with the cornstalks, whose height he approximates today, and mentally he expanded through a process of hard work and study. His early education was obtained at the country school, and in the winter of 1874

he taught school and attended Mt. Union college. In the fall of 1875 he entered Wittenberg college at Springfield, to which institution he has ever since been devoted. He was graduated from Wittenberg with

has served twice as president of the Clark County Bar Association and has enjoyed a wide practice for years, but aside from his engrossing legal business he has found time to become identified very prominently



WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

honors in 1879 and for two years read law with Judge J. K. Mower. He was admitted to the bar in October, 1881, and began practice in Springfield, which he has continued uninterruptedly to the present time, in May, 1882. Mr. Zimmerman

with the financial and industrial life of his section of the State.

Wittenberg has been a hobby and a pet with Mr. Zimmerman since he pursued his education there. He has been for some twenty-two years a member of the board

of directors, serving part of the time as president. Among his public benefactions is the Zimmerman Memorial Library of Wittenberg college, a most admirable evidence of his interest in education. He has also been for a long time a director of the Warder Free Library of Springfield, has served as president of the National Improvement League of America, an organization devoted to the physical improvement of cities and villages, and has at

so long manifested in public affairs, municipal, state and national. He has been a prominent and consistent Democrat in Ohio, from his youth to the present time, and may well be regarded as fit material for any demand which that party may make in the future in the way of individual public service. A good many years ago he showed his running qualities by making a phenomenal canvass for Congress on the Democratic ticket in a heavily Repub-



FRANCIS MACMILLEN.

various times served prominently in other public capacities not connected with political preferment or hope of material reward. In 1889 Mr. Zimmerman was married to Miss Helen E. Ballard, the daughter of a representative Springfield family, and they have two children. Mr. Zimmerman and family have but recently returned from a Summer outing in Europe.

Mr. Zimmerman is perhaps most widely known on account of the interest he has

lican district, leading a forlorn hope at the call of his party and for the good of the cause. In the Democratic State Convention of 1903 Mr. Zimmerman had a large following for the nomination for governor, and his friends have always claimed that he had a majority of the duly elected delegates. The organization of the convention, however, was in other hands, and radical methods resulted in another nomination. It is not known that Mr. Zim-

merman has any further political ambition. He is devoted to his family, his profession and his business interests. With these he divides attention and service as a loyal supporter of the Evangelical Lutheran church, in which he has long been a prominent figure. In his personal aspect Mr. Zimmerman is a most approachable man, who sustains cordial relations toward a very large circle of friends. He is sympathetic and responsive, but deliberate in

Almost everybody knows that Colonel Taylor was born in Perry county, because Perry county is so proud of that fact that she never fails to emphasize it when the opportunity offers itself. It is not necessary to state when this interesting event occurred, but that it was comparatively recent will be at once conceded by any observer who will note the scope and intensity of Colonel Taylor's present activity. The subject of this sketch was educated



CHARLES KINNEY.

judgment. As a farm product he deserves to rank with the best.

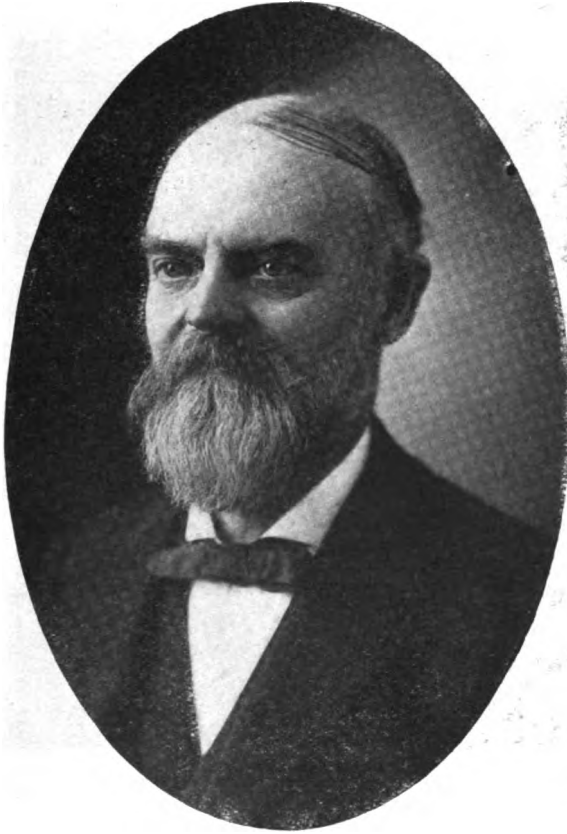
JOURNALIST, soldier, lawyer, author and orator — all these in one man — indicate a kind of universal genius or an intellectual Jack of all trades; but in this case Jack, far from being "good at none," is an adept in all those mentioned. He is William Alexander Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio.

in the country schools of Harrison township and, like many another eminent Ohioan, himself became a teacher before his twentieth year. At that age, in company with John R. Meloy and Perry J. Ankeney, he became a part proprietor of the veteran newspaper now known as the New Lexington Herald. Meanwhile he was reading law as a side issue to journalism, and was admitted to the bar at the age of 21. Four years later he joined the

editorial staff of the Cincinnati Enquirer, under Washington McLean and J. J. Faran. Later he was chief editorial writer on the Pittsburg Post and at other periods assistant managing editor of the New York Sun under Amos Cummings and managing editor of the Pittsburg Telegraph. For a time he was associated with Charles G. Halpin (Miles O'Riley) and Robert B. Roosevelt on the New York Citizen, a

belongs to "the old school" and the best school of American journalism — a fitting although a modern representative of that pure journalistic era made memorable by such men as Thurlow Weed and William Cullen Bryant.

In addition to his newspaper activity Colonel Taylor has found time to become the author of numerous literary, historical and statistical works. "Roses and Rue"



HORACE L. CHAPMAN.

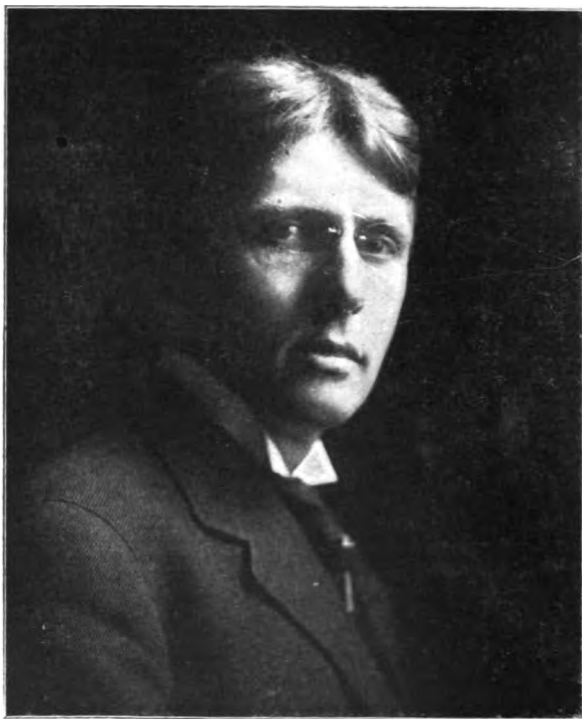
literary weekly. In later years Colonel Taylor has done a vast amount of correspondence and general editorial and feature work for many of the leading newspapers of the Middle West. His journalistic writings throughout his career have been noteworthy for the firm and consistent convictions they expressed, their evident sincerity of purpose and admirable literary style. In a word, Colonel Taylor

is a type of the first class named, "Ohio in Congress" of the second, and "Ohio Annals" of the third. He has written numerous poems that will live because they deserve to do so, and in this connection his name is not unfamiliar to readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

Among his notable prose articles in these columns should be mentioned "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Ohio," (July,

1906), and "Living Ohio Sons of Revolutionary Sires," (February, 1907). The titles of these articles are indicative of Colonel Taylor's deep interest in Revolutionary subjects. For years he has been prominently identified with the National Society Sons of the American Revolution and has filled the most important positions and performed the most laborious and valuable service as an officer and member of the Ohio Society of the same organization. He comes naturally by this liking

ceeded in delivering one electoral vote to President Cleveland in this Republican State. In the Democratic State Convention of 1893 Colonel Taylor was defeated for the nomination for governor by the late Lawrence T. Neal, by only a few votes, and was then nominated for lieutenant governor by acclamation. When, in 1906, there was a demand for a Democratic leader in the Twelfth Congressional District against certain defeat, Colonel Taylor did not hesitate to make the sacrifice. He



BRAND WHITLOCK.

for the traditional and historical, for his ancestors were Revolutionary patriots and he himself a soldier of the Civil War, during which he was one of five brothers and eight nephews out of the same family in the ranks of the Union Army.

Since 1878 Colonel Taylor has resided in Columbus, a prominent figure in the social and political life of the capital. As the Democratic candidate for secretary of state of Ohio in 1892 he came within a few hundred votes of being elected and suc-

has never, however, been a seeker after office, although he has long been known throughout the State as an untiring and faithful servant of his party. At the present time none of his many activities are lessened on account of advancing years, and he is evidently destined to fill a wide sphere of usefulness in the future.

IN the musical culture of Ohio perhaps the foremost figure at the present time is Mr. Francis Macmillen, the eminent young

American violinist, and one of the few of his countrymen who have attained international musical prominence.

Mr. Macmillen was born at Marietta, October 14, 1885, and first demonstrated his genius for the violin at the tender age of five years, while residing with his family in Springfield, where he received his first instruction. So rapidly did he progress that at the age of seven he was taken to Chicago, where, as a pupil of the Chicago Musical College, he displayed such remarkable promise that he was sent to Berlin to continue his studies. Here, as a pupil in the Royal High School under the instruction of Dr. Joachim, he attained a reputation as a youthful prodigy

Macmillen's debut in London four years ago, when he played at Queen's Hall, assisted by the Queen's Hall orchestra under the direction of Henry J. Wood, is said to have marked an epoch in music in London. So extravagant were the critics in praise of the young violinist that his English reputation was practically made at one stroke. For three years following he played in concert throughout England and Europe. Last year he made his first American tour after an absence of ten years, being assisted in his debut concert in New York by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch. In all Macmillen played over ninety concerts in America last year.



WILLIAM H. ANTRIM.

"The Santa Claus Postmaster" of Lebanon, Ohio.

so marked that solicitation for his attendance at other conservatories in Europe eventually resulted in his being placed at the Royal Conservatory at Brussels, where he became a pupil of Caesar Thomson. Here, at the age of sixteen, at the annual concours in June, he was declared the laureate of the Conservatory and given "the Grand Prix with greatest distinction," together with the Van Hal cash prize.

The young musician's triumph recorded the first instance in the history of the Conservatory when such honors were won by an American. So elated were his countrymen who were in Brussels at the time, that in an enthusiastic demonstration they carried him on their shoulders through the streets of the city.

At Marietta, his birthplace, he was recorded a reception such as seldom falls to the lot of any artist. It was estimated that 5000 people met him at the train when he arrived at his old home. Escorted by the Marietta band, he was taken to the steps of the court house, where he played "Home, Sweet Home" before a silent multitude. A score of enthusiastic students of the Marietta College removed the horses from his carriage and, attaching a rope, drew it through the city streets, finally arriving at the door of the old homestead in which he was born. Here he was accorded a second ovation. During his brief stay in Marietta the schools were dismissed by order of the board of education, the streets were decorated with banners and the occasion of his visit made a festival.



THE June number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE contained one article of more importance to the business interests of Ohio than could be readily obtained from any other source than its able and experienced author, Hon. Charles Kinney, former Secretary of State and a prominent member of the Franklin County Bar. Mr. Kinney's subject was "Ohio As a Field for Corporate Investment," and his exhaustive treatment of this theme received wide attention and most favorable comment. According to his custom in all practical affairs, Mr. Kinney went to the bottom of things in his preparation of this paper, the material for which could not have been gathered without much labor and research among the pigeon holes and musty tomes of the archives of the State House at Columbus and industrious delving into the statistics gathered by the census department and the reports of the comptroller of the treasury of the United States. The result will stand for a long time as the last word required to show what the State of Ohio offers the financial world as a field for safe and profitable investment.

Mr. Kinney comes from old Revolutionary stock, and his later ancestors were Ohio pioneers. His great grandfather, Aaron Kinney, came to Ohio from Pennsylvania in 1804, the year following the Buckeye State's admission to the Union, and settled at the mouth of the Scioto river on the present site of the city of Portsmouth. Dr. Thomas Waller, another great grandfather on the maternal side, was the first representative in the State Legislature from Scioto county following its creation in 1803. The subject of this sketch, although of Buckeye parentage, was born in the village of Springville, Kentucky, just opposite Portsmouth. He was educated in the public schools and learned the trade of a printer, which he followed until twenty-one years of age. Later he studied law, entered the bar and "drifted into politics," as the saying goes. At any rate, since this early period of his career, the greater part of his life has been devoted to the public service.

Among various offices which Mr. Kinney has held are those of county treasurer of Scioto county and secretary of state, to the latter of which he was elected in 1896 and

re-elected in 1893, retiring to the practice of law in Columbus in 1901. In 1879 he married Letitia H. Yoakley, daughter of John Yoakley, of Portsmouth.

Mr. Kinney has exercised a considerable influence in Ohio politics at different times and has been the friend and adviser of some of the foremost men this State has produced. He is untiring in industry and possesses a great fund of practical information regarding both industrial and political affairs. Perhaps it is not to be expected that a man thus described would also disclose pronounced literary tastes, but this is the case with Mr. Kinney, who is not only a reader of good literature but has produced some very praiseworthy poetic work.

THAT rare but desirable type of American citizenship, the business man who does not spurn public responsibilities or turn a deaf ear to the appeals of his party, is well represented in Horace L. Chapman, of Jackson and Columbus, Ohio.—coal operator, iron manufacturer, banker, merchant and aggressive Democrat. Mr. Chapman is all of these, with the vim and vigor that has been characteristic of him since as a youth he founded his fortunes by hard work in what was then little more than an Ohio wilderness.

Mr. Chapman comes of English ancestry. The earliest representatives of his family on American shores came hither about 1640. Their descendants were soldiers of the Revolution and of the War of 1812. The subject of this sketch was born in Independence, Allegheny County, New York, in 1837. He received the education obtainable in the public schools of that period, but came to Ohio at the age of seventeen, arriving in Columbus and proceeding thence by stage to Portsmouth, for there were no railways in the Southern Ohio valley at that time. At Portsmouth he established himself in business with an uncle in the lumber trade and remained a citizen of that town until 1865. Beyond his early education in Pennsylvania he became his own educator, read law and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced.

In 1865 Mr. Chapman entered the private banking business at Portsmouth under the firm name of Kinney and Chap-

man, but about this time removed to Jackson and established another private bank, which became a national bank in 1870, and of which he has been since its organization, and still is, president. Somewhat later he entered the coal and iron business and was instrumental in the construction of the present Detroit & Southern Railroad and the Iron-ton division of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad. For forty years Mr. Chapman has been prominent in the development of the Jackson coal fields, and his interests have been continually diversifying themselves among a multitude of industries. Some years ago he moved to Columbus, where he now resides the greater part of the time, although he still retains a residence in Jackson, where his popularity is proverbial.

Mr. Chapman has been a lifelong Democrat. He was twice elected city treasurer of Portsmouth and while residing in Jackson served on the school board and as a member of the town council. He repeatedly declined the nomination for Congress from the Jackson district at times when it was equivalent to election, the district being reliably Democratic. In 1897 he was nominated for governor by the Democratic State convention and at the ensuing election reduced the Republican plurality of 92,000, the record of the previous year, to 28,000, which stood as the banner record of a Democratic gubernatorial candidate in Ohio from that time to the election of Governor Pattison in 1906. For years Mr. Chapman has been an influential factor in the counsels of his party. On numerous occasions he has been a district delegate to National conventions and was a delegate at large to the National convention at Kansas City in 1900. Mr. Chapman is one of the most vigorous campaigners produced by modern politics. He is a forceful orator and enjoys a keen insight into political affairs possessed by few men. Withal he is faithful to his large business interests and devoted to his family. Quite naturally his value as a citizen is attested by a great multitude of loyal friendships throughout Ohio and extending far beyond her borders.

THE literary temperament is not found in the public life of America as frequently

as in Europe, but recent instances of it in this connection rather tend to confirm the idea that in future it will play a larger part in the affairs of government than heretofore. Indeed, the presidency itself does not seem to be unsusceptible to the encroachments of the literary temperament upon our most vital public affairs, for President Roosevelt was more distinctively a man of letters than a soldier or a politician prior to his nomination for vice-president on the ticket with President McKinley. From this high demonstration of the place which the modern literary man may take in the statesmanship of the day, it is not unreasonable to presume that in cases of lesser prominence there may be proportionately striking examples of it.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo affords evidence that a political career is not distasteful to the literary temperament and may be of great advantage in working out its problems. His latest successful novel, "The Turn of the Balance," would hardly have been written if its author had not encountered some of the experiences due to his political position. Prior to this, however, Mr. Whitlock indicated that he had a strong interest in affairs political, in other works for which he made practical politics the vehicle.

Especial interest attaches to the mayor of Toledo just now, on account of some of the questions that are uppermost among the municipal governments of Ohio. Here, for instance, are his views regarding some phases of the liquor traffic, recently expressed in a well known magazine.

Said Whitlock: "In the State of Ohio the Constitution declares that the liquor traffic shall not be licensed, and so we do not license it. We tax it. There is a very learned decision of the Supreme Court which will tell you the moral and legal difference between a license and a tax, but as nobody ever reads Supreme Court decisions unless he is paid for it, I presume it would be useless to give you the citation. Now Ohio, in her disapproval of the liquor traffic, used to tax the saloons \$350 a year. Then we thought of raising it to \$1000. That is to say, the State of Ohio, which does not believe in the liquor traffic and thinks it is wrong, was dissatisfied with its share of the pro-

ceeds of the sin and demanded a tax nearly three times as large. From this we learn that the liquor traffic is a very wicked thing, that we disapprove of it and that we will not license it. For that last would be to say that we are going into partnership with the saloonkeeper; so, instead, we just shake him down."

Mayor Whitlock permits in Toledo what is known as the "open Sunday." It is said of him that he would no more think of depriving a respectable citizen of his Sunday beer and driving him to church, than of entering the church and driving forth the congregation to join the beer-drinking population.

Mayor Whitlock is a non-partisan in his appointments to office. He has appointed men of all parties and regards fitness as the essential thing. He believes that it is the duty of every citizen to take an interest in public affairs and serve his fellow citizens in office when conditions indicate that such service may be valuable and undertaken with propriety. "It seems to me," he says, "that men should live one consistent life, and their business, their politics and their religion should be one and the same thing."

Mayor Whitlock was born March 4, 1869, at Urbana, Ohio. He is descended on his father's side from the Whitlocks who came to America early in the 17th century, settling first in Massachusetts and spreading later to New Jersey and Washington. On his mother's side he is descended from the Brands of Virginia and Kentucky. The Brand family came to Virginia from Scotland, where for generations they had lived in Forfarshire, near Dundee. The Virginia branch of the family was founded by a Brand who was a Jacobite exile. Major Joseph C. Brand, Mayor Whitlock's grandfather, and one of the founders of the Republican party, was one of the earliest Abolitionists and helped to operate the underground railroad at his home in Urbana. His connection with the last fugitive slave case is set forth at length in Howe's history of Ohio and is mentioned by William Dean Howells in his "Stories of Ohio."

When his father, a Methodist clergyman, was appointed presiding elder for the Toledo district in 1884, Brand Whitlock came

to Toledo. He was then fifteen years old. He attended the local schools and took a course at the Toledo High School. After he finished his studies he became a reporter and worked on several of the Toledo newspapers. At the age of twenty-one he went to Chicago and for several years acted as special reporter and political editor of the Chicago Herald, reporting the sessions of the Illinois legislature and attending all conventions. In 1893 he was appointed by Governor Altgeld as his secretary. He began to study law soon after coming to Chicago and continued his studies in Springfield under Senator John M. Palmer, who was Democratic candidate for president on the Gold Democrat ticket in 1896. He was admitted to the bar in 1894. In 1895 he married Miss Ella Brainerd, niece of Senator Palmer. Early in June of 1897 Mr. Whitlock resigned his post on the Chicago Herald and gave up the newspaper business, to practice law. He returned to Toledo in June, 1897, and entered into the active practice of law and has continued therein ever since.

Before he went to Toledo, Mayor Whitlock had begun to write short stories and articles for magazines. His first book, "The Thirteenth District," appeared in 1892. It was called by Ex-president Grover Cleveland the best political novel ever written. It was followed by "Her Infinite Variety" in the Spring of 1904 and "The Happy Average" in the fall of the same year. His latest book and his most important work so far, "The Turn of the Balance," was published in March, 1907, and at once created a sensation. It is a study of our methods of dealing with criminals and an indictment of our entire legal system in the procedure and punishment of crime.

In November, 1905, Mr. Whitlock was elected Mayor of Toledo on an independent ticket, in a field of five candidates.

THE postmasters of American cities and villages are legion, but there is only one who bears the proud distinction of being known as "the Santa Claus postmaster," rivalling old St. Nick himself in the affections of the children within the scope of his official jurisdiction. This signally

honored servant of Uncle Sam is William H. Antrim, postmaster of Lebanon, Ohio.

It is declared of Mr. Antrim that if one were to ask any child in Warren county — or in the greater part of Southern Ohio, for that matter — "Who is the postmaster of Lebanon?" the instant answer would be, "Billy Antrim, our Santa Claus."

And this is how it all comes about. Prior to Mr. Antrim's advent in the Lebanon postoffice the childish communications mailed at that place about Christmas time and addressed to Santa Claus, received scant courtesy. There were hundreds of beseeching missives suggesting the desires of many juvenile hearts, but no substantial responses. When Mr. Antrim came into office a sudden change took place, and stockings that had been hung up in vain in former years were filled direct by Santa Claus through the Lebanon postoffice. On each recurring Christmas day "the Santa Claus postmaster" remembered in some manner each child in Warren county and the orphans of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans' Home at Xenia. The result was such a spontaneous outburst of childish thanks that this benefactor of the rising generation repeated the remembrance on Valentine's day. At no time since has a Christmas holiday gone by in his bailiwick without a repetition of this manifestation of good will toward the children of Warren county. As an "argument" against his appointment for a sec-

ond term, it was even urged by some of his opponents that it should be denied him because he had permitted the children to blockade the passages of the local postoffice, to the detriment of general business during the busy holiday season.

But the Santa Claus postmaster knew a thing or two himself. He buckled on the armor of a righteous cause and went to Washington, to see President Roosevelt and the postmaster general. His fame had gone before him, and he obtained a personal interview with both, each of whom declared that it was well worth dropping weightier affairs of state for the privilege of meeting the man who had the nerve to treat the children of a whole county, besides seven hundred orphans. What else transpired at these interviews is not related, but Mr. Antrim returned to Lebanon with one of those smiles that won't come off and a firm determination to retain the office, as well as the title, of the Santa Claus postmaster. Suffice it to say that he succeeded — so well, indeed, that his incumbency promises to be unusually protracted.

Mr. Antrim was born in Harveysburg, Ohio, in January, 1860. The earlier years of his life were passed in that village, where he became known for his genial good nature in all the country round about. He removed to Lebanon and has been postmaster of that town since 1902.



# Fresh Air and Mrs. White

By William Harley Porter



HE president of the Guild looked inquiringly—almost searchingly—around the room. This being recognized as a final official review of those present, and in the belief that a motion to adjourn would be at once entertained, there was a gentle sound of lady-like scuffling, as hands were furtively reached about for wraps and overshoes.

But before the formal words could be offered, a tall woman arose from a seat directly in front of the president, turned halfway toward the assembly, beamed effusively through her large round glasses, and began to speak rapidly in a soft, wheedling voice.

"I've just been thinking—"

A rap of the gavel sharply amputated the words that had been spoken, and simultaneously dried up their source for a moment. The tall woman turned toward the chair and made a nervous gesture in its direction.

"Oh, Myra, you do cut a person off so short! I was just going to say—"

"Well, then, Mrs. Ross," snapped the wielder of the gavel, "say it right. Here we've just paid the bill for our books on parliamentary etiquette, and you don't seem to have looked in one of them, even."

The tall disturber of the peace smiled deprecatingly upon the president, whose face grew very red.

"Well, Myr— Madame President; was that right?"

A bow from the chair.

"I've just been thinking, girls." The chairman laid down the gavel with an air of despairing resignation. "I believe that I know a way that this Guild can do some grand, good work; some noble work. I don't really know whether we should do it with this organization, or with a small-

er one to be formed within it. Sort of a wheel within a wheel, you know. What do you think?"

The president straightened up. "Perhaps," she said, quite slowly and rather icily, "if you will make your suggestion in the form of a motion, we shall be able to discuss it in an orderly fashion."

"Now, Myra, please don't use that hammer on my poor little idea. I'll admit that you're just the right person to do the knocking—it seems to come awfully natural—but I've just got to tell this in my own way."

Several of the younger members brightened up at this, with evident pleasurable anticipations of further amenities. No response being deigned by the chair, however, the speaker continued.

"I think we could form a Fresh Air Circle that would do ever so much good in this town, don't you? I've been reading about the work in other places and it seems to me that we have a wonderful opportunity right here. All that think so please hold up their hands."

The vote was most reassuring. So much so, indeed, that the tall woman seemed slightly oppressed by so full a measure of success, and turned toward the chair as if for guidance.

"Go right ahead—since you've got this far, Mrs. Ross." There was still some frost in the chairman's voice.

"Well, now, I certainly don't want to spoil anyone's meeting. Perhaps we had better not make this a Guild affair. Say, girls, suppose you all come over to our house tomorrow night. I can think better there."

Mrs. Ross subsided awkwardly, the Guild was formally adjourned, and as the ladies left the parish house there was a lively twittering over the proposition that

had been projected into the meeting. But to a fusilade of questions Mrs. Ross made only one reply.

"Not now," she said, "wait until I have consulted Jethro." However, when the matter was tentatively laid before the head of the Ross household, that personage seemed vastly more amused than impressed. Indeed, he chuckled with such evident delight that Mrs. Ross fidgeted most uneasily in her chair.

"Now Jethro," she said, "don't laugh."

"But, my dear, look at the thing sensibly," he replied. "Is there a man, woman or child in this town—the breeziest one on Lake Erie—who can't get all the air anyone needs by just going to the door? Fresh air? Heavens! that's the one thing we certainly have a-plenty. This is no shut-in, slum town. But what is your idea? I'd really like to know. May be I've got a wrong notion."

"Well," came the hesitating reply, "I thought it would be so nice to get some old folks out for a day. Make them forget their—*their* humble surroundings, you know. Some sort of a trip—"

"Have you picked out your old folks?"

"Why yes. That is, I've thought of one poor woman—old Mrs. White."

Mr. Ross exploded in a roar of laughter that made his wife bite her lip nervously.

"Mrs. White! Well, that's good. That's most too good. And I'm laying out an addition almost to her door, and am going to advertise it as the most salubrious spot in the state."

"You might treat my ideas with a little more dignity, Jethro."

"Yes, but Mrs. White! Perched up there on ground that I wish I owned—"

"Well, she does n't own it."

"No, she doesn't. She's living in an old tumble down house that is a relic of what was once the finest farm in the county. And all frittered away. I should think she *would* like to get out of sight of the place for a day—or several of them. But really she has never wanted for Heaven's refreshing breezes, and all that sort of thing. What do you want to do; jolt her around the country in an automobile? Say, I'll tell you what really would be a good thing. Get your Guild to go

up on the hill beside her for a basket picnic. That would be the greatest good for the greatest number."

Put at the meeting on the following evening, Mrs. Ross was gratified by the enthusiastic support of a majority of the Guild.

"A splendid idea, my dear."

"So sweet."

"And Mrs. White; the very person."

"What sort of a trip shall we give her?"

There was only one dissenting voice, and that was owned by the president of the Guild. "I'll not say that I disapprove of the plan," she announced in a judicious tone, that indicated, however, some slight effort at condescension, "but I *don't* think that we should call it a Guild affair until we have tried it. Until we have had a successful test case, that is. Now let's see Mrs. White and ask her if she would like a little trip, and if she does, we will give it to her. If everything goes nicely—and I'm sure I'm very hopeful that it will, we will do more of that sort of thing—as a Guild, that is."

The buzz of approbation indicated that Madame President had her Guild well in hand again. But this was evidently not quite her purpose, for she swiftly turned to the hostess.

"Where do you intend to send her—or take her—Mrs. Ross?"

"Oh, just for a day's trip, somewhere. I'd *thought* of Put-in-Bay." The destination was brought out in a hesitating way.

"Fine."

"The very place."

"How lovely!"

The chorus of assent was balm to Mrs. Ross' soul and she beamed pleasantly upon the group around her.

"Well then," inquired the eminently practical president, "who is going to take her?"

"Oh, don't let's take her," exclaimed Mrs. Ross. "Let's let her go alone. We'll fix up a nice lunch, give her some money to go around the island—and go in bathing if she wants to. Let's let her enjoy herself just in her own way. Why it would be almost sacrilege to hang around a person at such a time. She wouldn't be so free, don't you know. I'd think it would

hardly be nice to stare at so much real happiness."

She caught her breath and looked at the interested faces on either side. "Oh, girls," she went on, with a voice that fairly trembled with enthusiasm and emotion combined, "can't you just see her now? Can't you imagine her walking about that beautiful place just—just letting herself out? I can hear her crooning to herself some half forgotten song of her childhood as she watches the waves roll up on the beach. How memories of bye-gone days will crowd upon her! How she will enjoy that ride! Think of what it will mean to her, after all these years, to sail out in the beautiful morning—sail toward the rising sun. Why, girls, I don't suppose she's been on a big steamboat in years; perhaps never in her whole life—her whole long, narrow life.

"Think of her first view of the smaller islands she will pass. They'll be old, old friends or else new wonders. And can't you see her as the boat nears the wharf? How the pretty green park will appeal to her. And then the ride back in the glorious summer afternoon. It will be just heavenly!"

"I wouldn't make the trip again for five dollars," announced the president, and then, as she saw Mrs. Ross' face fall she hastily added, "but I've made it so often, my dear. It will be different with her—if she will go. Do you think she will?"

"We can find that out tomorrow," suggested one of the Guild members. "Suppose we all ride over there in the afternoon."

So on the following day the residents of that outlying section of the city, that had once been known as the White farm, were startled by discovering a train of automobiles and carriages climbing the little slope, where they discharged their cargoes of femininity at the door of old Mrs. White. The arrival of the ladies was breathlessly announced by two slatternly children who had been perched on the fence, near the gate, when the procession drew alongside.

Sitting dejectedly in the shade of a little porch was Mrs. White's only son—the father of the children—and he, apparently filled with a nameless fear, arose and

slunk hastily toward the small barn, from whose doorway he counted twenty-two women crowd into the kitchen and sole living room of the White domicile.

The younger Mrs. White, who had advanced to the door with a dirty faced baby on her arm, fell back in some alarm before the oncoming of the Guild phalanx, leaving her mother-in-law to do the honors.

The elder Mrs. White, a round shouldered, somewhat bowed little body, valiantly stood her ground beside the kitchen table. She was cheerily greeted by Mrs. Ross, while the other ladies awkwardly formed a half circle behind their leader.

There was no irresolution in Mrs. Ross' voice as she plunged into the middle of affairs.

"How do you do, Mrs. White? These are the ladies of our church Guild. We have come up to have you take a ride—to Put-in-Bay."

Mrs. White sat down heavily in a convenient chair.

"Why, sakes alive! What for?"

Mrs. Ross hesitated. This was not quite what she had expected. "Well, we've been thinking that you would enjoy a day on the water. To get the fresh air, you know."

Mrs. White looked helplessly around the circle, and seemed somewhat reassured by the smiling expectancy she saw depicted on every countenance.

"When?" she finally faltered.

"Why," said Mrs. Ross, "how would Monday suit?"

"What you all going to do with Mother?" The question was asked in so harsh a tone that a startled flutter seemed to agitate the entire Guild. Hastily turning toward the door they discovered that the inquiry had been made by Mrs. White's son, and several of the women nearest to him began volubly to explain the situation. When he had the facts in hand, Mr. White appeared reassured, but yet perplexed.

"Fer the air?" he finally queried. "Well, that beats me," and having thus delivered himself, returned at once to the barn.

"Now don't you really think you'd like to go, Mrs. White?" wheedled Mrs. Ross.

"Land, I don't know. Do you think I'd better—or how?"

"We think you'd have a lovely time, and that it would do you so much good."

Mrs. White slowly rubbed her thumbs together and then thoughtfully contemplated them separately, while the ladies of the Guild gazed expectantly upon her.

"When did you say I have to go?" she asked, at length.

"Next Monday."

"Well," said Mrs. White, in a voice whose resignation evinced consent, and the Guild, feeling unequal to extending the conversation further, hastily retreated under cover of a chorus of good-byes.

Early Monday morning an inquisitive neighbor, seeing an automobile again drawn up before the White home, and the two eldest children gazing furtively in at the open door, languidly inquired as to what might be the matter.

"It's the Guild after Grandmother," came the reply in a tone of excitement.

"What they going to do with her?"

"Give her air."

"Air? Aint she got none where she's at?"

But no answer was vouchsafed, for at this moment Mrs. Ross emerged, firmly supporting Mrs. White, who had somewhat the look of Mary, Queen of Scots, about the middle of the final act. Mrs. Ross blithely "babbled o' green fields" and great lakes, but the elder woman, gripping tightly the arm of her guide, looked straight ahead and answered never a word.

Even at the wharf, where the assembled Guild was drawn up as a reception committee, Mrs. White relaxed not. She allowed her tense hand to be grasped by two impulsive young things in white, after which she was solemnly led on board by Mrs. Ross, preceded by a young lady who bore a large covered basket. This, from its size and evident weight, apparently contained enough luncheon for a fair-sized family.

After having secured her charge a seat on the shady side of the boat, Mrs. Ross found the situation somewhat embarrassing. She placed the big basket in front of the traveler, gave a final pat to the old

woman's arm, and hastily joined the Guild, which had strung itself along the pier, and in bright summer array was really fair to look upon.

Mrs. White, however, gazed stonily at the little company—not malevolently, but with the face of one who fears that with the first word collapse will swiftly follow.

The loudly spoken good wishes of the Guild were so fervent, however, that the set countenance of Mrs. White began to soften visibly. A look of interest gradually filled her eyes, and she essayed a faint, rather uneasy smile.

But at this very instant there came the sharp clang of a gong. A gruff voice above her began to bellow forth strange commands. As though in obedience to the signal Mrs. White firmly grasped the ship's rail with her left hand, and with her right produced a lemon from a fold of her gown. She turned her eyes squarely to the front, placed the tip of the lemon between her teeth, and became as rigid as though she were turned to marble.

Not again did she turn her head. More orders came from the deck above; the ponderous paddle wheels churned the water to a seething froth beneath her. The Guild as one woman waved handkerchiefs and called out cheery farewells, but Mrs. White, as long as they could see her, relaxed neither her clutch upon the gunwale nor grasp upon the lemon.

There was some motion "outside," and when the lake water was reached Mrs. White's attitude grew less rigid. In fact, had not a kindly "hand" appeared and carried her forcibly to a sofa in the ladies' cabin, it is probable that she would have quietly stretched her length upon the deck beside her chair. The same well meaning but tactless sailor-man carefully placed the large basket where she could see it plainly when she opened her eyes, and softly stole away. And when Mrs. White did behold the food, her face grew slightly greener, and she closed her eyes again.

She did not look on Put-in-Bay. In fact when the good ship moored, and for three hours tossed easily upon the waves beside the wharf, Mrs. White was quite unwilling even to raise her head.

But she did revive when the wheels



finally stopped beside the home pier. She felt so much herself again that when she was escorted limply down the gang plank and saw Mrs. Ross at its further end, she was given strength to raise her voice and curse her with a fluency and vehemence that quite surprised the other passengers.

"And I've brought back your dratted grub," she said by way of conclusion. "You knew how I was going to feel, yeh miserable skinny-body. Every time I looked at the stuff I wished it was choking you."

"No," she went on, with a sudden assumption of dignity, as another member of the Guild offered her an arm. "I'll go

home on the street car. I'll be beholden to none of you."

On the following Sunday the church was favored with an Episcopal visitation. The good bishop delivered a most stirring discourse, and at its end spoke earnestly of church work among the lowly.

"It requires great tact," he said, "and much common sense withal. Some there be who strive eagerly to do good, yet fail because God in his inscrutable wisdom did not endow them with either attribute that I have named."

And every member of the Guild squirmed and twisted until she could have a good view of Mrs. Ross.

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## WISHES

Did I but hold the past within my hand—  
 Could I blot out the years at my command,  
 Each day should die, save that one long ago,  
 When first we learned we loved each other so.

Would I could hold the future in my power!  
 There ne'er should dawn another day or hour,  
 Save that when I stand face to face with thee,  
 Which still my heart believes will come to me.

— CLARA SHADDAY.



By Himself

THE most influential woman's club is  
the rolling pin.

\* \* \*

CUPID shoots his arrow, but his victim  
only feels the quiver.

\* \* \*

COURTSHIP makes life brighter without  
increasing the gas bills.

\* \* \*

IT will not cure a cold in the head to  
get hot under the collar.

\* \* \*

SOME people lose faith in human nature  
by being too much alone.

\* \* \*

WHAT this country needs most is gov-  
ernment ownership of brains.

\* \* \*

IT takes a lot of money to move the  
crops, even in a market basket.

\* \* \*

IT was certainly a notable event in Ohio,  
when Yellow Springs went dry.

\* \* \*

ALL the world's a stage, and most of  
the people on it are bad actors.

\* \* \*

THE hardest test about figuring in a  
divorce suit is over the alimony.

\* \* \*

DEAL her one diamond, and it will fill  
a royal flush on a maiden's cheek.

IN conversation it is a wise plan to say  
as little as possible about nothing.

\* \* \*

ALL men are equal before the law but  
not quite equal in getting around it.

\* \* \*

WHEN a man gets the itch for office he  
sometimes gets scratched at the polls.

\* \* \*

A WOMAN can dress quietly, but a man  
can't do it and wear a collar button.

\* \* \*

A SAINT is a man who likes to hear of  
the virtues of his wife's first husband.

\* \* \*

THE only thing that arouses a cow's  
wonder is to see a summer girl chew gum.

\* \* \*

AT a marked-down sale of millinery is  
where the women fight at the drop of the  
hat.

\* \* \*

DEAD men tell no tales, but frequently  
leave their works of fiction to their epi-  
taphs.

\* \* \*

WOMEN don't have the franchise in this  
country, but they wield an awful veto  
power.

\* \* \*

VERY often the cake "like mother used  
to make" goes unchallenged because she is  
not present.

TRIAL marriages are not so uncommon in this country, where the trials begin after matrimony.

\* \* \*

SPEAKING of physical culture, what's the matter with raising windows in a passenger car?

\* \* \*

ONE reason why truth is stranger than fiction is because it develops so few heroes and heroines.

\* \* \*

THE sex of the phonograph is evidently feminine, because it will repeat what is talked into it.

\* \* \*

THE surest way to convince a patriot that he is a man of destiny is to nominate him for office.

\* \* \*

THE drowning man doesn't catch at straws with any more enthusiasm than the mint julep man.

\* \* \*

STRANGE enough, the only industry in which standard oil cuts no figure is the packing of sardines.

\* \* \*

PERSONS oppressed with the artistic temperament can be greatly relieved if given something to eat.

\* \* \*

It is a great pleasure to a God-fearing and hard working man to know that his pastor had a vacation.

\* \* \*

ANYBODY can be the architect of his own fortunes, but the trouble comes in carrying out the plans.

\* \* \*

No man should call a woman foolish, because if she wasn't he never could get near enough to tell her.

\* \* \*

A MAN who withholds his benefactions during life will not be fervently thanked for them after he is dead.

\* \* \*

A GREAT many couples who went bathing during the Summer now know that they got into hot water.

It is a good plan to have a frank and open face, but people are apt to get tired if it is open all the time.

\* \* \*

"LEAVE well enough alone" is a good slogan for the politician, but it will never be adopted by the doctors.

\* \* \*

JUSTICE is appropriately represented as a woman blindfolded, because that is exactly what most men are after.

\* \* \*

IN these days the crowned heads of Europe are not making as much history as the bald heads of America.

\* \* \*

THE best thing about the closing ordinance is that when the saloons shut up at midnight their patrons do, too.

\* \* \*

ANY man who is not conscious of his own failings can get some light on them by mentioning the subject to his wife.

\* \* \*

You can always tell when there is a mouse near a woman, and yet she can wear a rat in her hair and nobody know it.

\* \* \*

THE experts logically reason that the automobile is good for war purposes because it kills so many people in times of peace.

\* \* \*

WHEN the old man sizes up his check-book at the end of the Summer, he hopes that watering place was visited as a last resort.

\* \* \*

AN old maid is justified in proposing, on the ground of "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them."

\* \* \*

THIS is a queer world. A bee will go from a honeysuckle to a dunghill, and a man from a canteloup melon to a chaw of tobacco.

\* \* \*

THE imperfections of the human race are better understood when we look around and see how some children are brought up.

\* \* \*



# EDITORIAL

## Waterways

**T**HE current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE contains two valuable and timely articles on subjects nearly related to one another, the interest of which will be apparent to the most casual reader, whether considered together or separately. They are Mr. Ernest Cawcroft's graphic description of "The Fight at Culebra Cut," and Hon. John T. Mack's intelligent consideration of "The Improvement of Waterways." One article shows what is being done for the world's commerce on the Isthmus of Panama by the undaunted courage and robust mentality of the American Nation, and the other tells what might be done in the same cause in the interior of our native country.

Conditions at Panama, according to the authority of the article referred to, are well calculated to awaken American pride in the progress of this great engineering work, the magnitude and importance of which have not been approximated in the history of the world. But a salient point of Mr. Mack's illuminating article is the fact brought out, that the immense cost of the Panama canal, if devoted to the improvement of our interior waterways, building of new ones, would solve problems more pressing than those which occasioned our labor on the isthmus and give greater return, at a less remote period, to the industrial welfare of the American people. It is very forcibly pointed out how far America has been behind the countries of Europe in solving problems of transportation by improving natural interior waterways and constructing artificial new ones.

Since this article was written, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, writing for a well-known English periodical, has paid very

high tribute to the German Emperor in recognition of his successful activity in behalf of river and canal transportation throughout the German Empire. It may well be reasoned from Mr. Mack's treatment of the subject that Mr. Carnegie would have even greater cause to congratulate President Roosevelt, if he had promoted the construction of similar works in this country as actively and successfully as he has pushed the project of the Panama canal.

It is also shown, not only that the transportation problem might be solved in the United States by the development of waterways at a cost certainly not greater than the aggregate of the vast sums we are destined to spend near the equator, but that the railways, even as now constituted, would not long object to the domestic program. Mr. Mack cites as good an authority as President Hill to indicate this fact, and there are reasons far more weighty than his word to justify the contention. The railroads have more business than they can carry with their present trackage, and there is every reason to suppose that they would be able to profitably adjust themselves to conditions that would arise from increased facilities of transportation through the operations of interior waterways.

It is a large question, but one not more difficult of solution than many others which have been presented to the American people at various times. Certainly a man ought to be slow to advocate the abandonment of the canals in Ohio, or any other state, until he has made at least some effort to discover their possibilities of usefulness. And yet it must be admitted that they had better be abandoned, with profit to the State, than to remain forever as they are now.

## Things We Don't Hear



HERE are some very important items of news that do not gain much currency in the press nowadays. Whether the fact is due to the indifference of the public or to the mistaken ideas of the news editors, will not be discussed here. The following brief survey of the field of neglected news, however, will afford some evidence of the real condition of affairs:

A vast army, composed of both sexes and all ages, larger than any ever enrolled in our wars, today arrived at thousands of destinations, after railway journeys of greater or less length, safe and well, without an accident. At the same moment an equal army embarked on railway trains, and will arrive at as many destinations, tomorrow or next day, in equal safety.

But we don't hear much about it.

Last night, after an arduous day's work, thousands of banks and financial institutions in this country closed their doors with every cent of trust funds in their keeping accounted for, and every obligation to the public discharged for the time being, honestly and efficiently.

But we don't hear much about it.

There are in America millions of happy homes in which husband and wife are dwelling today with mutual respect and affection, and no shadow of the divorce court lurking near. There were celebrated yesterday countless marriages, and as many more will be celebrated tomorrow, that will not develop into domestic scandal.

But we don't hear much about it.

Almost every community in the United States is the scene of corporate activities of the greatest service to the public, giving employment to thousands who would not have it in the absence of this system, filling the savings banks with the earnings of the poor and increasing the sum of human happiness by promoting the general welfare of mankind.

But we don't hear much about it.

In the churches of the country last Sunday were preached thousands of helpful sermons, issuing from the mouths of underpaid and unselfish men who dedicate the best that is in them to the cause of righteousness; and in not one congrega-

tion was there a rumor that the pastor had run off with some other man's wife.

But we don't hear much about it.

Countless deeds of kindness were performed in the hospitals of Christendom today, and have been performed every day for years, and will be in the years to come. Devoted Sisters of Charity are giving their lives to the service of God; physicians are daily attending to the needs of humanity without pay; beneficial societies are protecting the people against the day of want; individual charities are greater than ever before in the history of the world; the teachers of our common schools, though ill recompensed, are preserving the life of the Nation by leading its youth in the path of knowledge.

Everywhere modern society is vindicating its right to existence, and individual sacrifices to that end are like the sands on the seashore or the stars in the firmament.

But we don't hear much about it.

## Greenhorns in Town and Country



A dapper young man walks into a city grocery store, supposed to be owned by a hard-headed business man, and asks for the proprietor. When that functionary appears, the dapper young man draws from his pocket a crisp roll of bills and presents them to his newly-made acquaintance, with a blank form of receipt and a request to sign it.

"What's this for?" asks the surprised grocer.

"Why," replies the dapper young man, pointing to the receipt blank, "I supposed you had expected it. This is the dividend on your stock in the Hold Up Gold Mining Company, that you bought from Catchem & Cheatem."

The delighted grocer murmurs his thanks, and the dapper young man turns to leave, but is followed to the door.

"By the way," says the happy investor in windy securities, "you don't know where I could get a few more shares of that stock, do you?"

The dapper young man is wise in his day and generation. He will not offer a bait that will be open to suspicion as such.

"I don't believe there is any to be had,"

he replies. "You see, it looks like a pretty good thing. Still, I may hear of a share or two lying around within a day or so and will call you up."

The dapper young man's investigations evidently bring results, for within a few days he returns with a nice little block of the stock, for which the hard-headed grocer hands him his check. The check is cashed within five minutes after the transaction; the dapper young man disappears from the face of the earth, and the stock is found to be worth — nothing.

The foregoing tale is not fiction. It is a true story, the event it describes having occurred quite recently in one of the largest cities of the Middle West. The history of the case is here set forth merely as an illustration of the fact that the easiest victims of green goods games in the United States live in the cities, and not in the country. We read a great deal about the unfortunate but comical experiences of Uncle Reuben in the city, but the fact is that there are more "suckers" — to use a vulgar but expressive phrase — to the square foot in any large American city than will be found on the average on the farms of the Western hemisphere. The average city man is easier swindled than the average farmer, and with much less excuse.

Another comparison of the two will not be unprofitable. The ruralist who goes to the city to spend or invest his money may make grievous errors and get into deep pitfalls; but if we will stop to think of the experiences of the "gentlemen farmers" who go from the large cities in search of profits or luxury in the country, we must very quickly admit that the benefit of the comparison, if there be, any, is altogether in favor of Uncle Reuben.

The "business man" who laughs at the farmer might as well bray, for he is making an ass of himself when he does it.

### A Man's Face



New Jersey judge in a suit at law has determined that a man has some rights relative to the use of his counterfeit presentment. The decision was the result of a case brought by the plaintiff, a woman, to restrain the general distribu-

tion of her photographs, and it tends to establish the possibility that in the future even mere man may have something to say about his own face.

The illustrating art, in both the advertising and publishing business, has gone to great extremes in recent years. Not content with exhibiting deceased statesmen on cigar boxes and fair women in the conditions of before and after taking, it is now making a specialty of facial contortions. Now it so happens that the camera is seldom complimentary to a subject that is not posing. A true picture of a horse in motion is about the most abominable thing that can be imagined, for the simple reason that it permanently fixes the animal in an attitude of such brief duration — a period too short to be measured by any mental operation receiving its inspiration from the eye — that the result is one entirely unfamiliar to human observation. The legs of the subject appear as if tied in a knot, and, while the picture may show the agility of a grasshopper, it is far from revealing the familiar outlines of the noble equine.

But the same unfeeling camera turned for the fraction of a second on a man's face in a moment of expression, has even a more dismal result. As a rule it produces a study in idiocy or mania. Pictures of President Roosevelt, daily appearing in the newspapers, give the effect of a hyena in a Prince Albert coat, addressing an audience composed of a naturally electrified electorate. Secretary Taft in the act of speaking looks like a gape in an inflated balloon. There are snap-shots of Vice-President Fairbanks that give one the impression of an interrogation point with a pair of eyes in the loop, while Mr. Bryan goes before the public as a raving maniac trying to escape from the rear platform of a passenger train. If photography ever becomes a lost art, and some future archeologist happens to dig up one of these pictures in a remote age, he will at once conclude that the human species of the present time, far from suggesting evolution, showed a marked retrogression from the period when our ancestors dwelt in trees.

The New Jersey judicial dictum should

be extended to reach such cases. Few men would accept a suit of clothes taken from ocular measurements while the model was turning a handspring. Why, then, should any man be forced to condone the offense of exhibiting his own face, with its lineaments depicted in convulsions which the eye does not see but which the camera fixes forever?

### The Avocation of Accusation



THE municipal campaigns now pending in Ohio—and in numerous other states, for that matter—seem to be based by the various parties or factions interested on one or more of the following propositions:

1. That every man who believes in a "closed Sunday" is a crank, a bigot and an enemy of progress;

Or that every man who believes in a comparatively "open Sunday" is a drunkard, a creature of the breweries and distilleries and an all-round bad character;

2. That every man who believes in public ownership of so-called public utilities is a socialist, an anarchist and "agin the government;"

Or that every man who does not believe in public ownership of so-called public utilities is a tool of the corporations, a bribe-taker and a corruptionist;

3. That every man who holds office and is willing to hold it again is a "grafter," a political degenerate and a conspirator against the general welfare;

Or that every man who does not hold office but is likely to get one is a "machine politician," a "boodler" and a keeper of bad company;

4. That every man who agrees with him who holds to one or more of the foregoing propositions is a statesman and a friend of good order;

Or that every man who does not so agree is a cheap demagogue and a foe of organized society.

There may be a few more distinguishing evidences of partisan and factional faith in these campaigns, but space forbids that all should be enumerated.

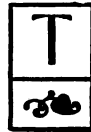
The trouble is that many otherwise good men in the heat of political strife forget

the Golden Rule in its application to the motives, rather than the political convictions, of other men. The advocate of temperance becomes intemperate, and the believer in the present order becomes contemptuous.

Still others make an avocation of accusation. They make money out of it, or expect to win prestige or power from it.

Sanity, decency and the public welfare demand that the first class mentioned should moderate their zeal and cultivate the spirit of tolerance and charity. The same considerations demand that the second class mentioned should be routed like so many snakes from a field of golden wheat.

### Wall Street and Beef Steak



THE rich do not often suffer loss from a tumble in stocks, whether it be a flurry in Wall Street or a drop in the market quotation of some local security borne down by the fears of small investors or as a result of the political activity of demagogues. The losses fall upon the small holder, who sells at a sacrifice during a period of alarm.

While general stocks and local stocks in all parts of the country have recently been on a collapse, the price of beef steak has continued to hover around high water mark, with a persistency sorely aggravating to the head of a family. Stock quotations have gone down, but the real value of the securities quoted has in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred remained where it was, and the fall in market quotations has not given ground for alarm regarding future dividends.

Meanwhile the beef steak problem has been ever present, but its perplexities have been greatly simplified by the fact that the people have had money to solve it. While it is doubtless true that the prices of food products are higher now than ever before in this country, it is also true that wages are in the same elevated state, and that the distribution of the circulating medium among the common people is such as to enable them to command many of the luxuries and almost all of the necessities of life. With the practice of due economy

there would be no failure on their part to command the latter in these piping times of prosperity. And all this is true, whether the high prices are due to the operations of trusts or to other causes.

There is no shrinkage of real values and no occasion for alarm over the continuance of prosperity, as long as the price of beef steak is soaring at its present height and the people have money to buy it. It is admitted that the pulse of the purchaser would beat with greater regularity, if the price were to take a tumble and his purchasing power remain where it is, but the fact remains that the beef steak situation might be far worse than it is. Those who are particularly interested in it do not need to concern themselves with the affairs of Wall Street. Whatever the decline of stock market quotations, real values and general prosperity will not be affected, as long as the broiler continues to be brought into frequent requisition under present conditions.

### Newspapers and Railroad Passes



HERE is some revival of the old discussion regarding the propriety of railroad passes given to newspapers. The custom has been abolished by the railroads in all the states that have enacted two-cent fare laws, and it must be admitted that there has been very little complaint on the part of the newspapers.

If the subject is to be revived at all, however, one important aspect of it should not be overlooked. There is not one news-

paper in ten thousand whose policy is affected by the giving of the railroad pass, and there is no direct remunerative benefit that the railroad gets for issuing it. There is, however, quite as much direct benefit to the railroad as accrues to the newspaper for the frequent favors which the latter necessarily confers upon the former. A railroad pass issued to a newspaper ought to be and usually is a courteous recognition of an equal courtesy from the newspaper to the railroad, due to conditions peculiar to the pursuit of journalism and not to any other business.

As a matter of news a newspaper mentions a railway excursion that is to take place tomorrow. It gets nothing for this publicity, but the railway reaps a harvest. In like manner countless items of railroad news are continually developing and are printed, but for this publicity the newspaper gets nothing tangible, while the corporation receives large benefits. If a pass is issued to the newspaper in recognition of this fact, it is difficult to see how any corruption can be implied in the transaction. The railroad company cannot show its appreciation in any other manner; it has no other means at hand to reciprocate.

For these reasons the newspaper railroad pass is by no means as bad as it is painted, and there are not a few men, not candidates for the penitentiary, who are of the opinion that a mistake was made when the railroads withdrew from the newspaper brethren the only possible recognition of favors which the latter are constantly extending to them.





# With Our Correspondents

*The department under this title was announced in the September number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE as one designed to be a medium for an exchange of views between readers of the magazine and its editorial department, in matters of interest to the general public and of special interest to our constituents as such. Communications not in excess of four hundred words were solicited. Our readers' views on current subjects will always be welcome. Especially desirable, however, will be comments on articles appearing in the magazine and suggestions for its improvement and its progress, from the standpoint of those who are interested in its welfare. In a word, this is to be a Readers' Editorial Department.*

## From the Vice President

To the Editor:—

I WISH to congratulate you on the excellence of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. It is admirable in every respect.

Cordially your friend,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

\* \* \*

## A Western Ohio Pioneer

To the Editor:—

I READ a notice of THE OHIO MAGAZINE in the Norwalk, Ohio, *Reflector*, and was glad to become acquainted with your periodical. I was particularly interested in your article on "Ohio in Southern California," in the July number.

By the way, I suppose I saw as much of the plains and Pacific Coast as any Buckeye. I left Columbus, crossed the plains in 1851, via Salt Lake with ox teams, landing in Portland, Oregon, in the fall of 1851. I then went to Puget Sound by the Cowlitz river, with Indians in canoes; then went on horseback to the head of Puget Sound and then down the Sound to Fort Steilacoom; then joined an expedition to hunt gold on Queen Charlotte's Island. I spent the winter there and returned to Oregon in 1857, and recrossed the plains with pack mules, meeting Johnson's army in South Pass.

I worked on the Columbus *Statesman* when it was conducted by Colonel Samuel Medary. I "graduated" from the Norwalk *Reflector* office. I should add that, wherever I have been I have found Ohio men occupying front

seats. I read your articles on Newark and Licking County with much interest.

Respectfully,

H. BUCKINGHAM, SR.  
Lawton, Oklahoma.

\* \* \*

## Industrial Newark

To the Editor:—

YOU will doubtless be interested to know that your Newark number has already begun to show good results from the standpoint of the Newark Board of Trade, and we feel that the publication will do our city much good. Our Board has recently undergone a partial reorganization and now has a secretary devoting his entire time to its work. The campaign for Greater Newark will now be prosecuted with vigor, and the Newark number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE will be our heaviest shot. You are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit.

Very truly yours,

J. M. MAYLONE,  
Secretary Board of Trade.

Newark, Ohio.

\* \* \*

## A Buckeye in Maryland

To the Editor:—

IN the Somerset *Press* I noticed a review of your July number and on obtaining it was greatly pleased with it.

I am a Lutheran minister, now located about nine miles northeast of Baltimore, having come here only a little more than a year ago, fresh from the Theological Seminary of the Capital University at Columbus. My

home was in Perry county near Somerset, and I am still a loyal Ohioan and hope ever to be, although a citizen of another state. My wife is also from Ohio, coming from Delaware. Wherever I go, I hear people sounding the praises of the Buckeye State, among whom are many who have never been even within its borders.

I feel that the addition of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* to our reading table will be an interesting and profitable adjunct. It would have done my heart good to have been at the "Joyous Buckeye Homecoming," but that pleasure I was obliged to forego. I shall read accounts of it with interest. Wishing the magazine the greatest success, I beg to remain, a loyal Buckeye,

O. E. SWINEHART.

Glenarm, Maryland.

\* \* \*

### "Our Japanese Question"

To the Editor:—

*THE Coast Seaman's Journal* took the liberty or reproducing in full the excellent article on "Our Japanese Question," by Mr. C. B. Galbreath, contained in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* for July. Mr. Galbreath's position as State Librarian of Ohio evidently affords him exceptional opportunities of studying the Japanese question from the different viewpoints assumed by writers in different localities. That Mr. Galbreath has taken full advantage of these resources is proved by his writings, as reprinted in this and a previous issue of the *Journal*.

Mr. Galbreath's impartial and comprehensive treatment of the subject of Japanese immigration is valuable, not only intrinsically, but also as affording a prospect that the light thus thrown upon that subject shall ultimately penetrate the dark places of the East. To the extent that this result is achieved, "Our Japanese Question" may be regarded as settled—and settled right.

THE COAST SEAMAN'S JOURNAL.

San Francisco, Cal.

\* \* \*

### Thanks, Awfully

To the Editor:—

NOT because it is of any special significance, coming from me, but because I feel like it, I want to compliment *THE OHIO*

*MAGAZINE* on its merit and very creditable appearance, as it reaches its subscribers from month to month.

Now, you are busy and you need not feel obligated to make any reply to this. It is only the spontaneous expression of the appreciation which anyone feels when he observes the results of meritorious effort, so that words of commendation are only an acknowledgment that the obligation is on the other side of the ledger.

With most cordial regards and best wishes, I remain,

Very truly yours,

W. E. MARSH.

Akron, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### A Circulation Policy Approved

To the Editor:—

IN renewing my subscription to *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, which I had neglected to do, until my attention was called to the matter by your letter of the 18th instant, I desire to say that one sentence of the latter has my hearty approval. It is as follows: "The magazine will be continued to your address unless ordered stopped."

That is the right policy. I would not like to miss a single number for it certainly fills a long-felt want.

Yours truly,

R. J. A. BOREMAN.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

\* \* \*

### Prescribed for Physicians

To the Editor:—

REGARD *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* as a good thing to be prescribed for physicians who may be induced to subscribe for it for the benefit of their waiting patients. Your magazine gives us all in my office so much pleasure and good information, that I am glad to continue it for another year.

Yours sincerely,

M. L. BATES, M. D.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### Another Office Standpoint

To the Editor:—

IN renewing my subscription to *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, permit me to say that I have enjoyed it very much and find it has been

extremely useful in the waiting room of my office. A great many people have been interested in picking it up while waiting, and several have expressed a desire to subscribe for it. The magazine has an educational value that ought to be appreciated.

Wishing its management continued success,  
I am

Yours very truly,  
B. F. McCANN.

Dayton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### An Appreciation of Progress

*To the Editor:—*

THE new department entitled "With Our Correspondents," proposed for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, cannot fail to be of interest and should call out brief but timely communications from various quarters.

The magazine during its initial year has filled an important part in promoting interest in the history and traditions of the State; and, still further than that, it has, in its illustrations of different commercial and picturesque localities, given the reading public features not found in other periodicals. The latest number most happily illustrates this statement, for it contains the valuable article describing the Indian campaign of Colonel William Crawford and an exhaustive treatment of the business resources of one of Ohio's chief manufacturing cities—Ironton and vicinity.

These features, combined with literary excellence, tasteful arrangement, fine illustrations, pleasing type and good subject matter, will make the magazine of great value and secure the preservation of its numbers for reference and for use beyond the passing day.

The professional and educational interests of the State should find THE OHIO MAGAZINE a valuable assistant, and to the colonies of Ohio people found in almost every state of the Union the magazine will surely find its way and be a highly prized messenger of news and good will from "Home." I think you have attained the high road of merited success and that the magazine will deservedly earn a high and popular place among the standard periodicals of the day.

ALBERT KERN.

Dayton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### Good, and Growing Better

*To the Editor:—*

I CANNOT do without THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

It has been firstclass since its beginning, but is getting better all the time. Assuring you of my best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

LEWIS B. HOUCK.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### On the Coast

*To the Editor:—*

THE fame of THE OHIO MAGAZINE has reached this coast, as I observe from the notices of the press here. Your enterprise certainly deserves to prosper and there should be great interest in it among Ohio people everywhere. With congratulations and best wishes for success, I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

Los Angeles, California.



# The Trend of Opinion

## What Have the Philippines Cost?

From the Washington Herald.

IN the absence of exact data, one man's guess is as good as another's when it comes to figuring the cost of the Philippines to date. The guesses range from \$200,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. The New York Herald, which has been inquiring into the subject, estimates that it has cost the United States \$400,000,000 to acquire and hold the Philippine islands. In this huge sum it includes their initial cost, the expense of putting down the Aguinaldo revolt and the cost of maintaining the islands since that time, which The Herald puts at \$30,000,000 a year. That paper, however, quotes an army officer as saying that the whole Philippine enterprise has cost us about \$200,000,000.

The last mentioned figures correspond closely to those given by Secretary Taft, who places the cost of the Aguinaldo revolution at \$170,000,000, which, with the price paid for the islands, brings the total up to \$190,000,000. To this must be added the annual expenditure on the army and navy in excess of that which would have been expended if we had kept out of the Philippines. No one seems to know just what amount of our naval and military expenditure should be apportioned to the Philippines. Mr. Taft admits that the Philippines military establishment costs \$5,000,000 more yearly than it would if there were no Philippine scouts and were the army housed at home. The Philippine government, of course, pays its own expenses, exclusive of expenditures for defense.

The islands, then, are costing us \$5,000,000 a year to hold, without counting the naval expenditure for their defense, which is vastly increased by the proposed transfer of the fleet to the Pacific. But even that is not all, for Congress has authorized a beginning in the work of fortifying the islands, to complete which will require the expenditure of \$1,000,000. The navy is demanding the equipment of a strong naval base, which will cost yet other millions. So that what our New York contemporary refers to as the "stream of gold

that goes pouring into the islands" is not yet at its flood.

## The Fleet's Complications

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THAT projected cruise of the fleet to the Pacific threatens to bring an odd mix-up in Congress. The Pacific Coast, the South and most of the West seem to favor the proposition to send the fleet on the Pacific cruise. The East opposes it. An attempt has been made by some of the New York Democratic papers to arouse Democratic opposition all over the country to the movement of the fleet. This has emphatically failed, however. The loudest opponents of the project are Democrats, but Democrats are also among the most enthusiastic of its friends. Here are some of the grounds of opposition: The transfer of the fleet will leave the Atlantic Coast defenseless. It will be an insult to Japan, and may goad her into an attack on the United States. The trip will cost at least \$1,000,000, and therefore the Democratic party which has always favored economy in the expenditures of the government, is urged to condemn it. By leaving the Atlantic Coast defenseless the president will be able to work effectively for a large increase in the navy, which is another argument that is expected to appeal to the Democrats, as well as to the flag-furlers in general.

Yet the attempt to align the Democracy, as a party, against the trip has not the faintest chance to succeed. Senators McEnery and Foster of Louisiana have just been to Oyster Bay to tell the president that they are with him in this cruise proposition. They declare that if he should be attacked in the Senate for this next winter they will support him. Moreover, they told him that a large majority of the people of the South are with him on this question. It is the same on the Pacific Coast and through a large part of the West. Both parties in those sections favor the movement of the fleet, if the Naval Board at Washington urges it. As it is believed the president is acting under the advice of the Naval

Board in announcing that the fleet will make the trip, there will be no chance for anybody to make an effective attack upon him personally on this point.

Says one of the Louisiana senators: "The people of the whole South stand with the president on this proposition. They want to give the naval officers experience in maneuvering on the Pacific and in showing our ships in force where we have such vast interests." Most of the Southern newspapers which are doing any talking on this matter are applauding the president. The attempt, therefore, to inject partisanship into it can not succeed. On the eve of a presidential election the minority party always seizes all sorts of pretexts to make an assault on the dominant organization, but there will be no chance in this naval movement to work up any hostility to the president and his party.

Representative Foss of Illinois, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of his branch of Congress, not only favors the movement of the fleet to the Pacific for the experience which it will thus get in practical campaigning, but he wants a large part of the fleet to be stationed in the Pacific permanently, and says that we will, in the coming session of Congress, provide for the construction of at least four more battle ships. This is the sensible view. The cruise will teach the navy many things. There is no sense in keeping all the fleet anchored at any one spot. Warships are intended to move about, and to familiarize themselves with all the oceans. There is a particularly urgent reason why all our naval officers should familiarize themselves with our Pacific as well as our Atlantic Coast. We have more miles of coast on the big Western ocean than we have on the Eastern border, even if the Gulf of Mexico be counted in as part of the Atlantic Coast line. Trouble, when it comes, is much more likely to come from Japan than it is from any other nation, and that trouble would be in the Pacific side of the country entirely. There is no good reason to suppose that Japan will take offense at this temporary transfer of our big Atlantic flotilla to the Pacific, but even if she does take offense the cruise should not be postponed. We are under no obligation to consult Japan in any disposition which we may make of our army or navy.

Hereafter we must keep a large part of our fleet on the Pacific at all times. This will

necessitate an increase in our aggregate naval strength, but the increase is needed, and the country will not grudge the extra expenditure which will thus be caused. In proportion to its aggregate naval strength Japan is making larger accessions to her fleet than we are to ours. The fleet is booked to start on December 15, about two weeks after Congress meets. The chances are that no effective opposition to this programme will be made by Congress.

## The Artistic "Affinity"

From the New York World.

CHEMISTS first noted the disposition of a substance brought into contact with other substances to cleave to the one for which it has the stronger affinity. But it is to artists and the possessors of the artistic temperament generally since Goethe's day that we owe the application of the principle to human beings. The fact that the affinity is not always found at the first trial, and usually not until her youthful bloom is seen in contrast with fading charms at home, does not necessarily indicate a defect in the law so much as a lack of opportunities of comparison and selection. A husband familiar with green-rooms may be expected to find his affinity much sooner than one less favored with facilities.

The Earle case has the merit of novelty by reason of the open acknowledgment by husband and wife of their adherence to the law. Usually the affinity is kept in the background until the divorce proceedings make her appearance essential to the interlocutory decree. But if the old reproach that America has sacrificed art to commercialism is not to be deserved, a professional artist should at least be accorded the same privileges in the choice of an affinity as a steel president.

## Spiritualism as a Business

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

THE examination into the competency of Mr. Vanderbilt, a wealthy lumber merchant of Brooklyn, is affording plenty of sensational material for the newspapers. A deluded old man, mourning the loss of his helpmeet, is cajoled into marrying a designing "medium" through the agency of "Little Bright Eyes," ostensibly a spirit, in reality

an Indian trapeze dancer corporeal enough to accept trinkets and candy. The harpy is no sooner mated to her victim than she persuades him to sign over his fortune to her at the sacrifice of his own daughter's interests.

Few of us realize how many people deal in spiritualism as a business. With their hocus-focus set, crouching behind their Punch and Judy shows, with the circuit to the Spirit World established, they lie in wait for their victims. They impose on weaklings, and they prey on human sorrow. In comparison with them such women as Cassie Chadwick, or even the indecent harpies, are like babes and sucklings. Take away their clap-trap, and you find an outfit that an Apache medicine man would turn up his nose at. What with their "spirit rappings," their "astral communications" and their table dancing, they are consummate frauds, and the whole tribe of them ought to be tarred and feathered and run out of town.

As to the victims of those humbugs, they are mostly old enough to know better; but there is no fool like an old fool, after all!

### Jail Cannot Level Rank

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE persistence of the caste feeling is notorious. The "saleslady" will acknowledge no sisterhood with the "washlady." The bookkeeper coldly ignores the pretensions to equality of the more highly paid bricklayer; and the Japanese administer the dose of exclusion to the Chinese laborers, against which they protest when applied to themselves. But it remained for San Francisco to produce an example of the haughtiness of rank between two criminals convicted under bribery charges, with the vital social distinction that the person who aspired to social equality was the bribee and the haughty spirit who rejected his advances was the briber.

The story is that when Mr. Glass, corporation magnate, was committed to jail under sentence for bribery ex-Mayor Schmitz, a senior resident of that institution, extended to him the right hand of fellowship and made advances toward the communion of souls in adversity. Glass refused to accept the association. As Douglas robbed of all his powers and stripped of his castles and wealth proudly proclaimed that he was Douglas still, so Glass,

social light, corporate magnate and briber, haughtily holds that even in jail he still is Glass and coldly ignores the outstretched hand of a mere politician and bribee.

This certainly seems to bring the doctrine of equality within visible distance of its finish. The early comic opera of Gilbert and Sullivan left it in doubt whether love can level rank; but when it is evinced that jail, even in a democratic land, does not level rank, we give it up. The boundaries of caste are impassable. The hash-slinger will not associate with the mere kitchen-lady and between the mortar-mixer and the hod-carrier there is a great gulf fixed.

### Salaries of Ohio Teachers

From the Toledo Blade.

LIKE many government reports, that of the United States Commissioner of Education is slow in being compiled and printed. The annual report for 1905 has just been published, but it contains much of interest to those who have at heart the welfare of the public schools.

The figures regarding the schools of Ohio show an expenditure for the year 1904 of seventeen and a half million dollars, with an estimated value of common school property of nearly fifty-three million dollars. The number of teachers employed in 1904 was 26,469, and the average daily attendance of pupils was 623,707.

But the salaries paid these teachers are so small that the great, rich state of Ohio should be ashamed of this item in the report.

The average monthly salary paid these teachers in 1904 was \$41.79.

This is the pay for from six to ten month's work, and the teachers, of course must board themselves.

The man who works at the most common labor would turn up his nose in disgust at such wages.

Many skilled workmen make as much money in two days as the average teacher does in a week.

The farm hand who sells his labor for \$20 a month, including board and keep, has a better chance for saving money than has the average teacher.

The man employed to care for the horses and drive the mistress on her shopping tours is better paid than the woman who is entrusted with the care and education of her children.

There is little wonder that in some parts of Ohio it is impossible to secure teachers in district schools, and children go without instruction.

The young men and women who are ambitious to get ahead in the world will not care to equip themselves for school work at farm labor wages.

The taxpayers willingly pay millions each year for the support of the schools and they will gladly pay more for better salaries, believing that increased wages will mean increased efficiency in the schools.

That average salary of \$41.79 a month is no credit to Ohio. The schools must suffer unless there is a change.

### The Logic of Injustice

From the Ohio State Journal.

**W**E take the following extract from Mr. Allen R. Foote's address on "The Products of Life," at an annual grange picnic, at Mantua:

The natural law of justice decrees that you shall not be a gainer by your own unjust acts. If you, prompted by an ignorant self-interest, take more than your share of the products of joint labor because your superior strength, cunning or intelligence gives you power to do so, the inexorable law of justice demands that every unjust gain in property shall be instantly offset by a corresponding loss in character. By such acts you trade in unequal exchange, character for property.

This ought to be the basis of all education and of all life—that a man cannot really gain a thing by doing a wrong. We would carry the thought further than Mr. Foote carries it. He intimates that by losing character a man may gain property. We say he loses both. He may flourish in his wrong possession for awhile; he may live in luxury; he may wear the badges of success; he may even die in his riches; but there will come a day when his wrong will find its reward in sorrow. His home, his children, his grandchildren will suffer for his injustice, and his name, once associated with gold and silk, will be remembered at last in rags and dirt. God's judgments come around in time. They never fail.

The world has never caught the full meaning of the declaration—"the wages of sin is

death." It has construed it the very opposite and goes on the idea that the wages of sin is honor, wealth, happiness, success. There could not be a fataler error. Ill-gotten fortune never brings a blessing to a man. His reward is some kind of curse.

We see a fortune built up by deceit, and fraud, and injustice of some kind. The man seems to flourish. He has a mansion, and equipages, and luxury of every shape. But watch the history of that family. See it go to pieces. See the charm of filial duty broken and the chains of luxury pull down the soul. We see it all over the land. God never raised a grape from a thorn. The wages of sin is death.

Nearly all our social and political troubles could be removed if we could only learn that nothing could be gained by a trick or an indirection. If we could only believe that the thing we dishonestly got; whether it was legally got or not, we would soon lose, either itself or the blessing that is supposed to go with it, and act upon that idea, the dream of Utopia would be realized and the golden rule would be the law of the land. We should remember that we could not imagine a wrong that was not temporarily successful; nor could we imagine there was a God, if wrong finally won.

We want to add that Mr. Foote's address is so full of noble doctrine, finely and forcibly expressed, that it is one of the very best literary productions that even went out of Columbus.

### Opposition to the Parcels Post

From the Chicago Journal.

**M**ERCHANTS in small cities, in villages, and at country cross roads are likely to overwhelm Congress with protests against the adoption of Postmaster General Meyer's plan for a parcels post, as recently outlined.

If the government should compete with express companies at a low rate, big mail order houses would soon have a monopoly in the country. Small merchants could not compete with them and widespread ruin would result. There are hundreds of thousands of such merchants, and they, their clerks, their families, their relatives, and their friends will all be opposed to the parcels post scheme.

These merchants and the auxiliaries they

can bring to bear are powerful in Congress, and it is hardly possible that any parcels post bill can get through that body. Congressmen are not going to pass legislation that would bring poverty to a large class of the population. The country merchant is a useful citizen and at one stroke to deprive thousands upon thousands of their livelihood would be, to say the least, decidedly unpopular.

The parcels post proposition is unsound, and President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Meyer will make a serious mistake if they commit themselves to it.

### A Model Saloon Keeper

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

**D**OWN the state in Granville there is a saloon-keeper who has been reflecting on his responsibility, and as a result he has published the following card in a local newspaper:

*Know All Men by These Presents:* I wish to notify the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, to give me notice in writing of such cases as you are interested in, and all such shall be excluded from my place. Let fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers do likewise and their request shall be complied with. I pay a heavy tax for the privilege of retailing liquors, etc., and want it distinctly understood that I have no desire to sell to minors or drunkards, nor to the destitute. I much prefer that they save their money and put it where it will do the most good to their families. There are gentlemen of honor and workingmen who can afford it, and it is with them I desire to trade. I will say to those who trade with me, and can afford it, that I will treat you gentlemanly and courteously. Loafers are not welcome.

F. H. KUNKEL.

The local editor declares that the saloon-keeper means just what he says, and urges all the indirect victims of the drink evil, whose brothers, fathers, sons or friends frequent this man's place of business, to send him word of what they are suffering. If they take the advice the saloon-keeper will lose some money, and he will probably accumulate a stock of private quarrels, but he will have his own recompense.

The brewers' and liquor dealers' journals are complaining bitterly now of the "persecution" their business is suffering, and they even fear the ruin of the business from the

public attacks upon it. If there were more saloon-keepers like Mr. Kunkel of Granville, and if there were more who took personal pride in obeying the laws instead of in breaking them, the brewers would probably have less reason for these mournful forebodings, which, as matters now stand, are probably well justified.

### The Ohio Penitentiary and Sing Sing

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

**R**ECENT allegations made against the management of New York's state penitentiary at Sing Sing have resulted in the resignation of Warden Addison Johnson and the sending of petitions of grievance to Governor Hughes, requesting a rigid investigation. If all the charges printed by the New York Herald turn up true in the investigation, it may be that some who are now officials at the institution will change to a much lower grade. It is asserted that no small amount of "graft" is being realized by the sale of groceries to the prisoners at prices higher than those obtaining in the outside markets; that prisoners and keepers are allowed to steal as much of the material provided by the state as they care to and to sell it at a good profit; that through political affiliations many prisoners and instructors are given comparatively easy berths and escape the disagreeable duties of law-required labor.

It is not until one goes through a long list of such charges and reads apparent proofs that he realizes the value of the present administration at the Ohio Penitentiary. The Buckeye state prison is coming to be recognized as one of the very best in the United States, and even though there are many features of its condition which are not just as pleasing as they might be, its commendable features greatly overshadow those which need a little reform.

A few figures will show the comparative worth of the system now prevailing at Ohio's prison, and will give conclusive proof that we have here a much better institution than the famous Sing Sing. The cost of Sing Sing to the state of New York for the fiscal year ending last September was \$168,321, or an average cost for each of the 1279 prisoners of \$131.60. In Ohio the expenses for that period were \$289,749, or \$180 for each of the 1608 prisoners. Whereas the state of New York



must foot the Sing Sing bill, the legislature of Ohio is put to but little expense for the maintenance of the institution here. The Ohio penitentiary report for last month showed that a profit of \$452.94 had been realized by the management. Thus our state prison is practically self-supporting, while the general assembly of the Empire state must pay for several such institutions as Sing Sing. This laudable condition at the Ohio penitentiary will continue until 1911, when the institution will again become a great burden to the state by the enforcement of the Wertz law, requiring the employment of the prisoners in chain gangs and the abolition of the contract labor system.

### The "Crime Wave" and the Mob

From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

THE "wave of crime" in New York which we are now hearing so much about seems to be the highest in the offices of the yellow journals.

Undoubtedly some very horrible crimes against women and girls have been recently committed in the metropolis. In fact such crimes are always more or less prevalent in such a great city and its purlieus, in which there are tens of thousands of vicious persons, but it is quite evident to the discrim-

inating reader that many trivial incidents, some of them entirely innocent, are magnified and distorted into attempts at dastardly crime.

These publications have wrought up the ignorant foreigners, by whom certain sections of New York are densely populated, to a condition of hysteria that manifests itself by outbursts of mob violence often almost beyond the power of the police to control and utterly disgraceful to a great American city.

An example of this occurred on Tuesday, when a party of sightseers, many of them women and girls, were beset by a huge mob because the automobile in which they were riding had, without the fault of the chauffeur, run over a boy who had been stealing a ride. With great difficulty they were saved by a company of reserve policemen from serious injury, perhaps from death.

On the same day a man returning from work guiltless of any offense whatever was set upon by a mob and kicked nearly to death because some irresponsible boy pointed him out alleging untruly that he was a friend of some other man who had misbehaved.

In such communities as New York the mob spirit is easily excited, and those newspapers which pander to it are as depraved and far more powerful for evil than the criminals whose deeds they exaggerate or invent.



# THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

Vol. III

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1907

1908

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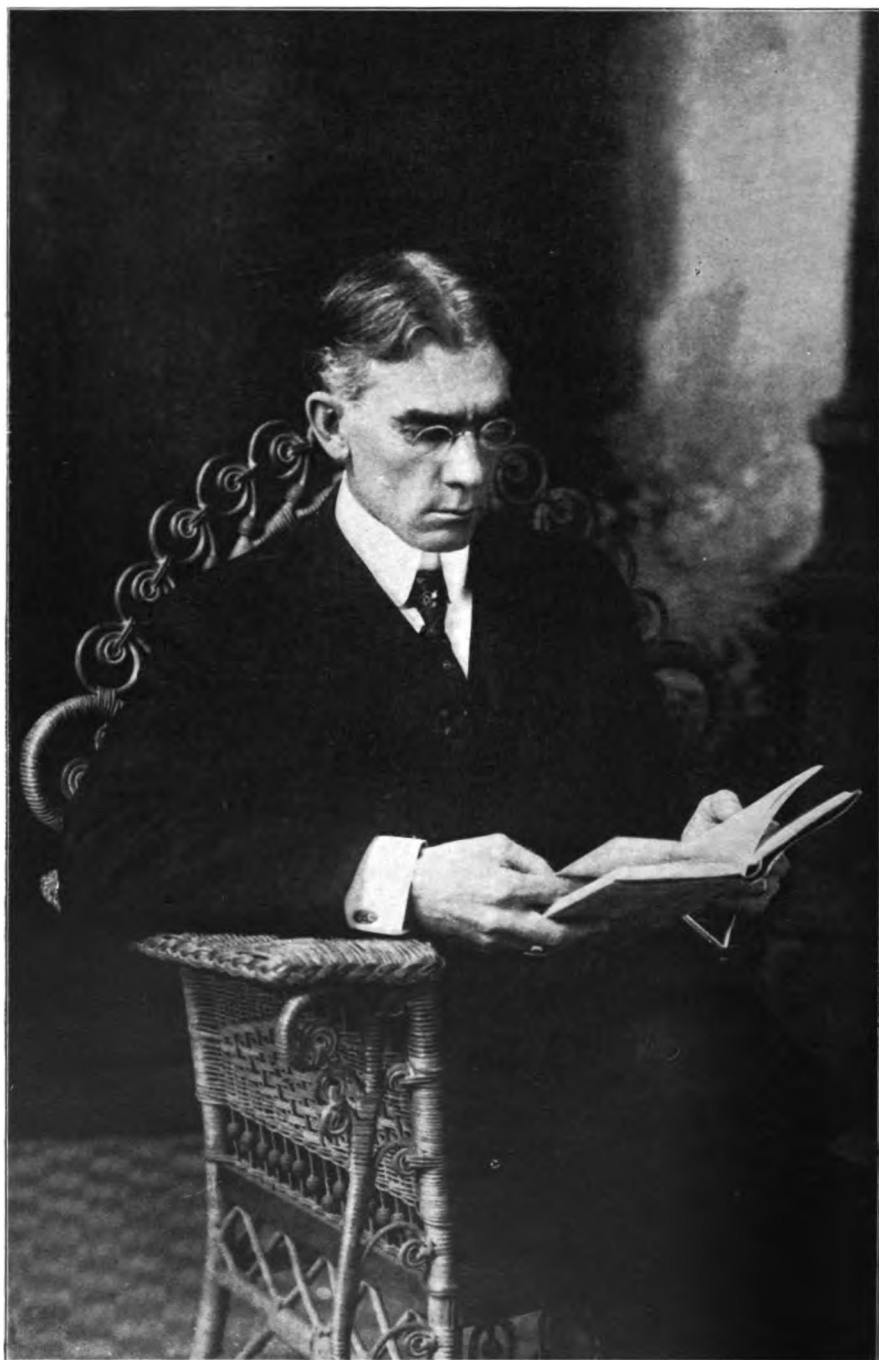
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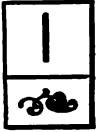
# The Men's Clubs of Ohio

## II. THE CLUBS OF TOLEDO

By Lucas J. Beecher and Charles Quinn

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE

*The present article is the second of the series devoted to the Men's Clubs of Ohio, appearing in THE OHIO MAGAZINE, the first dealing with the clubs of Cincinnati having been published in June. The exhaustive and attractive exposition of the clubs of Toledo here afforded is a fitting recognition of their social and commercial importance and indicates, all things considered, that the city on the Maumee is second to none in this State with regard to the excellence of its organizations of this character.*



IF the progress and development of a city are to be measured by the number and excellence of its clubs, then Toledo is in a fair way to become a great metropolis, for the city is as well provided with these social institutions as any municipality of its size in the country.

Club life in the metropolis of north-western Ohio is of course an evolution, the same as it has been elsewhere. In the early days of the city, when Toledo was struggling with several other towns for the distinction of becoming the leading commercial centre of the Maumee valley, the pioneer life of the time did not admit of the luxury of today. The primitive social accommodations of the fifties and sixties, while adapted to the needs of the sturdy builders of the present day commercial structure, were as far removed from the splendid clubs that now administer to the wants of the people as is the present intricate civilization from the simple life of those who blazed a trail through the trackless forests of the Black Swamp.

Five decades ago there were in Toledo no clubs, as we now understand the word. The merchants of that time did not lead the strenuous life. There was more time for fraternal and social intercourse in their daily associations, hence the com-

munity resembled that of the small interior towns of today. But as the population of the city grew the "chop house" where the business men occasionally assembled to talk over trade conditions disappeared, to be supplanted by a more modern institution where a chef could be engaged by the subscribing members.

To go into the history of club life in Toledo would take one back to that most democratic of all institutions, the tavern of the pioneer. Here was germinated the seed that was to blossom forth in the splendid Toledo club of today, which has a membership of 340 of the most prominent business men of the city; the Country Club, the playground of Toledo's aristocracy; the Inverness Club, which has one of the finest golf courses in the State; the Toledo Yacht Club, that is building a magnificent new home; the Lincoln Club, one of the most influential political organizations in the State; the Business Men's Club, and others.

Club life in Toledo, it might be said, dates from about 1875, when the future of the city was assured. Local commerce had by this time reached such proportions as to warrant the establishment of institutions of a social nature. The railroad builders had with that prescience characteristic of them foreseen the trend of coming events and stretched their tentacles of

steel to the heart of the city. Big industries had established themselves within the confines of the municipality and the complexity of modern life becoming manifest, the business men inevitably outgrew their "Beefsteak Clubs."

were a number of saloons and taverns where the Bohemian spirits of the time mingled. They usually occupied a large room either in the rear or above the liquid dispensaries, and here meals were served. It is true there were no Shakespeares, Ben



THE TOLEDO CLUB.

While Toledo in its pioneer days never could boast a Mermaid Tavern or Temple Bar rendezvous, yet these famous primitive clubs of old London had their counterpart in the Maumee metropolis. Following the civil war and until 1875 there

Jonsons, Beaumonts and Fletchers and no Sir Walter Raleighs to make the gatherings memorable by the brilliance of their repartee, the bright glitter of their genius or the infinite flow of their wit, but nevertheless there were Petroleum V. Nasby,

and others almost as well known. These congenial souls who made Northwestern Ohio famous in the great internecine struggle between the North and the South, spent many evenings together in this environment, which was the best the city could then afford. While the elegance and comfort of the present day clubs were absent there was always a "feast of reason and flow of soul" that would do honor now to any of our modern social organizations.

#### THE TOLEDO CLUB.

The first club in Toledo that might be dignified with the name was the old Draconian Club, that was organized in 1879. This institution, which had its rooms on Superior street in the rear of The Blade newspaper office, was the outgrowth of a small club that met over a saloon on Summit street. Following the post-bellum movement of the time when social clubs were forming throughout the country, the Draconian Club came into existence with what was then regarded as extravagant quarters. The members thought they had reached the apex of luxuriance in the furnishing and decoration of their home, though in comparison with the clubs of today the rooms would appear as barren as the meeting place of a colony of New England Quakers.

The Draconian Club was in existence ten years, when in 1889 the Toledo Club was formed. As most of the members went into the new organization the old club died a natural death. One year after the Toledo Club was launched its fine brown-stone building on the southeastern corner of Madison avenue and Erie street was erected. This structure is today one of the most beautiful in the city from an architectural standpoint. The massive blocks of stone from which the outer walls are constructed are suggestive of solidity and elegance. Having been erected before the age of steel, everything about the building is indicative of the pre-modern spirit which is the very antithesis of the bustle and hurry of today. One look at the structure and the passing pedestrian knows that behind those walls are rest, comfort and quiet. It is a haven for the worried and harassed business man, a harbor of refuge

from the commercial storms that rage without.

When the building was erected it was thought that it would meet the needs of Toledo for several generations, but it is now practically outgrown and plans have been prepared by a local architect for its enlargement. In the beginning the usual



J. W. MARSHALL,

President of the Toledo Club and the Country Club.

scheme was adopted of making every member a stockholder in the club. Each member was compelled to buy one share of stock, the par value of which was \$100. While this proved efficacious in raising money for the purchase of the lot and the erection of the building, it had its defects. Many of the stock shares in time became involved in estates of deceased members and it was impossible to transfer these shares to others who wished to join the club. Then, too, some members left the city and discontinued the payment of dues but refused to surrender their stock certificates. All this resulted in a change in the form of the club's organization by the



passage of a resolution at the annual meeting recently, abolishing the stock plan and substituting an initiation fee of \$100, this money to be surrendered when the member leaves the club. The dues are \$80 a year.

The club has decided to completely remodel the interior of the building and refurnish the rooms. This work will be undertaken this Autumn without regard to the enlargement of the structure, which project may also be realized soon. With respect to the latter undertaking it may be

ment captains of industry in the United States are included in this list, among them being Eugene Zimmerman, the railroad magnate of Cincinnati and the father of the Duchess of Manchester. Mr Zimmerman comes to Toledo frequently on business and always makes his headquarters at the club.

Of the older members who are now deceased may be mentioned W. E. Hale of Chicago, one of the greatest electric railroad organizers of his time. Mr. Hale, in



THE HOSPITABLE TOLEDO CLUB.

said that the club has in the rear of its lot an unimproved piece of land 20 x 60 feet and if the addition is built the quarters of the organization will be greatly enlarged.

As the membership of the club is limited to 350, the roster of the organization will be completed when ten more names are added, after which a waiting list will be established. The club has 100 non-resident members who are scattered throughout the country. Some of the most promi-

company with Norman B. Ream, now of New York, was interested in the Toledo Traction Company, which absorbed the old Robinson lines in the Maumee city and then sold out to the Everett-Moore syndicate.

Another prominent member was W. E. Pierce, Sr., who will be remembered by his connection with the Clover Leaf road, having for several years been receiver of the property.

There is also on the "In Memoriam"



THE COUNTRY CLUB.

list the name of Frank H. Hurd, the silver tongued orator of the Maumee. This mental giant, whose voice resounded through the halls of congress when he represented the Ninth congressional district in the lower House, was one of the best known figures that ever sat in the Federal law-making body. He was a free trader of the Cobden school and like the great English economist he remained steadfast to its principles until the last. It has been said that were it not for the influence of Frank H. Hurd, the protective tariff principle would have become a fact in the political economy of the United States ten years before it did.

Among the departed ones of the club there is also found a name that is revered throughout the length and breadth of the country. This is none other than the great McKinley, the martyred president who fell by the assassin's bullet at Buffalo in 1901. While this apostle of protection was but a State figure in politics and long before his influence reached beyond the borders of

Ohio, he was frequently entertained at the club and when the nation placed him in the executive chair at Washington he was made an honorary member.

Two members, whose memory is cherished because of their connection with the old Draconian Club were Petroleum V. Nasby (David Ross Locke) and M. R. Waite, seventh chief justice of the United States. Both of these great men gained their fame while residents of Toledo, the one as a humorist and satirist, the other as a jurist. None played a more prominent part in molding the opinion of the nation on the question of slavery and in upholding the administration of Lincoln than did Nasby, and there has been no more able expounder of the constitution on the supreme court bench since the days of Marshall than M. R. Waite.

It will thus be seen that the comparison between Toledo's clubs and the old chop house at Mermaid Tavern is not after all so farfetched. If the city by the Maumee cannot boast of poets and great essayists,

it had its political and commercial leaders, its satirists and its jurists and that they enriched the life of the club and made it more than a mere eating and drinking place, those who are now members can testify.

The Toledo Club, aside from being a social centre, is of great commercial bene-



FRANK L. MULHOLLAND,  
President of the Lincoln Club.

fit to the city. Here are entertained all the visiting bankers and financiers who come to the city in search of opportunities for investment. As all the local leaders of finance are members of the organization, the visitors naturally gravitate toward this haven where, in a private room, they may lay before the Toledo capitalists their plans. It may safely be assumed that nine-tenths of the big projects that find realization and that are helping to so rapidly build up the city are discussed and planned at the Toledo Club. Here it is easy to find the "right people," those who possess the capital that will insure the success of the enterprise.

Then again the club acts as a sort of

host for the whole city. When Toledo wished to do honor to Theodore P. Shonts after his appointment by President Roosevelt as chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, he was banqueted at the club. If any man of national prominence makes a visit to Toledo, the club represents the city in the entertainment.

The club building is a three-story and basement structure with splendid accommodations. There is one large room where banquets are held and several small dining rooms for the convenience of private parties. In the basement is the billiard room and on the top floor are sixteen sleeping or guest rooms.

The lot on which the club's building is erected is one of the most valuable in Toledo. It has a frontage on Madison avenue of 60 feet and is 120 feet deep on Huron street, giving the structure an abundance of light on two sides. Being located in the very heart of the business district the property has enhanced with the rapid appreciation of town values until the lot is worth over \$3,000 per linear foot. Recently an offer of \$200,000 was made for the sixty feet, but the members, believing that nothing is too good for the club, refused to sell. When the property was purchased in 1889 the price paid was \$400 per foot.

The officers of the Toledo Club are: President, J. W. Marshall; Vice-President, W. P. Tyler; Secretary, Dan D. Schenck; Treasurer, George L. Freeman; Directors, the foregoing together with Henry Vortriede, W. S. Walbridge and William Hardee; House Committee, Henry Vortriede, chairman; W. S. Walbridge and William Hardee.

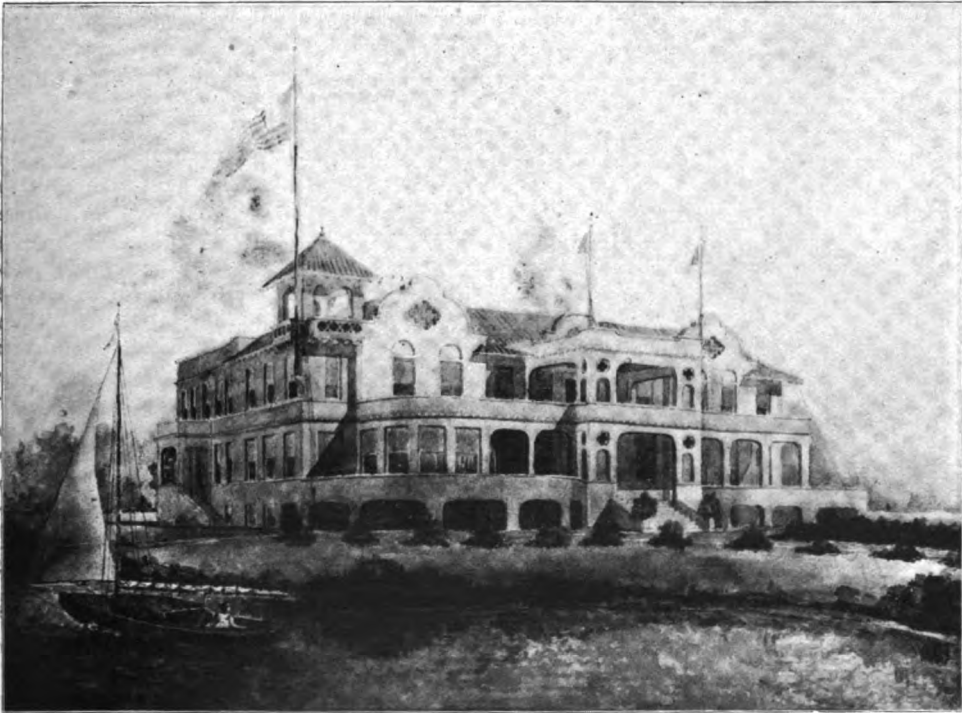
#### THE COUNTRY CLUB.

The Country Club is one of the most beautiful suburban properties that may be found near any city in the United States. There are of course rural playgrounds for the well-to-do that have cost the owners much more money, but none that have been more bountifully endowed by Nature. Situated on the historic banks of the Maumee river about midway between the village of Maumee and Toledo, and about five miles from the center of the latter city, the club has 63 acres of beautiful

rolling land on which a fine nine-hole golf course has been laid out. The property, which cost the members \$1,000 per acre, is constantly enhancing in value because of the tendency of the residents of Toledo to build Summer homes along the banks of the beautiful stream.

The membership of this club is limited to 200 and the roster has been full for some time, there being now a large number on the waiting list. The members are admitted on an invitational basis. The

zation has to a great extent become a social center where society entertains its friends. The golf course is one of the finest in the State and in the summer months is thronged with players. As the links approach the river bank, which is high above the level of the water, the scene on a pleasant Summer afternoon is a beautiful one. The trim, natty costumes of the ladies and the white suits of the men as they follow the gutta percha in the great Scotch game, lend to the scene



THE NEW TOLEDO YACHT CLUB.

dues are \$60 per year and all who join the organization must buy at least one share of stock of the par value of \$100. The stock is now worth about \$150.

The club house is a commodious and well arranged frame structure with broad verandas that overlook the river. All the creature comforts that the most fastidious might desire are supplied by the house committee. There are splendid accommodations for all kinds of entertainment. As ladies are admitted to the club the organi-

just the touch required to complete the picture, for the background of green foliage is one that would arrest the attention of both poet and artist. On the property is a piece of beautiful woodland almost primeval in its beauty and the association of the golfers with this touch of Nature brings to the senses a feeling of ineffable quiet and repose. To escape from the dusty pavements of the city on a hot Summer's day to this Elysium becomes at once the ambition and the hope of the busy

business man. Here he may for the nonce forget the worry and care of commercial life and with his family spend a few hours away from turmoil and struggle. As the oblique rays of the sun forecast that the day is nearly spent, and as the shadows from the majestic oaks and elms begin to lengthen, he may wend his way



COMMODORE JOHN F. CRAIG,  
Toledo Yacht Club.

to the club house. Here after dinner he may occupy one of the big wicker chairs on the veranda and as the smoke curls from his cigar he may give himself up to the joys of living.

Even if he be of a practical turn of mind, the beauty of his surroundings will now overpower his senses. No man can think of the stock ticker or figure on the sale of a bill of goods on a Summer evening at the Country Club. Lawyers forget their clients, doctors their patients and capitalists their investments when under the spell of these bucolic charms. All around one is the chirping of the crickets, the buzz and hum of the nocturnal insects. In the distance may be descried the lights of the city like dancing diamonds on a low horizon. Occasionally an electric

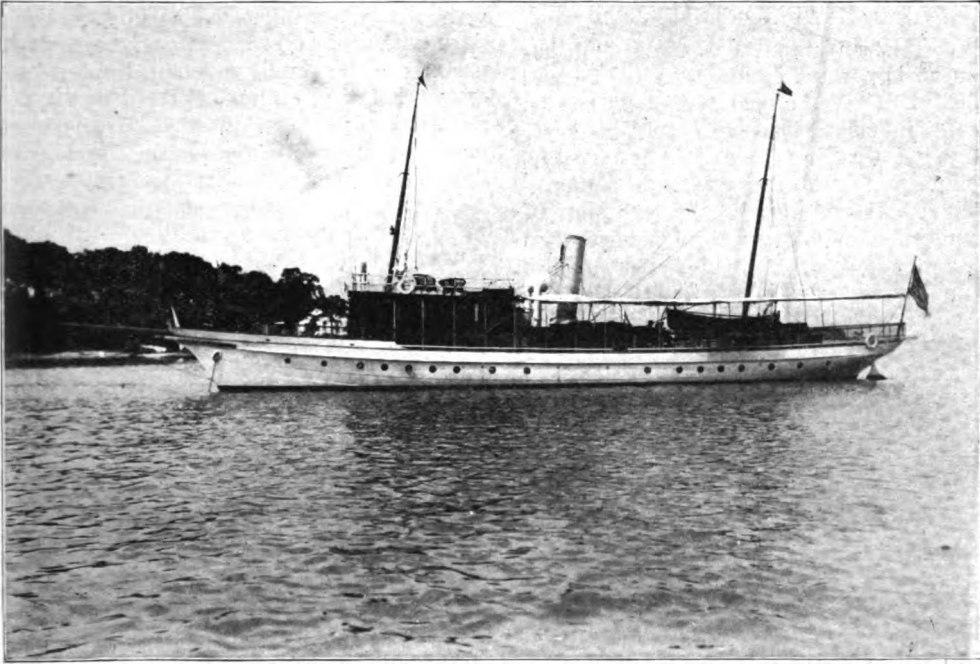
car with its lighted interior and its ominous searchlight in front passes near the club house on its way to Maumee, but this is the only reminder of the civilization of the city.

To look eastward is to gaze across the placid waters of the river and to ruminate on the early history of the Maumee valley. Within a stone's throw of this very spot struggled the contending forces of Wayne and Proctor, and within a mile or two was fought the battle that decided the fate of a dozen states and gave to the young republic an empire in itself. One can almost see the painted forms of the stealthy aborigines as they paddle up the river on a night mission to surprise the camp of the hardy American frontiersmen, and as one sits there peering through the darkness the call of a nightingale to its mate startles him from his reverie and reminds him that it is time to wend his way homeward. As he enters the lighted clubhouse there comes floating through the air the sound of music and the flitting of feet upon the polished floor. Some of the members are enjoying a quiet little hop preparatory to their return to the city. In twos, threes and in larger groups the members seek their automobiles or take the interurban car back to Toledo after an afternoon and evening of unalloyed pleasure and a rejuvenation of the mental and physical man that can only be imparted from communion with Nature.

J. W. Marshall, president of the Toledo Club, occupies the same position in the Country Club. The vice-president is W. A. Gosline, Jr., and Horace W. Suydam is secretary. George H. Beckwith has occupied the position of treasurer for some years. The directors are the foregoing officers and W. H. Standart, A. L. Spitzer, Jay K. Secor, Rathbun Fuller and Robert Hickson. The house committee is composed of but two members, George H. Beckwith and George S. Mills. The club was organized in 1892.

#### INVERNESS CLUB.

Another social club of which Toledo is proud is the Inverness Club, which was organized in 1904 and has 160 members. The club has 80 acres of land located on the Toledo & Indiana electric road and



THE STEAM YACHT "EDITH," FLAGSHIP OF THE TOLEDO YACHT CLUB.

about six miles from the city. The dues of this organization are \$40 annually, each member being required to purchase a share of stock valued at \$100. Besides the regular membership there are associate members who contribute \$50 per year to the club's exchequer. These are not required to purchase stock. The membership is limited to 200 and it is expected that by the end of this year the list will be full.

The Inverness Club has all the advantages of the Country Club with the exception of the river. There are the same physical comforts, the same shower baths and cuisine and musical accommodations. The golf course, however, is better, being one of the finest in the country. Recently the club acquired twenty acres of additional property and is changing the course from a nine to an eighteen-hole. This will make it eligible for the national amateur championship contests in 1908 and an effort will be made to capture this prize for Toledo. Last year the Ohio State Golf Association held its tournament on this course and all the visitors expressed the greatest admiration for the club's property.

The land is rolling and admirably adapted for golf, there being but one artificial hazard on the course. In the rear of the course is a little stretch of woodland from which the players may retire under the shade of the trees when the rays of old Sol become too piercing. The Toledo & Indiana line passes the club house and gives excellent service to the city. This club is destined to become one of the most important golf associations in the country, there being now numbered in the membership several players who compete in the national amateur championships. The composition of the members is similar to that of the Country Club, the lists being made up from the professional and business men of Toledo.

The officers of the club are: President, W. L. Ross; Vice-President, H. J. Heywood; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry M. Chapman; Directors, the officers named and J. H. Bellows, Joseph Mitcheltree, W. A. Owen, H. E. Adams, Harold W. Fraser, B. C. Stevenson, James Thompson and W. J. Rockefeller.

## THE LINCOLN CLUB.

For thirteen years the Lincoln Club has been an important factor in the social and political life of the men of Toledo and its potent influence has been felt in every campaign that has been fought since its organization. Incorporated as a comparatively small and purely political club of young men, it has survived longer than any other political club in Toledo. With Republican success, it flourished. In times of political adversity its organization became stronger and more tensely knit, until



THE INVERNESS CLUB.

now it is a power in the community and its reputation is more than State wide.

The active membership of the Lincoln Club comprises more than 600 of the most prominent professional and business men of Toledo and among its honorary members are Senator J. B. Foraker, Senator Charles Dick and Hon. Harry M. Daugherty.

The club rooms, always open and much frequented, occupy the entire second floor of the new Bell building, adjoining the postoffice, on St. Clair street. There is one large assembly room, modern and well appointed billiard and card rooms, two elegantly furnished parlors and a library and reading room, where the leading periodicals and newspapers are on file, and upon the shelves are valuable historic and political works.

The secret of the political success of the club is in its constitutional safeguard, which provides that it shall not, as an organization, endeavor to influence in any

way the action of any national, state, county or municipal convention or express preference for any candidate before any convention. The club neither knows nor recognizes factions in the Republican party, but always works for the success of the entire ticket.

According to former State Senator A. D. Fassett, historian of the club, five young Toledo Republicans concluded in May, 1894, that the time was opportune for the organization of a Republican club of young men. Each of the five selected a friend and the ten met in Dorsey Beall's law office. These men were Judge Scott H. Kelly, Dorsey L. Beall, Fred J. Carr, Wellington T. Huntsman, Fred L. Zartman, F. D. Hurst, Charles W. Otis, Lincoln Smith, Thad S. Powell and Louis J. Spenker. Each of the ten undertook to obtain the signatures of twenty Republicans, not more than 35 years of age, to an agreement to form a club when 200 such signatures had been obtained. In spite of the hard times of 1894, the signatures were easily obtained. An informal meeting was then held and it was decided to incorporate. Provision was made to issue 500 shares of stock at \$5 a share and it was decided to call the organization The Lincoln Club of Toledo.

The purposes of the club, set forth in the first charter were: "The advancement of political economy, perpetuating the principles and interests of the Republican party and of promoting friendly and social relations among the members of the club."

The first election of officers, held September 8, 1894, resulted as follows: President, Dorsey L. Beall; first vice-president, Joseph R. W. Cooper; second vice-president, T. J. Gifford; third vice-president, H. H. Cushing; secretary, Fred J. Carr; treasurer, Fred L. Zartman.

Two classes of members — active and associate — were provided for by the constitution adopted at that time. Only men under 35 years of age could be active members. Others were entitled to all privileges of the organization except voice and vote at the business meetings and elections. The object was to make the young men more powerful, if not, indeed, dominant, in Republican politics in Lucas county, but the best services of the old war horses

were needed, so that in 1896 the age limit was removed and, since that time, all members have had equal privileges.

In 1900, the club adopted resolutions requesting the late Golden Rule Mayor S. M. Jones and A. D. Fassett to resign for lack of loyalty to the Republican party. Mayor Jones had been a Republican. He was first elected to office on the Republican ticket but, believing that he had been corruptly counted out at a convention before which he was a candidate for renomination, became a non-partisan and, as



THE BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB.

such, was elected and re-elected, holding office until he died in July, 1905. Mayor Jones withdrew from the club, but Fassett, a stockholder, refused to be put out, and is still a member. As a result of this agitation, new members were pledged to vote for the "principles and candidates" of the party. Recently this pledge was modified and applicants are required to pledge themselves only to support the "principles" of Republicanism.

The elimination of the age limit, the modification of the membership pledge, and a liberal and aggressive policy adopted by the officers and trustees elected in November, 1905, gave the club prestige, and 400 names were quickly added to the roster. It transpired at the club election in November, 1906, however, that the organization had at least 100 more members than it had issued shares of stock; that these non-shareholding members were participating in the election and that non-members were voting proxies that they had

industriously gathered for personal and political ends. Injunctions and other embarrassing court proceedings were threatened, but the new officers were equal to the emergency. They made application to the secretary of state and obtained a new charter for the club, under the laws of the State providing for the organization of corporations not for profit. This eliminated the stock feature and placed the club in position to bar the votes of proxy holders. The reorganization was effected without opposition, those who had hoped to disrupt the club being so hopelessly in the minority that they offered no opposition.

During every campaign and after each election, the club tenders receptions to Republican candidates. Every winter a series of dancing parties, entertainments and open meetings, with short speeches, music and refreshments, is given, but the principal social feature each year is the Lincoln Day banquet. This year the banquet was given at the Boody and Congressman. J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, the wit of the house of representatives, was the principal speaker. Hon. John H. Doyle, formerly one of the judges of the supreme court of Ohio, and who delivered the principal speech at the first banquet ever given by the club, was toastmaster.

The members of the uniformed marching division of the club are known as the Railsplitters. They have been drilled to a state of high efficiency and always win plaudits at presidential inaugurations, State campaign openings and local Republican rallies.

The list of presidents of the club, since its organization follows: Dorsey L. Beall, George W. Millard, Wellington T. Huntsman, Henry A. Coleman, John Stollberg, C. Locke Curtis and Frank L. Mulholland. Mr. Mulholland is now serving his second term. His administration has been aggressive and successful socially, financially and politically and since he was first elected the club has increased in membership as never before.

#### THE TOLEDO YACHT CLUB.

Originally a small and exclusively sporting organization, the Toledo Yacht Club has become one of the largest, richest and



most influential of the men's business social clubs in Northwestern Ohio.

Launched in 1878, it has weathered storms of dissension among its members, come safely over many financial shoals and, notwithstanding the total destruction of its beautiful new club house by fire in February last, is now on the high tide of its prosperity.

On the Yacht Club's membership list are the names of nearly 500 of the men of wealth and prestige in Toledo, and its property, consisting of real estate, leaseholds and boats, the latter being owned by individual members, represents an investment approximating \$200,000.

The only charter member of the Yacht club whose name has been on the membership list for nearly thirty years, is Captain Joseph Hepburn, veteran yachtsman and boat builder of Toledo. He is of the old school of yachtsmen who organized the club exclusively for the purpose of promoting Corinthianism on the lakes and it is not without some regret that the freshwater "tars," whose keenest pleasure was found aboard ship, have witnessed the evolution of the club until now the social interests predominate and yachting, with a majority of the members, is a secondary consideration.

When it was but a little club of amateur sailors, quarters were in Hepburn's boat house, where business meetings were held and the conversation was in nautical terms meaningless to the average landsman.

Better quarters were afterwards obtained on Gard Island, in Maumee Bay, and there a club house was built. A bicycle club and a rival yachting organization, the Ohio Yacht Club, were absorbed after a hard fought court battle over the rights of the respective clubs on Gard Island. Later most of the members of the defunct Upper River Yacht Club were admitted to membership.

In 1896, under the auspices of the Yacht Club, the first races for the famous Canada's cup were sailed in Toledo waters, the contestants being the *Canada* and the American boat *Vancedor*. This attracted much attention to the club and about this time the development of the motor boat, which was promptly adopted by society, became a boon to the organization.

A few years ago the city, for a nominal consideration, leased two acres of ground in Bay View Park, on Maumee Bay, to the Yacht Club. Bay View Park, containing 202 acres, was laid out in vain anticipation of the holding of an Ohio centennial in Toledo in 1903. Much of the land was reclaimed from the Maumee river and Maumee bay and its lagoons and little islands make it an ideal location for a yacht club, with sheltered harbor and commanding a magnificent view of Lake Erie. The club's lease was for 25 years and, as soon as it was obtained, a yacht club building company was formed. At a cost of \$20,000, this company erected a magnificent club house provided with large parlors, a billiard room, ball room, banquet room, private dining rooms and guest rooms on the main floors, with lockers and work shop in the basement for the yachting members.

The club increased rapidly in membership and gained in popularity. Dancing parties for members only and their ladies were given every Wednesday evening during the Winter, and almost every night some of the rooms were engaged for smaller private parties of members and their guests. The midsummer social event is the annual ball of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association at Hotel Victory, Put-in-Bay. The boats of the Toledo yacht club fleet invariably win many of the championship trophies hung up for the yacht races, which are witnessed by throngs of spectators aboard the large cruisers that follow the course, and whose owners contribute liberally to the amenities of the occasion.

The Toledo Yacht Club fleet numbers seventy-five boats, including sail craft and motor boats. The largest and most expensive of the sail yachts enrolled with the club are Commodore E. T. Affleck's yawl *Hussar II* and George Craig's sloop *Shark*, both of which were ocean going yachts, brought around from the Atlantic coast, and Commodore S. O. Richardson's magnificently appointed auxiliary yawl *Puritana*. The flagship of the fleet last season was the beautiful steam yacht *Edith*, which has since been sold by Commodore John F. Craig to Commodore Fred A. Price, of Chicago. Among the motor boats

completed and under construction are a sixty-footer for Edward Ford, president of the Ford Plate Glass Company; the fifty-footer *Redfeather* for Howard Affleck and a 35-footer for Dr. P. E. Bethards.

Since the destruction of the club house, a down-town business office has been opened, but, before the embers were cold, plans were under way for a larger and more expensive fire-proof club house on the site of the old frame building. The new building is of concrete, 104 feet long by 44 feet wide, exclusive of a large wing and a twelve foot veranda around the entire structure. It is of Venetian architecture, three stories high, and will cost \$30,000.

The officers of the Toledo Yacht Club are: Commodore, John F. Craig; vice-commodore, Charles A. Russell; rear commodore, Wm. L. Schumacher; financial secretary, Frank R. Frey; treasurer, R. H. Scribner; recording secretary, Wm. J. Wilson; fleet captain, C. V. Skinner; measurer, Walter Coakley; fleet surgeon, Dr. P. I. Mulholland.

#### TOLEDO BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB.

The Toledo Business Men's Club is the outgrowth of the defunct Seventh Ward Republican Club, which had a precarious existence for about two years. The old organization had for its quarters one of the finest residences in the fashionable west end of the city, at Lawrence and Grand avenues. It boasted handsomely furnished parlors, library, reading room, card rooms and a billiard room, but its support was insufficient and, a few months ago, the old organization was disbanded. The property was turned over to the new Business Men's Club, the objects of which are discursive and fraternal. At the regular club meetings there are usually addresses or discussions on live topics, led by prominent men of Toledo or invited to come from other cities.

The membership of the Business Men's Club comprises 180 of the most substantial men of Toledo. The president is Frank E. Southard.



# WHISTLIN' ON THE PUMP



STRAGGLIN' into our back yard—his  
hands his pockets in,  
His mind all free from worry and his  
soul all free from sin —

I remember how he used to come, some minutes  
“before school,”

And notify the folks at home that he had “time  
to fool,”

By whistlin' up a dismal tune, like any idle gump,  
While twistin' his two legs around my father's  
pee-green pump.

I remember how my hunger fled whene'er I heard his notes,  
Like nightingales', soar upward as from a thousand throats;  
And how my father would depose and most austere state  
That, although “Mort” was wistlin', I could wisely let him wait.  
But such advice was lost on me, for I was on the jump,  
When my old pardner was out there, a-whistlin' on the pump.

Lord, how the buckwheats lost their charm and syrup all its sweet,  
Which at any other moment not nothin' else could beat !  
How cold indoors th' ungrateful world would suddenly appear,  
When music underneath the porch proclaimed that “Mort” was near!  
There may be joy that makes your heart go thump! and thump!  
and thump!  
But none like that when my old pard was whistlin' on the pump.

Since then I've heard some music, that cost much more to hear  
And was really seductive to an educated ear;  
And I've shown enthusiasm by joining in applause,  
When the spirit truly moved me, from a truly earnest cause;  
But no remembrance of it all produces that queer lump  
That catches me, when I recall “Mort's” whistlin' on the pump.

W. P. H.

# A Counterfeit Coin

By James Ball Naylor

## FOREWORD.

*This is no treatise erudite  
On Martian astronomy,  
No essay learned, teaching right  
Political economy;  
It does not deal, for woe or weal,  
With socialist histology,  
Nor does it show, nor claim to know,  
The tenets of psychology.  
In short, it is no classic score  
Of faultless style and diction,  
Parading scientific lore —  
All in the guise of fiction.*

*A modest tale, its meager plot  
Is noways allegorical;  
It does not lay a claim — God wot! —  
To characters historical.  
It has no art to search the heart  
Of every sect fanatical,  
Nor feels the need to frame a creed  
From scriptures emblematical.  
In fact, the author did not look  
Through musty tomes and hoary,  
To glean material for his book —  
It's just a little story.*

*It does not treat, in any way,  
Of themes and things political;  
And may not please — I blush to say! —  
The critics hyper-critical.  
It does not claim the right to name  
Itself a MODERN novel,  
Nor beg the fate to circulate  
From mansion-house to hovel.  
In truth, the author had no thought  
Of future fame or glory;  
He simply sat him down and wrought  
A story — just a story.*

## L'ENVOI.

*Dear reader, let me just repeat —  
SANS further inventory  
This is no literary treat —  
'Tis but a little story.*

Malta, Ohio.

THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER I.



HOW him in."

The speaker leaned back in his leather-covered chair and interlocked his strong, white fingers behind his head, all the while puffing vigorously at a short, fat cigar and gazing fixedly toward the outer door. He was a man at whom one would turn to take a second look — tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and sinewy. It was not his form, however, but his face, that exercised so subtle an attraction that the casual observer would hasten to make a closer study of it. It was not a face beaming with kindness or insipid and weakly virtue, nor one in which were reflected the nobler of human passions and emotions; but one dark with the shadows of stern determination and inflexible purpose — but flickeringly radiant with the side-lights of justice and mercy. The close-cropped iron-gray hair and beard were indicative of bulldog tenacity and fixity of will; and the small, bright and ever-shifting gray eyes denoted fox-like cunning and native shrewdness. The man's age was about sixty; but his firm and elastic tread and other indications of robust health and youthful vigor gave the lie to the figures.

Such was John Travis, chief of the Secret Service of the United States.

It was midsummer in Washington City, and the hour was two-thirty in the afternoon. A flood of blinding sunshine poured down upon broad streets and avenues, and suffocating heat waves radiated from tall buildings of brick and stone and shimmered and danced above the broad expanses of asphalt pavement. Not a breath of air stirred, not a leaf fluttered, not a bird chirped; on the contrary, the leaves hung in a half-wilted condition upon the dust-covered branches, the birds hopped listlessly from limb to limb, or drowsed with wings drooped and eyes half closed, wait-

ing for the breath of cool air that came not.

The windows of the room in which John Travis sat were raised to the highest point possible, and the shutters were flung wide open. This fact, however, did not discommodate the occupant of the room by interfering in any way with his privacy; for Travis' office was on the shady side of the street, in the rear of the building, and on the second floor.

The chief, suffering from the oppressive heat, had flung dignity to the dogs. He had discarded his coat, removed his tie and unbuttoned his collar, and now sat idly smoking as he awaited the coming of the person who had been announced by the factotum.

The private office of the head of the Secret Service was furnished to suit his needs and tastes. It was richly carpeted; a large baize-covered table occupied the center of the room, a number of chairs stood against the walls, and a leather-tufted couch had a place in one corner. The most notable piece of furniture was one — half bookcase, half cabinet — that stood between the windows and, judging from its contents, was a veritable curiosity-shop in itself. It contained a diminutive and delicate pair of scales, a number of books — many of them musty with age — glass-stoppered bottles holding colorless liquids, a microscope, boxes of counterfeit coins, and odds and ends innumerable.

Travis threw his cigar out of the window and arose to his feet, as the door opened and a man entered the apartment.

"Sit down, Raymond, and cool off," said the chief, motioning to a chair; "you look as hot as a furnace. Here's a fan. Say! do you know I'm awfully glad to see you?"

"Want to use me, I suppose," replied the new-comer, as he seated himself and mopped the perspiration from his glowing countenance.

Travis laughed softly and said: "I think I've taught you in the past not to act upon suppositions, but to wait for certainties."

"I'm not acting on a supposition," the visitor returned, coolly; "I simply remarked that I *had* a supposition."

Travis went to the cabinet between the windows, and returned with a box of cigars.

"Here," — smiling good-naturedly, — "take a cigar; it'll brace you up and put you in better humor. You seem a little bit out of sorts."

"I'm not feeling very well, Travis; need a rest." However, he took the proffered cigar, lighted it and leaned back in his chair, puffing serenely. Travis looked upon the athletic figure before him and remarked satirically:

"You look like a very sick man, Raymond — a mere shadow of your former self. Shall I call an ambulance to take you to the hospital?"

Claude Raymond removed the cigar from between his lips and laughed softly. His smooth-shaven, swarthy face puckered in a mass of merry dimples and wrinkles, and his steel-blue eyes danced humorously.

"Travis," he said, "you wouldn't think me sick, if you saw me upon my death-bed."

"I would, if you looked sick," — chuckling.

"Don't I look sick?"

"Not a bit."

"I want a vacation, at any rate; I haven't had one in four years."

"I thought the wind was blowing from that quarter. Well, you can't have it. I've got a beautiful job for you; that's why I was so glad to see you."

"Of course!"

"I want you to go over to New York and run down a gang. They're flooding the city with bogus ten-dollar bills, and the case demands immediate attention. You ought to feel flattered over the trust and confidence I place in you; lots of the boys would give their two eyes for the case I now offer you."

"Let one of 'em have it, then — with my compliments."

"What?"

"I don't want it."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going off on a vacation."

"Suppose I won't grant you the permission?"

"You've taught me not to act on supposition, Chief, but to await the proofs."

"The proofs are forthcoming. You can't go."

"Look here, Travis," — earnestly — "you've promised me a vacation."

"I know I have."

"Well, don't you think I've earned it? And don't you mean to keep your promise?"

"Yes — to both your questions; but I hate to let you off now. Where do you think of going?"

Raymond leaned back in his chair, heaved a sigh of relief and satisfaction, and answered:

"There's a little nook of paradise — a little bit of Eden — lodged down among the hills of south-eastern Ohio. I was born in that part of the country, but I haven't seen the old place in years and years. Well, I'm going out there to rest and dream for a few weeks."

"What's the young lady's name?" inquired Travis, his eyes twinkling merrily.

Claude Raymond, detective, stared at his honored chief in blank amazement.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked at last.

"I want to know the young woman's name," was the reply, calm and provoking.

"What young woman?" — irritably.

"The one you are going out there to see — the angel of your pastoral paradise."

"Look here, Travis!" — Raymond was slightly nettled, which fact amused his chief not a little. "You seem to think I'm a liar or a fool — or both. The idea of me — a confirmed bachelor and thirty-eight years old — being in love! No, sir! I'm wedded to my profession — and a very exacting mistress I've found her; so much so that I don't care to risk another. Slightly altering the scriptural text — a man can't serve two mistresses. But I must be off; I want to get out of the city as soon as possible."

With the concluding words he arose to his feet; but Travis pointed to the empty chair, saying:

"Sit down; I'm not through with you yet. This place you're going to — how far is it from Pittsburgh?"

"A hundred miles or so."

"Do you go through that city on your way?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got a case out there for you, then."

"I don't want it."

"I know; but you'll have to take it."

"Say, Travis! This is a little too much — this asking a fellow to take a case on his vacation trip. It's like asking a man to court the acquaintance of a nightmare, or to take a nauseous drug for sick stomach."

"You rebel, eh?"

"I rebel."

"Let me explain. This job won't take much of your precious time, as you're going right through the city, anyhow. You can give a few hours to it and report. It's yet in its incipency. Let me show you."

The chief arose, went to the cabinet and returned with two letters, a number of silver coins and a magnifying glass.

"Now," he went on, "these letters are of little importance. They're from two Pittsburgh banks and state that within the last few days the writers have detected a number of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. Here are the coins that came with the letters. Examine them and tell me what you think of them."

Raymond's professional curiosity was aroused at once; his professional instinct was excited and he became interested in spite of himself. For the moment he forgot all about his summer vacation, as he knitted his brows and toyed with the coins before him. He weighed them in his hands, carefully inspected them with the glass, rang them upon the table and counted the mills around their edges. At last he placed them in a neat pile and looked up at the chief without speaking.

"Well?" Travis said interrogatively.

"What do I think of them?"

"Of course."

"Three of them are counterfeits, one is genuine."

"Yes, I added a genuine coin to the lot. Which is it?"

"This one," Raymond said, positively, as he touched the top coin of the pile.

"You're right, of course. But how did you determine?"

"In the old rough and ready way. First, the false coins are a few grains lighter than the true one; second, the final letter in the phrase — 'In God We Trust' — is an

'f,' not a 't;' third, the notches around the milled rim are five or six short of the usual number. Then, there are only eighteen distinct feathers in the eagle's right wing; besides—"

"That'll do!" Travis cried, smiling. But what have you got to say as to the age of the false coins?"

"They're freshly minted."

"Each bears the date '1889,' and has a pocket-worn appearance."

"Yes; but they're fresh-minted pieces."

"Sure?"

"Of course, I am. They've been aged artificially."

"How?"

"By scouring, a dilute acid bath, and the use of a little grease and plumbago."

"I guess you're onto your job," the chief remarked, leaning back and lighting a fresh cigar.

"I ought to be by this time, if ever — after ten years in the service."

"One thing more. How much short in weight do you think they are?"

"A few grains — eight or ten, perhaps."

"You're close. And I've tested them; and they're nearly up to standard silver."

"That so?" remarked Raymond. "That shows one thing, then."

"What?"

"That it's a gang of old hands at the work."

"Making them nearly standard to render them difficult to detect?"

"Certainly."

The chief nodded, and said: "I saw you glancing at the acids in the cabinet, just now. But I've weighed and melted and tested one of these spurious pieces, in every way. However, you may repeat the process, if you care to do so."

"I'm fully satisfied."

"Well, are you interested? That's more to the point."

"A little," Raymond confessed with a laugh.

"A little!" Travis snorted in a tone of disgust. "In a case like this! Raymond, I'm ashamed of you. But here's what I want you to do: I want you to stop a few days in Pittsburg, on your way out to Ohio, and run these rascals to earth. They're right there in the city."

"I don't think so."

"You have a different opinion?"

"Yes."

"Out with it."

"I have a theory in regard to these coins. If it's true, then the makers of them are not in Pittsburg — nor any other large city, for that matter. Let's reason on the thing. The coins are almost up to standard silver and they're the very best counterfeits I've ever seen. They are dated '1889,' and have been aged artificially. All this renders them very difficult of detection. You speak of the case being in its incipency. So far as we're concerned, that's true; so far as the counterfeiters are concerned, I hold that it's false. Stuff so hard to detect has probably been in circulation for months. The skill with which they have been made and aged shows, as I've said, that old hands are at the business of shoving them. As unpleasant as you've made it for counterfeiters in the larger places in the last few years, no gang of old jail-birds would think of doing the work in one of the big cities, though they might shove the stuff there. Then, another thing, these coins being nearly pure silver, indicates that they may come from the mining regions of the West. The low price of bullion is a great temptation to some of the mine owners to coin it into dollars, without consulting Uncle Sam. This is a mere guess, however, but as good as any other guess."

Travis was disgusted, and his voice and manner showed it as he said: "How many times have I told you, Raymond, that your proneness to theorize, to act on suppositions and to jump at conclusions, will one day get you into trouble?"

"You think that the makers of this stuff are in Pittsburg?"

"Of course I do."

"And I think they have their plant located in some rural district — in a cave or an old barn, for instance. Well, time alone will tell who's right. I may be wrong; I lay no claim to infallibility. I'll give the matter some attention when I get to Pittsburg; but I don't mean to sacrifice my vacation upon the government's altar of mammon. If the case proves complex and shows a tendency to consume time

and nerve tissues, I'll wire you to send on another man."

"Raymond," the chief said earnestly, "I want you to have your vacation all right enough; but you're the very man to look after this case."

Raymond smiled indulgently as he answered: "And the case in New York, too?"

"Yes, and the case in New York!" was the emphatic reply. "You're the best man in the service; but — confound you! — you know it and are too deuced independent and hard to manage."

The two shook hands, both smiling; and Raymond turned to go, but stopped suddenly, saying: "Give me one of those coins; I may need it. Good-bye, Chief, till I see you again."

"Good-bye—and say! Give my respects to the little Buckeye woman."

The detective shook a finger at his superior and replied fiercely: "Travis, if you ever hint another word about my getting married, I'll quit the service. Now!"

When the sound of Raymond's receding footsteps had died out, Travis muttered to himself: "A jolly good fellow is Raymond, and the keenest and most trustworthy man in the service; but he's too conceited, too independent. He ought to have a wife; it would tame him down a bit."

Then he lighted a fresh cigar, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, smiling inscrutably.

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER. II.

Claude Raymond made hurried preparations for his trip. He was in a fever to be off. The city had never seemed so hot and disagreeable, the country so cool and inviting. He felt like a big boy just out of school, off to his aunt's on the farm. Memory sped ahead of him to the hills of the blue Muskingum, where he had played as a lad; and recollection was busy with the thousand and one things and places he had seen and known when a child.

Would he recognize the scenes and the people? Perhaps not; for years had passed since he had visited his birthplace. It did not matter; he wanted to go. He would

exchange the man-made city for the God-made solitudes——

Swap the dust fer fresh-mowed hay,  
Dandelins an' fields o' green;  
Change September back to May—  
Jest like tradin' sight-on-seen!

He whistled softly to himself, as he packed his trunk and hand-bag, and was surprised to note that he was whistling the tune of an old song his mother had sung to him in his youth. Then he heaved a deep sigh and moved about softly and silently; for his mother—the only woman he had ever loved, that had ever been more to him than a casual friend or acquaintance—lay sleeping beneath the sod of the far western prairies.

"Let's see," he muttered, as he went on with his packing; "I must take my gun and fishing-tackle. I don't suppose there's any game out there worth the hunting, but I can give the rein to my savage instincts by shooting chipmunks. I remember they used to be a pest to the farmers out there. As for the fishing, a fish is a fish—no matter how small and insignificant; and it's a jolly thing to pretend one's having sport, at any rate. It's been a long, long while since I felt as care-free as I do today. I very much fear the Pittsburg counterfeiters will be unmolested, so far as I am concerned."

A few hours later he was rolling swiftly westward. Arriving in Pittsburg, he went to one of the principal hotels and registered under an assumed name. The next morning, refreshed by a night's sleep, a cold bath, and a hearty breakfast, he set about the business in hand, having in mind the resolve to keep his promise to his chief, but to perform the duty in a merely perfunctory way.

He first called at one of the banks that had written to the Treasury Department. Stopping at one of the side wickets, he said to the young man bending over a big ledger:

"Is the president or teller in?"

"The teller hasn't come in yet," the young man answered, without looking up; "he's a little late this morning. But the president's in his private office, I think."

"Can I get to see him?"

"Card?" answered the pasty-faced youth,



sliding from his stool and extending his hand.

Then glancing at the bit of pastboard he had received:

"Secret Service! All right; I'll be back in a minute, sir."

He retreated to the president's private office and in a few moments returned and announced: "The president will see you at once, Mr. Raymond. Step this way, please."

When the detective had entered the bank president's room, he found himself in the presence of a corpulent, well-preserved man of fifty years. Raymond wasted no time, but entered upon his business as soon as he was seated.

"You're the president of this bank?" was his opening remark.

"Yes, sir," replied the president, in a dignified and somewhat pompous manner.

"You sent a letter to the Treasury Department," Raymond went on, "stating that your bank had discovered a number of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. That letter was referred to the Secret Service, and in answer to it I am here to confer with you. Do you wish to see my commission before we proceed to business?"

The banker had been studying the detective's face and, apparently impressed in his favor, now answered graciously: "It's not at all necessary, Mr. Raymond; the fact that you're cognizant of the letter sent to the Treasury Department satisfies me that you're in the service of the Government. What can I do for you? What do you want to know?"

"Everything," was the smiling reply.

"Everything I can tell you in regard to the counterfeit coins?"

"Yes."

"Well, to be brief, I know little more than was contained in the letter — which you undoubtedly saw. My attention was called to one of the false pieces about a week ago, by the teller. We examined the silver dollars we had on hand, and discovered two or three more that were spurious. Since writing the Department, we have found four or five others that are bogus."

"Are the false pieces all alike?"

"I think they are."

"Have you got them here?"

"All but the one or two sent to Washington."

"May I see them?"

"Certainly."

The banker unlocked a drawer in the desk at his elbow and produced the coins. Raymond looked them over critically and remarked: "Yes, they're all right — that is, all wrong — all counterfeits and all alike. You have a very clever teller, Mr. Baldwin."

"How's that?"

"I say you have a very clever teller."

"Well, yes — perhaps; but I fail to catch your meaning."

"My meaning is this: not one bank teller in ten would have suspected even, that these coins are counterfeits."

Mr. Baldwin keenly eyed his visitor for a moment. Then he said slowly and thoughtfully: "I don't know; they seem very plain to me. I had no difficulty in telling they were counterfeits."

"The teller called your attention to them, you say?"

"Yes."

"Did you detect *wher*in they are counterfeits?"

The banker gave a start, shook his head, and answered with a short laugh: "No, I didn't. Mr. Gimp, the teller, pointed it all out to me. I understand what you mean now. It's easy to tell a certain counterfeit, after some one has shown you wherein it is counterfeit; but very hard to tell if a coin's good or bad, that you have no reason to suspect. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly," the detective replied, smiling. "One naturally accepts money on faith and at its face value. A bank teller, even, does not usually inspect every piece that passes through his hands and does not detect a counterfeit as nearly perfect as the one we have been considering."

"Mr. Gimp has been with us for quite a number of years," the banker said, with a show of hauteur, "and we have always considered him a trustworthy and efficient officer. But I don't know that he has ever paid particular attention to the detection of counterfeits. However, he may have done so. At any rate, he *did* detect these."

"True," Raymond said, musingly; "and he's above suspicion, of course."

The banker nodded stiffly, smiling.

"Would you mind calling him in?"

"Not at all."

A minute later the teller entered the apartment. He was a large, handsome man of middle age, wearing a neatly trimmed blonde beard and gold-rimmed glasses. He was fashionably dressed and had about him an air of genteel prosperity.

"Mr. Gimp," said the president, "this is Mr. Raymond, of the Secret Service, here in answer to our letter to the Treasury Department. He desires to talk with you in reference to those counterfeit silver dollars."

The two men honored the introduction with a hand-shake, and Gimp remarked pleasantly: "Very glad to meet you, Mr. Raymond; and I'm ready to help you in any way I can."

"Thank you," the detective replied, simply. "Have I the privilege of asking you a few questions?"

"Assuredly."

"How was your attention first called to these coins?"

"I hardly know. Of course you understand that a part of my duties is to keep a sharp outlook for all kinds of counterfeits. Well, I was running over a number of silver dollars and found one of these. Then I began a search for others."

"What called your attention to the first one?"

"I don't remember — yes, I think I noticed that it was of light weight."

Raymond asked quickly: "You noticed that while running the coins over in your hands?"

"I — I think so, yes." Gimp appeared a little confused.

"What did you do then?" the detective interrogated, smoothly.

"I examined it with a pocket-glass, and assured myself that it was false."

"I see. And what did you find?"

Gimp's face suddenly flushed; and he replied with considerable spirit: "You know what I found. Why do you ask such questions?"

Raymond smiled blandly and reassuringly as he made answer: "Mr. Gimp, I'm simply trying to determine how hard these particular coins are to detect. If they are difficult to detect, probably they have been

in circulation quite a while; if they are easy to detect, they may have been out but a short time. It's important that I know how long they've been in the channels of trade. Do you understand?"

The teller had recovered his equanimity and replied with a laugh: "Oh, that's all! Well, go ahead with your questions."

The detective proceeded: "What did you discover with the pocket-glass?"

"That there was a mistake in the spelling of the word 'trust' — the final 't' being an 'f'; that the number of notches around the milled edge was short of the requisite and that there were eighteen feathers only in the eagle's right wing."

"You discovered all this on your examination?"

"Yes. You see after my suspicions were aroused I naturally made a careful examination."

"Naturally. What did you think of the age of the coin?"

"I saw at once that it had been made to look older than it really was."

"You had no trouble in determining that the piece was spurious, then?"

"None whatever."

"Mr. Gimp," the detective said, with an expression of countenance and an intonation of voice indicative of open admiration or covert irony, "you're a pretty shrewd man, and invaluable to the institution in whose employ you are. You ought to be in the Secret Service," — smiling blandly. "It will surprise you, no doubt, when I tell you that we of the Department have looked upon this particular coin as a very dangerous counterfeit and one very hard to detect. Now, here are two dollars I happen to have with me. One is a counterfeit; the other is genuine. Be kind enough to tell me — if you will, Mr. Gimp — which of the two is the bogus piece. I don't mind telling you, in all candor, that I consider this counterfeit a clumsy makeshift, compared with the other." And Raymond laughingly presented the coins to the teller.

Gimp's face immediately became a study. He nervously stroked his beard, bit his lips and turned red of countenance. However, he took the coins and carefully inspected them. Then, with a rather sickly smile,

he remarked: "It's unfair to ask me to determine in this offhand fashion, you know."

The president and Raymond laughed outright. Then the latter said: "You had no trouble in detecting the other, you say?"

"No, but—"

"How about this one, then?"

Gimp studied the two coins for a minute or two longer, minutely, weighed them in his hands, and rang them upon the desk. At last he made answer: "This is the genuine coin, and this is the counterfeit." And he handed them one at a time to the detective.

"Right you are!" laughed Raymond, as he jingled them and dropped them into his pocket. Then he continued soberly: "Of course, you've no idea who's shoving this stuff, Mr. Gimp?"

"None whatever."

"And you don't know whether they're made in the city?"

"I do not indeed; I have no idea."

"Well," Raymond said, rising, "I thank you, gentlemen, for your promptness in reporting the case and for your courtesy. If you ascertain anything worth reporting, wire the Department. Good-bye. Hope I may be successful in running the fellows down. Good-bye."

He cordially shook hands with the two and took his departure. On reaching the street he halted as though in doubt as to what he should do next. A peculiar smile hovered about his straight, firm lips, as he stood in momentary hesitation. Consulting his watch, he found that it was almost ten o'clock.

"I'll do it," he resolved, and started down the street at a rapid pace. At the next corner he entered a drugstore and spent a few minutes consulting a directory. Then he closed the book with a bang, hurried to the street and leaped aboard an electric car; and a few minutes later was rolling away toward the suburbs.

Far out on one of the principal residence streets, he alighted at a large and handsome house standing in the center of beautiful and extensive grounds. Critically he inspected it from two sides and entered a few notes in his memorandum-book. Then he boarded a returning car and was soon in the business portion of the city

again. Here he entered another drugstore, made a trifling purchase and thumbed over a directory. Once more on the street, he sought the office of a prominent real-estate broker; and when closeted with him made brisk inquiry:

"Mr. Edson, can you tell me who owns the fine residence at the corner of Blank and Incog streets?"

The broker referred to a large map upon the wall, muttered a number under his breath, and began to turn the pages of a large canvass-bound book. Presently he answered: "Harold P. Gimp, teller of the Capitalists' Bank."

"Is the place for sale?"

"I don't know; but I can find out for you. However, I don't suppose it is; I see Gimp bought it within the last year."

"I presume he'd sell, if his price was offered him."

"Probably."

"I wish I knew," Raymond said, musingly, "whether his financial affairs are such that he can afford to own the property, or whether they are such that the place might be bought at a bargain. Does he own stock in the bank?"

"No, I'm sure he doesn't. I know all of the principal stockholders, and Gimp isn't one of them. But I believe I've heard it rumored lately that he's made a pile, within the last year or so, by shrewd speculation. Shall I look the matter up for you?"

"Yes; but do it very quietly. I'm going out of the city for a few weeks; have everything in readiness upon my return. Here's ten dollars to pay you for your trouble — until I see you."

"All right," assented the broker, briskly. "But what's the name, please?"

"Howard C. Curtis," Raymond answered, promptly, "but I'm not a resident of the city and don't care to be known in the deal, for the present. Keep things dark."

Mr. Edson nodded knowingly, and the detective passed out the door.

His next call was at the other bank that had written the Treasury Department. Here he learned nothing new except that the attention of the officers of this bank had been called to the counterfeits by Gimp.

"It was at our club," remarked the president, "that he showed me one of the counterfeits. Being interested, I, of course made search and found a few, one or two of which I sent on to Washington. I didn't know the Capitalists' Bank had done likewise."

"Is Mr. Gimp a stockholder in the Capitalists' Bank?" Raymond inquired, in an offhand way.

"No, sir."

"You say he's a member of your club?"

"Yes; he's belonged to the club about three months, I think. He's made some lucky speculations of late and has bought him a *fine* property."

The detective thanked the officials and returned to his hotel.

\* \* \*

### CHAPTER III.

After dinner Raymond retired to his room and sat down with the intention of quietly and systematically joining and weaving the disconnected and broken threads of information into a whole piece of tangible and certain truth. He lighted a cigar, placed a pitcher of lemonade upon the table within easy reach, lolled back in his chair and gave himself up to concentrated thought.

The air was close and hot, and the mutterings of a distant thunderstorm came to his ears. Heavy drays and vans rumbled up and down the superheated thoroughfare, and a parrot in front of a saloon across the street cursed the passersby and screamed discordantly. Raymond fumed and sweat and mentally condemned the bird, the weather and everybody and everything—himself especially—for agreeing to stop in the city at all.

"I ought to have gone on without meddling in this complicated affair at all," he muttered, savagely biting his cigar. "I'll waste half my vacation—and accomplish nothing, more than likely. But the devil of it is I've got *interested*! It's a most fascinating case. Let's see what I have: Gimp is the one person who discovered the counterfeits. His president *believes* him to be an expert, and I *know* him to be an arrant fraud; for he failed signally to detect the counterfeit of the two coins

I submitted to him, although, as I warned him, it was a bald and base makeshift compared with the one he claims to have detected so easily. Of course, I let him believe he was right and disarmed him of suspicion, I hope."

He took a drink of lemonade, relighted his cigar, and continued his cogitations: "Gimp has purchased a *fine* residence within the last few months and quite recently joined an aristocratic and expensive club. His salary doesn't warrant him in doing these things, but he tells his friends he's made some lucky speculations. On whose money does he speculate, I wonder? One thing's sure: Gimp's either a smooth scoundrel or an egregious and egotistical ass!"

He threw aside his half-smoked cigar, wiped the perspiration from his countenance, and mused on: "I am possessed of the fool idea that Gimp is in some way connected with this case. He may be shoving the stuff through the bank; more unlikely things have happened in my experience. If so, why does he tell his president and the officials of the other bank that it's bogus? Is it a case of over-caution—the case of a drunken man proving himself drunk, by striving to appear sober? I believe it is. Gimp has sense enough to know the thing can't go on forever, and he's fortifying himself against suspicion. He's shoving out the stuff to those who come to get checks cashed or bills changed—a dollar here and a dollar there. If detected, he'll be in a position to say: 'It's an oversight; I was the first to discover these counterfeits—and promptly informed the authorities.' Of course, the spurious stuff is being shoved in other ways, probably. Now, where's it being made—and who's making it? The case must be worked from this end. I must determine more of Gimp's habits, haunts and associates; also, I must look up his family and relatives."

Raymond arose, yawned, donned coat and hat and left the hotel. In the course of the afternoon and evening, by means of shrewd and careful inquiries directed to various business and professional men who did business at the Capitalists' Bank, he learned much of what he desired to know. He accomplished all this, too, without revealing his identity or arousing the curi-

osity of those with whom he talked. He learned that Gimp was married, but had no children; that he had no relatives in the city, but that his wife's sister had made her home with him until a few months back; that he was a careful, methodical man of strict probity and untarnished honor; that he had never been known to drink nor gamble, but that of late he had been a more or less successful speculator.

All this did not upset the detective's theory; it but added to his suspicions. He reasoned that this was just the sort of man to do the things he suspected Gimp of doing — with little chance of being apprehended.

The next day Raymond instituted proceedings to catch the teller in the very act of shoving the bogus coin. Within a half square of the bank he bought a paper of a newsboy, tendering the gamin a ten-dollar bill in payment.

"Can't change it, mister," said the lad, eying the bill suspiciously.

"Run into the Capitalists' Bank and get the teller to change it," Raymond made answer. "Front wicket — man with the beard. And no tricks! I'll be at the door — with an eye upon you."

"Oh, I'll bring y'r change back all right!" replied the urchin, skurrying away.

A minute later the boy had returned and Raymond had the change in his hand. He paid the lad and sauntered from the spot, and when secure from observation made examination of the money. As he did so he smiled grimly, and shook his head in half-pitying contempt. Two of the counterfeit silver dollars were in the lot.

The detective's suspicions were confirmed; he was convinced but not fully satisfied. So a few minutes later he repeated the test by tendering a twenty-dollar bill at a fruit stand. Again the bill went to the bank to be changed, and again a number of the counterfeits put in an appearance.

"I'll leave the city to-morrow morning," Raymond resolved, on his way to his hotel; "there's no need of my staying here longer at present. Thus far the case is absurdly plain. Gimp shoves the stuff at the bank; of course he may have confederates who are doing the same in other parts of the

city and in other places. That doesn't matter, however; Gimp is the central figure in the farce-comedy, thus far. Of course he doesn't receive the spurious stuff at the bank; he brings it there in small amounts, secretes it in a handy receptacle and pushes it into the hands of the unsuspecting. Then he pockets good money for the bad. The silver in a dollar is worth about fifty cents; the government stamp does the rest. It's the case of fifty cents invested winning a dollar — a clean profit of one hundred percent. on each and every transaction. And he runs little risk — or did so long as he kept his head. But now his days of freedom and unlawful prosperity are about numbered; for when I return I'll unravel the whole affair. It'll be comparatively easy to shadow him and find out where the coin's made. I guess Travis was right, though — the plant's in Pittsburg, or near."

That evening Raymond was standing at the clerk's desk in the hotel lobby, when a drummer came up to settle his account. The man deliberately set down his bag, flung the key to his room upon the desk, and asked with a yawn:

"What's my bill?"

"Three dollars," answered the clerk.

The drummer leisurely put his hand into his trousers pocket, brought out the money, and threw it upon the desk. Then he sauntered over to the cigar stand and lighted a cheroot. The clerk was in the act of transferring the coins to the till when the detective's hand interfered with his design.

"Wait a moment, please," said Raymond. "Will you let me see those coins?"

"Certainly," — in obvious wonder.

The detective took them and carefully looked them over. When through, he smilingly returned them to the clerk's palm, satisfying the latter's apparent curiosity, with the words: "I'm just a numismatic crank. Thank you."

Evidently the unusual word mystified the clerk, for he inquired quickly: "Do you mean you're a coin collector?"

"No — not exactly; I'm just interested in them."

"Guess we all are," laughed the young man, as he dropped the money into the till.

Raymond approached the drummer at

the cigar stand, and while making pretense of lighting a cigar said in a low tone:

"Pardon me; but would you mind telling me where you got the money you just now gave to the clerk?"

"How's that?" the commercial man exclaimed, a puzzled expression upon his fat face.

"The money you just now gave to the clerk," Raymond repeated — "where did you get it?"

The drummer stared hard — half in anger, half in surprise.

"Where did I get the money I gave to the clerk?" he ejaculated.

"Yes."

"Well, that's a hell of a question!"

"I know, but I have a reason for asking it."

"Well, I've no reason to answer it," — haughtily.

"I think you have."

"You do, eh? Well, I *won't*."

"No?"

"No!"

The chuffy drummer was growing excited. His face flushed and his puffy white hand trembled. But the detective maintained an unruffled composure. He stood looking into the cigar case and drumming upon it with his knuckles.

"One of the coins you gave to the clerk is peculiar," he remarked quietly.

"Peculiar?"

Raymond nodded, and added, "Entirely out of the ordinary."

"That so?" — aroused interest in voice and manner.

"Yes."

"Has — has it got any special value?" — native cupidity alert.

"No; it's a counterfeit."

"The devil!"

Raymond nodded, smiling.

"And I suppose you had to go and tell the clerk?"

"No; I didn't tell him. Where did you get it?"

"Good; I'm glad you didn't tell him!" — in a tone of exultation.

"Did you mean to pass it on him?"

The drummer indulged in a smart laugh.

"Suppose I did?" he said.

"I'd have to arrest you."

"What!" — in unqualified amazement.

"I'm a Secret Service officer."

"I'm from Missouri," sneered the commercial man; "you'll have to show *me*."

"By arresting you?"

The drummer brought up with a sudden jerk.

Then his assurance returning: "But where's your badge?"

"I'm not parading it."

"Well, why didn't you say you was a detective, in the start?"

"I don't shout that fact from the house-tops, when I'm working on a case."

"I see."

"Now, will you tell me where you got that counterfeit dollar?"

"Yes. I got it from a drayman in Zanesville, Ohio, yesterday. He hauled my trunks to the depot. I gave him a five-dollar bill, and he gave me back the three silver dollars I handed to the clerk."

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Thank you. You don't wish to be held as a witness in the case, I presume?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Just keep quiet about our little talk, then. You understand?"

"Yes — and I must be off to catch my train. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Raymond went to his room and penned the following cipher letter:

"Secret Service Department,  
Washington, D. C.

"Travis:

"I'm off for Zanesville. Have found shovers of stuff in city. Will close up case on my return from Ohio. You need send no one on here till I advise you.

"Raymond."

Then he retired, and as he was dropping asleep he muttered:

"Lucky I encountered that drummer. Wonder if his picking up that dollar in Zanesville means anything?"

The next morning he set out for the city of his thoughts.

#### CHAPTER IV.

On arrival in Zanesville Raymond called at several of the principal business houses and on one pretext or another succeeded

in examining quite a number of silver dollars. To his surprise he discovered not one counterfeit.

"I don't understand the thing," he muttered, as he sat resting in the lobby of the Clarendon hotel; "that counterfeit the drummer had came from this city. Of course it may have strayed in here and out again — a mere accident; but I can hardly believe it. I was in hope of finding something definite here — something that would indicate the whereabouts of the plant. I thought, after my meeting with the drummer, that I might find this place flooded with the stuff. I guess old Travis is right in his intuitions, after all, and that I'll have to abandon my theory. I don't like to do it, though; something keeps telling me that I'm on the right scent. Well, I won't bother my brain any more about it for the present. I'll take the afternoon boat down the river and give myself up to a few weeks of rest and unalloyed bliss. The counterfeiters may go on their way rejoicing, until I'm through with green fields and babbling brooks."

He arose, yawned and walked up to the clerk's desk and asked: "What time does the boat start down the Muskingum?"

"About one o'clock."

"It goes through to Marietta?"

"No, sir; only to McConnellsville."

"That's about half way down the valley?"

"Almost — yes, sir."

"Well, that's probably as far as I'll want to go."

"The train goes through to the Ohio River."

"The train?"

The clerk simply stared in answer to the question.

"Is there a railroad down the valley now?" Raymond asked, sharply.

"Yes, sir; has been for several years."

"Then I don't know whether I want to go down the river or not," the detective murmured, as if to himself, genuine pathos in his voice. "If the iron horse has invaded the old valley I knew when a boy, there's little of its beauty left, probably. No doubt the woods are all cleared away, the hunting and fishing gone, and the leafy grass-grown solitudes changed to busy marts of trade."

"Hardly so bad as that," the clerk laughed. "The valley is still quite wild in places and very beautiful all the way down. It's becoming somewhat of a summer resort, though; and you won't find it as quiet as it used to be. Still, it's a delightful place to spend a few weeks of the hot weather in."

"Where's the boat-landing?" Raymond inquired.

"At the foot of Fifth street."

The detective glanced at his watch, saw that it was twelve-thirty o'clock and resolved to go down to the boat. On reaching the street the thought came to him that he would better have a book to while away the time, should it chance to hang heavy on his hands. He went into Edmiston's and looked over a number of paper-bound novels. Selecting one at random, he threw down a bill in payment and, on receiving his change, was startled to find himself in possession of two more of the counterfeit silver dollars.

He jingled them in his hand and stood irresolute for a few seconds, pondering what to do. He was irritated to think that the pieces should thrust themselves upon him — and just at a time when he was trying to forget that they were in existence, or ever had been. But his professional pride asserted itself and his indecision was but momentary. Instantly he mapped out a course of procedure.

"Are you sure these coins are all right?" he asked, carelessly, smiling at the young man behind the counter.

The salesman looked at the detective in surprise and wonder, as he replied: "I've no reason to think them otherwise, sir."

"Of course not," Raymond laughed; "and you wouldn't know if they were counterfeits, probably."

"No."

"Which only goes to show how much bogus money may be in circulation."

"That's so."

"And you wouldn't know where you got them, either — eh?"

"Yes, I know where I got them."

"Indeed! That's rather remarkable; a shopkeeper so seldom knows where he gets any certain piece of money."

"A lady gave me those a half hour ago, in payment for a number of bound books."

The way I'm sure is that, when she came in, I had changed a number of bills and the till was empty of coin."

"I see. Is it the usual thing here to sell several bound books to one individual, in mid-summer?"

"Hardly the usual thing; but these were standard works that sell in any season."

"Of whose books do you sell most?"

"Of current fiction, you mean?"

"No; of standard works."

"That's a hard question." This lady bought 'Vanity Fair,' 'Heine's Poems,' and a finely illustrated copy of 'Lucile'."

"Ah! A woman of superior literary taste, evidently."

"Oh! I don't know," the young salesman laughed; "a good many people buy books they have no intention of reading."

"I suppose so," musingly. "Probably this particular purchaser wished to add to her showy library in her suburban home."

"I don't think she lives in the city."

"From the country, eh?"

"Yes, sir — at present, at any rate. She mentioned several things that made me aware of the fact. Besides I saw her railroad ticket; she took it from her purse and laid it upon the counter when she was fishing for the bill she gave me."

"So this paragon of excellent literary taste is a simple country maid, after all and not a high-bred city dame," Raymond remarked, with assumed lack of definite interest in the talk, lounging upon the counter and stifling a yawn.

The salesman was not busy and seemed to be enjoying the gossipy conversation, for he rattled on: "I'm not so sure of that. She was a well-bred, stylish-looking woman, probably about twenty-eight or thirty years old; and I'm inclined to think she's rusticated down the Muskingum somewhere, though she may be from Marietta."

"Uh-huh," again yawning. "What makes you think she's stopping down the river?"

"Her ticket was over the O. and L. K."

"I see."

The detective started for the door, but stopped and said, with a laugh: "Well, I'm going down the river, and perhaps I'll fall in with her. I hope so, at any rate; I enjoy talking with cultured people. You

couldn't give me a description of her, could you—that I might know her, should I meet her on the train?"

"I don't know; I'll try. She's of medium height, has on a gray traveling suit and wears gold glasses."

"All right — but say! Don't give me away, if you see her again. She'd think me a most impudent cur — talking of her as I've been doing."

"I won't mention it."

"Thank you; good day."

"Good day, sir."

The detective left the store, turned the corner and looked at his watch.

"Confound the luck!" he muttered.

"Just when I think I'm to be free from work and worry, a clue bobs up to torment me. Two o'clock, and I can't go by boat, drifting and dreaming, but must ride twenty-five or thirty miles in a stuffy cross-road train. And instead of having the pleasure of viewing the scenery and ruminating on the joys of childhood, I must be on the *qui vive* for a female counterfeiter — an oldish spinster of literary tastes, who shoves the queer."

He was walking rapidly, hardly knowing or heeding whither he was going. Suddenly he brought up with a jerk and muttered half aloud:

"I wonder if this does mean anything; or whether it's a mere circumstance — an accident. By Jove! I must find out what time that train leaves, or I'll miss it — and lose track of the woman. There were two bad dollars in that bunch of change; she's probably shoved quite a lot of it in the city today. Of course she may be an innocent victim—like the drummer— and the whole clew may prove to be only a puff of smoke; but I'll soon know, if I can run across her."

He hurried down to the station of the O. and L. K., and, going up to the ticket-seller's window, inquired: "When does the train leave for Marietta?"

"One-forty."

"Give me a ticket."

Shoving the bit of pasteboard into his pocket, he sauntered out upon the platform and stood watching the travelers coming and going — a restless stream of humanity, reminding him of trains of ants he had observed when a boy. His train



pulled into the station, and the conductor leaped off. Raymond approached him, saying: "You came up the valley this morning?"

"Yes."

"I'm looking for a lady from down the river — dressed in a gray traveling dress and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, of medium height, a little under middle age, intelligent-looking — and rather pretty."

He added the last as an after-thought, with the idea that if the woman he sought chanced to be attractive a conductor would the more readily recall her.

Then he finished: "Did she come up on your train?"

"From what point were you expecting her?" asked the conductor, in turn.

Raymond didn't know, of course; but answered at a venture: "Beverly."

"No lady got on at that place."

"Well, did a lady of that description get on at any point?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

Then the conductor went on in explanation: "We were light this morning, and no lady of that description was on the train. A good-looking young woman got on at Malta — in fact a number of them; but the one I'm speaking of was very good-looking. I've seen her a number of times before. She's not the one you're looking for, though; she wore a linen traveling wrap, and had no glasses."

"Thank you," said Raymond as he turned away. "Probably she didn't come."

He entered one of the coaches and took a seat. Several lady passengers came aboard, but the woman he sought did not put in an appearance. The train drew out of the station, crossed the bridge to the west side of the river, left Putnam and Fair Oaks behind and thundered off down the valley. Raymond arose and strolled through the cars but returned to his seat no wiser.

"This infernally hot weather!" he grumbled. "And just as I predicted, I've had all my stew and worry for nothing. I could murder that hair-brained clerk at the bookstore; he's bungled things for me terribly. Said he saw her have an O. and L. K. ticket; and no such woman came up

on the train, or is going back on it now. He has tripped up on the description of the woman or —"

He had been lolling against the back of the seat, his eyes half closed. With a jerk he sat stiffly erect, so suddenly and vividly had an idea presented itself.

"Sure!" he growled audibly. "That's it exactly. The ticket that young putty-face saw was a B. and O. ticket — instead of an O. and L. K. The woman came over from Pittsburg, on the same train I did — there's no doubt about it. She'll shove the stuff and return — no! I saw the very woman in my car. She was dressed in a gray traveling suit and wore glasses. But great and adorable common sense! No stretch of the imagination would enable a sane man to call her either young or pretty. By the way, though, the bookstore chap didn't say she *was* pretty; I just fancied that part, I guess, and used it in my description to the conductor. Young Putty Face *did* say that she was about twenty-eight or thirty years old. The woman I saw was past forty, I'm sure. Well, the young fellow's more gallant than keen of observation — that's all. I wish I'd questioned him closer; but I didn't dare too, for fear of arousing his suspicions. Confound the luck — all cry and no wool! The woman I saw and the woman he saw are one and the same, undoubtedly. She's a good old grandmother of fifty, come over to visit in the country some place — and innocent of all wrongdoing. Perhaps she had a bill changed at the Capitalists' Bank, before leaving Pittsburg."

He smiled grimly, as he again lolled back in the cushioned seat and watched the ever-shifting panorama through the open window.

The afternoon was excessively hot. The river, along whose bank the railroad ran, shimmered and glanced in the rays of the declining sun, and the stubble-fields shone like great stretches of burnished gold. The wooded hillslopes and verdant pasture lands looked cool and inviting, and the dark-green corn smiled at the blazing sun and nodded to each fickle breeze that loitered by.

Raymond hungrily drank in the beauties of the scene — the river, the hills, the

cliffs — and made a heroic attempt to throw aside all thought of the case that had been perplexing him; and he succeeded to the extent that a smile irradiated his handsome features at last, and he whispered drowsily:

"Good-bye to Secret Service affairs till I get back to Pittsburg! Travis is right — has been right all along; the den's near that city, somewhere. Hello! here's Eagleport. The old place looks familiar and as dilapidated as ever. I'll get off at Malta, I guess, and seek out a quiet spot for a few weeks of bliss. I want to find a

place where there's not another boarder — no young women to set me crazy with their everlasting chatter, anyhow. Humph! I conjured up a rather pretty face and figure for my imagined counterfeitess. If Travis knew, he'd have the laugh on me. The idea of the old man teasing me about a woman — me, of all men! No — no, I'm too old; I'll never meet a —"

"Malta!" shouted the brakeman, thrusting his head in at the door. "Malta and McConnellsville!"

The train came to a stop, and Raymond stepped off upon the platform.

*(To be continued.)*

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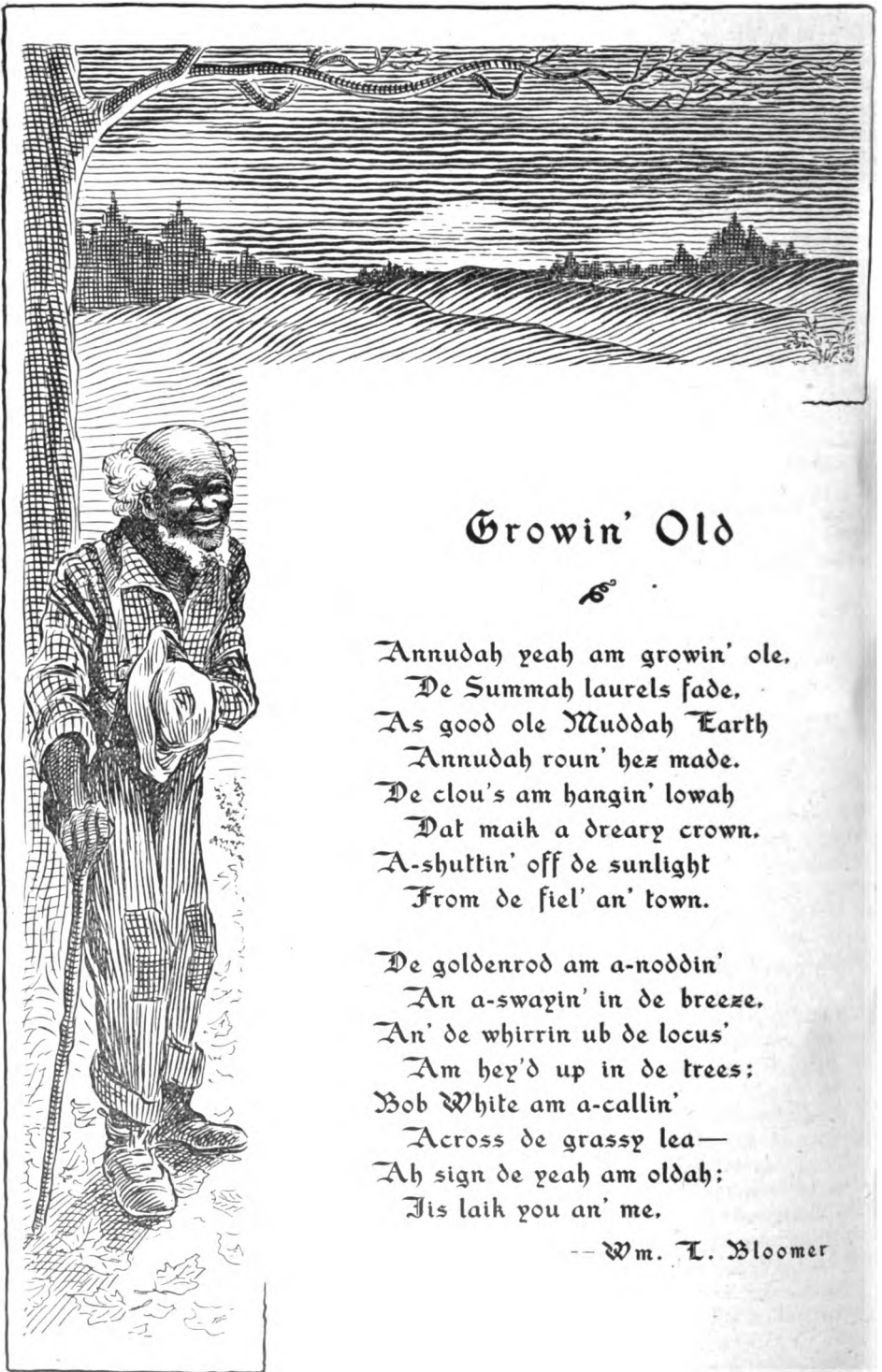
## THE LATEST

St. Peter now makes up his mind  
To cut down on expense;  
And says to his interpreters  
"Back Numbers, get thee hence!"

"Thou needs't translate for me no more,  
But go and take thine ease;  
Nor shout in forty languages,  
'Oh, keep your coupons, please!'"

"For tho' the records for my books  
Must as before be given,  
In Esperanto now each soul  
Shall plead to enter Heaven!"

—SIMON PURE.



## Growin' Old



Annudah yeah am growin' ole,  
De Summah laurels fade,  
As good ole Muddah Earth  
Annudah roun' hez made.  
De clou's am hangin' lowah  
Dat maik a dreary crown.  
A-shuttin' off de sunlight  
From de fiel' an' town.

De goldenrod am a-noddin'  
An a-swayin' in de breeze,  
An' de whirrin ub de locus'  
Am hey'd up in de trees;  
Bob White am a-callin'  
Across de grassy lea—  
Ah sign de yeah am oldah;  
Iis laik you an' me,

-- Wm. L. Bloomer

# The Kosciusko Lands

By John Howard Galbraith

*In the present article Mr. Galbraith performs a valuable historical service by tracing the borders of "The Kosciusko Lands," lying in Central Ohio, as related to the surrounding country at this time. These lands were allotted to the distinguished Polish patriot as part pay for his services in the American Revolution. They lie close to the present city of Columbus and narrowly escaped being a part of the State capital, as it was originally intended to be established. The present identification of these lands is here made complete, from official records, for the first time.*



LIVING on the east side of the Scioto River, and extending from the Delaware county line well below the village of Dublin standing on the opposite side of the river, is a tract of land known locally as the "Kosciusko lands." Probably few of those who live upon it knew how it came to bear this honored name. It was a familiar term in the vicinity when the writer as a boy lived there, but if any one there then knew the story of the lands he did not gratify childish curiosity by giving the information. The notion seems to prevail that the relation between these lands and the brilliant but unfortunate Pole is no more real than that between President Arthur or Henry George and the cigars which bear their names.

It is an example that shows the truth of the statement of Henry Howe, the historian, that matters of local history, no matter how important, if not collected and preserved, soon pass away and are lost. Mr. Howe missed this historical feature, however, though in his pilgrimages through the State he must have passed across the Kosciusko lands. The interesting fact of the matter is that this land was originally owned by Thaddeus Kosciusko and was surveyed and set off to him as a part of his reward and pay for services to the United States in the War of the Revolution. There is no evidence that he ever saw the land, however. The West, which then included Ohio, was a wilderness when he last visited the United States.

Kosciusko had no fortune to place at the disposal of the colonies whose cause he came to support, as did that other distinguished foreigner who fought with and for us in the Revolution — General Lafayette. Indeed, Kosciusko's coming to America seems to have been decided upon by him after determining to leave Poland as the result of a love affair that had a disastrous outcome. Educated in a military school at Warsaw, he took such standing there as to entitle him to appointment for further study in foreign military schools, at government expense. Electing this option, he spent the time allotted in Paris, and it is possible that he there met both Benjamin Franklin and Lafayette. It is said that Franklin was instrumental in inducing him to come to America.

But in military skill and genius Kosciusko probably contributed to the services of the Colonies more than Lafayette did.

"What can you do?" is the question that the practical Washington put to the young Polish officer, when he presented himself and asked to be allowed to serve in the fight for liberty.

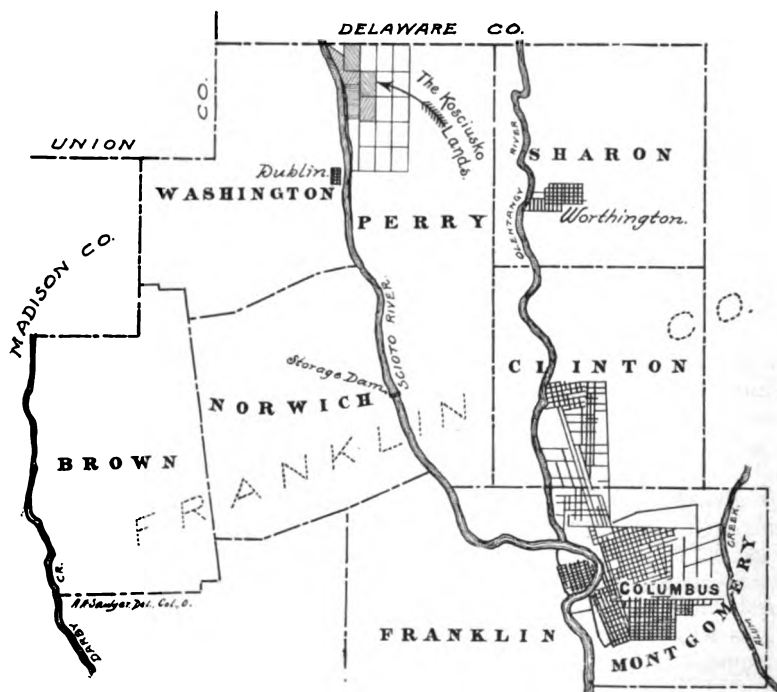
"Try me," was the quiet answer of the young man, who was taciturn and firm in manner.

His services were accepted, and in October, 1776, he was appointed an engineer with the rank of colonel and attached to the staff of General Washington. It was in military engineering that he had specialized his military study, and it was along this line that his genius here appeared.

General Gates described him as an "able engineer and one of the neatest and best draughtsmen I ever saw." In designing and constructing fortifications he seemed to excel, and it was while he was with General Gates in his Carolina campaign that he established his reputation with the leaders of the American army as a military engineer.

In one sense the whole of West Point stands as a monument to his military

ingly represented a vast outlay of money, but the prodigious labor of piling on the steep heights huge trunks of trees and enormous blocks of stone had been executed by the hands of American soldiers who received for their toil not the smallest gratification, even when their stated pay remained in arrears; and these works, every stone of which was a monument of nameless patriots, were to be betrayed to the enemy, with all their garrison."



LOCATION OF THE KOSCIUSKO LANDS.

Drawing by A. H. Sawyer from the Original plat in the office of the State Auditor of Ohio.

genius. Washington had sailed between the Highlands of the Hudson and noted the positions there best adapted to command the Hudson, but until 1778 the place now historic was a solitude. Then began operations there that transformed it into a commanding military position. It became not merely a fort for the command of the Hudson River, but a stronghold. There were the great magazines for the use of the army. Bancroft says of these works: "The fortifications seem-

Colonel Kosciusko's pay, like that of the enlisted men, was in arrears, and he could have received little if anything in the way of compensation, as will appear further on, until the close of the war. That Washington appreciated the value of the services of Kosciusko is indicated by the fact that among his latest official acts he interceded with Congress in his behalf, pleading for him his merit and his services, and using the concurrent testimony of all who knew him. Though he served

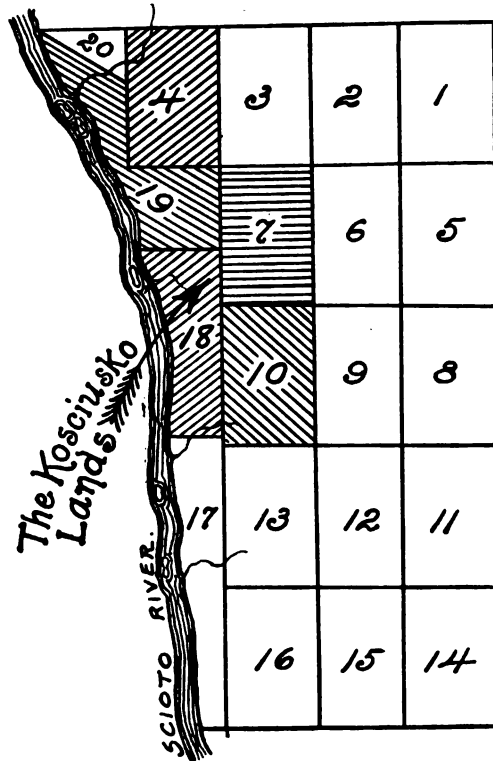
with the rank of colonel, Congress finally gave to the exile the brevet commission of brigadier general.

The story of the work of fortifying West Point reads something like a modern piece of public work. General Rufus Putnam had been originally placed in charge of the work, with Bernard Romans, a Holland professional engineer, as supervising engineer. The work was delayed, and the charge was made that General Putnam was permitting private matters to interfere with its completion. On General Washington's order, General McDougall was ordered to the Highlands to assume command; and Radiere, who had succeeded Romans as engineer in charge, now gave way to Colonel Kosciusko, and the fortifications took shape rapidly. A visiting board at this time reported that "Mr. Kosciusko is esteemed by those who have attended the works at West Point to have had more practice than Colonel Radiere, and his manner of treating people is more acceptable than that of the latter, which induced General Parsons and Governor Clinton to desire that the former may be continued at West Point."

West Point was selected as the site for the future Military Academy of the Nation as early as 1802, and the site was selected mainly because of the natural advantages as a military position for guarding the river, but the corps of cadets then under instruction in the academy placed a monument in the academy grounds in 1828, to the military genius of the man who, in the military engineering work done there and elsewhere during the Revolution, immeasurably aided the cause of struggling liberty and added luster to his name. It is not a grand monument. The total cost was only \$5,000, but every dollar of it was contributed by the cadets. There it stands today, bearing the name of one of the purest patriots and most notable "Heroes of Defeat." Near the place is still pointed out to visitors a little spot known as Kosciusko's garden, where it is said that he loved to sit and rest, looking out upon the Hudson.

Republics are not always ungrateful. The American Republic has never failed to show gratitude to those who have served her in war. The young nation emerged

from the Revolution overwhelmed with debt, but in time she paid it all. On January 23, 1798, Congress authorized the secretary of the treasury to issue to Kosciusko a certificate of indebtedness of \$12,280.54, with interest at 6 per cent. from January, 1793, to December 31, 1797. Evidently this was in payment for



DETAIL MAP OF KOSCIUSKO LANDS, Indicating 100-acre lots, as originally apportioned among the settlers.—Drawing by A. H. Sawyer, from the original plat in the office of the State Auditor of Ohio.

his services in the war. Being anxious to know how these certificates were treated in final settlement, inquiry was made of the secretary of the treasury recently, and in reply Mr. C. H. Keep, the assistant secretary, said that final settlement of the account was made at the treasury in 1794, when a certificate was issued for the sum of \$12,280.49, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum from January 1, 1784. Final payment, amounting to \$15,227.87, was made by treasury warrant No. 7932,

dated January 29, 1798, for \$6,000, and treasury warrant No. 7940, dated January 31, 1798, for \$9,227.87. Thus seventeen years after the term of service ended, the government paid Colonel Kosciusko in full. General Washington lived for him to know that the debt was paid.

But the agreed rate of pay was not the only form of compensation made by the young Nation to its soldiers of the Revolution. The Continental Congress, by resolution of September 16, 1776, promised to give to all officers and soldiers engaging in the war and remaining in to its close or their muster out, in addition to the twenty dollar bounty, the following portions of land: To a colonel, 500 acres; to a lieutenant colonel, 450 acres; to a major, 400 acres; to a captain, 300 acres; to a lieutenant, 200 acres; to an ensign, 150 acres; to a non-commissioned officer or soldier, 100 acres. Two days later provision was made for reward to higher officers in the same way, by a resolution giving to a major general 1100 acres and to a brigadier general 850 acres.

By act of June 1, 1796, those holding warrants for such lands were required to locate their lands within nine months, but repeated extensions of time for location were given until 1810. The United States still had extensive lands in Ohio, and in these the military grants were made. Naturally selections were first made in the eastern part of the State, and the lands were taken up by the soldiers progressively toward the west. Kosciusko had returned to Europe after the end of the war, and it was probably some time before he learned of the soldier land warrant privilege. He went to Poland, but after two attempts to establish and maintain its independence had failed, went into exile which continued to his death, the remainder of his life being spent in France and Switzerland. In 1797 he revisited the United States and this seems to have been the occasion of the location of his lands. The fact that he located his lands on the very extreme western border of the United States Military lands is in itself sufficient evidence that he was of the last to make such location.

The sections in the western part of this tract had been surveyed into hundred acre

lots to supply the demand for such tracts by the non-commissioned officers and common soldiers, and it was among these that Kosciusko made his selection. Having had the rank of colonel, he was entitled, as shown above, to five hundred acres, so he took five\* of the hundred acre lots. It is interesting to note that in the land allotment Kosciusko was treated as of the rank in which he served, and not that for which Congress gave him a brevet — a brigadier general.

In order to make lots containing one hundred acres, with the irregular meanderings of the Scioto river, it was necessary to make those bordering on the river of irregular shape, — all of them being fractional. In his handling of this land, there is indicated in Kosciusko, as is usually the case with men of genius, a total lack of business ability. It is said that he attempted to sell the warrants for the land by merely endorsing them on the back as one would a check or a note, instead of by deed, and of course that failed. The records of the state auditor's office show that the land was surveyed for Kosciusko by C. H. Spencer, April 23, 1800.

It appears that, failing to sell it as he tried to do, Kosciusko never paid any more attention to the land, and it was sold for taxes. Benjamin White, a tax collector for the United States, began proceedings for the collection of delinquent taxes against the land, and the sale was concluded by his successor, E. N. Delashmutt. The purchaser was David James, of Washington county. This deed shows that the entire tract contained only 493 acres, instead of five hundred, probably due to the irregular and changing western boundary — the river. The consideration in the deed is left blank and this may indicate that the purchaser secured the

\* The plat book in the land department of the state auditor's office shows that six lots of 100 acres each were set off to Kosciusko, but this is probably a mistake. He was not entitled to more than 500 acres, and the subsequent sale of his holdings for taxes mentions only the five lots mentioned here.

George Handy, Leon Winder, Philip Siebert and Benjamin Ticcomb also secured lots in this same section, as soldiers-warrant lands. None of these names are familiar now in the neighborhood.

land for the taxes due on it, and thus Kosciusko's title was extinguished without a penny coming to him from it; or the omission may be due to the destruction of the records of transfers by fire in the old court house of Franklin County. The original deed-book in which the transfer was recorded was partially destroyed, and in reproducing it the copyists were unable to decipher many of the words. They are left blank in the record as it now stands. In the survey the tract is described as "lots 4, 7, 10, 19, and part of 18, second quarter, township 2, range 19."

The fact is that right at the time when Kosciusko was permitting this land to be sold for taxes steps were being taken in Ohio looking to the permanent location of the State Capital, and the chances seemed to be in favor of the selection of the village of Dublin, just across the river from this land, as the site. A commission appointed by the legislature to recommend a site had reported, recommending that the land of John and Peter Sells — the present site of Dublin — be taken for that purpose. The constitution of 1802 fixed the State Capital at Chillicothe until 1808, but the legislature began at once to secure a new site. James Findley, W. Sullivan, Joseph Darlington, Resin Beall and Wm. McFarland composed the commission that recommended the Dublin site. There had been a three-cornered fight in the commission, with Franklinton, now West Columbus, Worthington and Dublin as the contestants for the location of the capital. Franklinton was discarded by the commission, because it was "too low and liable to overflow." At this juncture that resourcefulness of Columbus people, then living wholly on the west side of the Scioto, asserted itself, and they managed to delay the adoption of the recommendation of the commission, until a party of Franklinton capitalists secured

an option on the high land on the east side of the river, opposite Franklinton. This they offered to the legislature with pledges which were sufficient to secure its acceptance and the report of the commission was never acted upon. But for this circumstance it seems quite probable, as looked at from this point of view, that High street in Columbus would now stretch its rich length across the Kosciusko lands, instead of lying where it does. What that would have meant for the Kosciusko lands one can understand by trying to realize what 500 acres of land lying in the heart of Columbus would be worth to-day. But though the State capital was located upon another site, the growth of Columbus has brought the Kosciusko lands within the shadow of that city. The storage dam, now impounding the waters of the Scioto, sends its slack water back upon the village of Dublin and washes the soils of the Kosciusko lands.


In 1798 Kosciusko returned to the old world and did not see America again. Napoleon sought to use his influence with the Poles in his Russian campaign, but the old exile knew that Napoleon's success meant no good thing for the Poles, and he refused to co-operate. He died in Solcure, Switzerland, November 16, 1817.

Wm. Jackson Armstrong has embraced in his book, "The Heroes of Defeat," the story of the life and work of this remarkable man. Few other men of history better deserve the name. Though he achieved none of the things he attempted, and the plain record puts him down a failure, his bravery, his devotion to high ideals and his military genius cause him to stand in history as an example of the fact that sometimes the greatest success comes out of defeat. It is to be regretted that nothing more than his name attaches to the soil of Ohio.



# Tucson the Age Claimant

By Howard Louis Conard

F late there have been sporadic indications that the leading city of Arizona, new-old Tucson, is seeking to wrest from ancient St. Augustine the distinction of being the oldest city in the United States. Circumstantial evidence of such purpose is found in a paragraph—recently appearing in the Eastern press with such frequency as to constitute, almost, an epidemic of newspaper mention—of which the following is a copy:

Dr. Alexander Craig, of Tucson, Arizona, alleges that that city is older than St. Augustine, Florida, by thirteen years. He says: "There can be no doubt that Tucson enjoys the distinction of being the oldest city in the United States. When that intrepid Spaniard, Melendez, discovered the coast of Florida, planted the standard of his country and founded the city of St. Augustine, in the year of our Lord 1565, Tucson was a struggling and growing pueblo and had been for thirteen years. This is not according to our text-books on geography, but it is just as much a fact for all that, and the proof of it may be found in a stained and time-worn document of vellum, signed by their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and countersigned by the viceroy of Mexico and General Coronado, who in the early part of 1552 raised the flag of Spain over the little Indian village of Tucson and laid the cornerstone of the first mission with his own hands. This important paper was lost to the public until about twelve years ago, when it was discovered by a mere accident among the archives of the ancient church of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson. As a matter of precaution it was forwarded to the library of Congress, where it now lies. This discovery gives the residents of Tucson the right to claim that their city is the oldest in the United States."

Recently the writer visited Tucson to learn something of the basis of its claim to antiquity, and something more than he already knew of the town which, it is alleged, has "the age" on all the other cities of the United States, in the chronological game.

As sponsor for the old age claim for the Arizona city and author of its publicity, Dr. Craig, of course, loomed large in the field of investigation. Unfortunately he was not in Tucson and hence could only be interviewed by proxy. From acquaintances and close friends of his, however, were gathered the facts concerning the origin of the statement attributed to him and now going the rounds of the press.

Dr. Craig is a Methodist doctor of divinity, whose home is at Newton, New Jersey. For several years he has been a winter resident of Tucson and, being a capitalist as well as a minister of the gospel, he has interested himself in things temporal as well as things spiritual, becoming a large property owner and an active promoter of the material interests of the city. It has followed, naturally enough, that, from time to time, he has taken a prominent part in exploiting its resources and attractions, its climatic advantages and commercial and industrial possibilities.

Some years ago, with the laudable and patriotic object of making the country at large better acquainted with Tucson and its environs, the good Doctor wrote and published in a local paper a three or four column article into which he interjected, probably for the mere purpose of embellishment, a hazy legend of antiquity, such as pervades the atmosphere of scores of places in that vast portion of the United States acquired from Mexico.

It is doubtful if the Doctor gave this portion of his article any serious consideration or thought it of sufficient consequence for investigation; and its publication did not, at the time, attract passing notice from the press of the country.

The editor of the local paper, however, a believer in the cumulative effects of iteration and reiteration, has since republished the article scores of times, and, par-

rot like, repetition of the phrase "Tucson the oldest city," has begun to impress it upon the public, through the Eastern city and country papers, which have caught the refrain and wafted it along to their thousands of readers. This seems to make it worth while for us to "sit up and take notice" of a statement, important if true and, up to this time, unchallenged.

As the claim that Tucson is the most aged of American cities was based, according to Dr. Craig's published statement, on facts alleged to have been brought to light by the discovery of "a stained and time-

San Xavier being now under his charge—and asked him to tell me something of the document which proved Tucson to be the oldest city in the United States.

The cultured and courteous old Frenchman smiled broadly at the request and politely informed me that he was unable to give the desired information, for the reason that he had never seen any such document, had never seen anybody who had seen it, had no knowledge of its discovery and had never heard of its existence except through a newspaper statement which was entirely unsupported by facts.



SAN XAVIER MISSION, TUCSON.

worn document of vellum," among the archives of the old mission church at San Xavier, I reasoned that a short cut to the settlement of the questions raised in this connection would be an examination of that document itself, and the translation and reproduction in print of that portion of it pertinent to the inquiry.

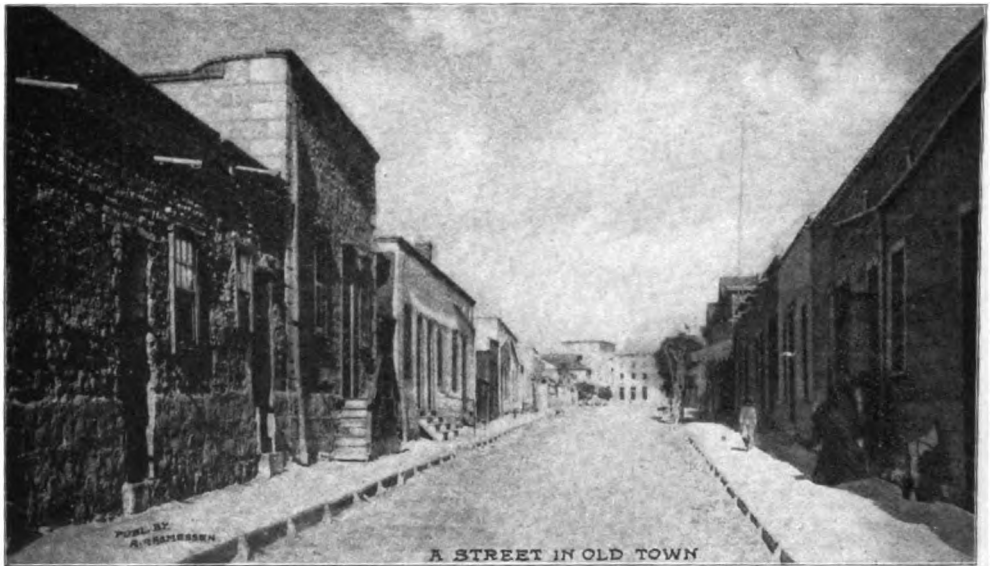
Referred to the Very Rev. E. Gerard—Vicar General of the diocese of Tucson and rector of St. Augustine Cathedral—as a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to the history of the Roman Catholic church in this region, I sought the venerable priest, who has been in Arizona a very long time—the mission of

Asked if important papers of any kind had been discovered "by accident" or otherwise, in recent years, at the old church, Father Gerard replied that he had never heard of anything of the kind and he was very sure that he would have been informed of such discoveries if they had been made. He added, however, that, in 1866, when the church of San Xavier, after being closed for many years, was reopened by Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fe, the archives of the church were carefully examined and some were found to contain matter of historic interest which has since been utilized by church and secular annalists. None of these, however, he averred,

furnished a shadow of a basis for the claim that Tucson was founded in 1552.

Warming up to the subject, as he proceeded, he produced data, gleaned from the archives of the Catholic churches of Arizona and New Mexico, by the late Archbishop Salpointe, of Santa Fe, showing that the first mission in Arizona was founded by Father Eusebio Kino, a Jesuit missionary, at Guevavi, in 1687, more than a hundred years later than the alleged "corner stone" laying at Tucson. The mission of San Xavier was established, according to this authority, the same year,

there is no basis whatever for the "oldest city claim" for Tucson. Mr. De Long, who is an educated gentleman and a man of wealth and social position, has taken a deep interest in everything pertaining to the history of Arizona and has devoted much of his time in later years to research and investigation along these lines. He has lived in Tucson for more than forty years and is the author of a history of the territory, published under the auspices of "The Pioneer Historical Society of Arizona." A loyal Tucsonian, he nevertheless deprecates an attempt to claim for the



by the same priest, for the Papago Indians.

Authentic records prove, said Father Gerard, in substance, that Fray Juan de la Asuncion and Fray Pedro Nadal, Franciscan Fathers, left Mexico in 1538 and passed through Arizona, as did also Fray Marcos de Niza, in 1539, going as far west as the Colorado river. Doubtless other missionary priests traversed the territory within the next hundred years, but there is no record of their having so much as camped on the site of Tucson, or of their even having kneeled there to pray.

Like Father Gerard, Mr. Sidney R. De Long, who may be called the official historian of Arizona, asserts positively that

city a distinction to which it is not entitled and does not hesitate to express his disbelief in the existence of the "time-worn document" of San Xavier, and to declare that anything purporting to be such document is undoubtedly spurious.

Unquestionably this document, if it exists, is open to suspicion as to its genuineness. In fact, Dr. Craig's description of its character puts upon it, unmistakably, the apocryphal stamp.

While it is possible, of course, that Coronado may have carried with him, when he left Mexico on his expedition to the North, in 1540, documents bearing the signatures of their Catholic majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, it is hardly prob-

able that such was the case, inasmuch as Isabella died November 26th, 1504, and Ferdinand twelve years later, his death having occurred January 23rd, 1516. Charles V. had been king of Spain for almost a quarter of a century, when Coronado was given command of the expedition which had for its object the conquest of the seven cities of the province of Cibola — one of which cities was the ancient Zuni, whose ruins are near the present Zuni, New Mexico — and the exploration of the country further north.

Coronado passed from Sonora, in a northeasterly direction through the southeastern part of what is now Arizona — possibly at no great distance from the site of Tucson — crossing into the territory now included in New Mexico. The two expeditions which he sent to the West, from Zuni, — one of which discovered the Grand Canon of the Colorado, in September, 1540 — passed far to the north of Tucson. After that his explorations were to the east, until, in the Spring of 1542; disappointed in his search for the treasures which he had been led to believe would be found among the Indians, ill in body and sick at heart, he returned to Mexico with the remnant of his army of conquest.

He never set foot on the soil of Arizona after 1542 and hence could not have taken part in laying the foundation of the city of Tucson, in 1552. Moreover, since he died, on his estates in Mexico in 1549, the fact is still more clearly established that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from raising the "Spanish flag over the little Indian village of Tucson" and laying the corner stone of a mission there, "with his own hands," in 1552.

Authentic records prove that the old mission of San Xavier is the parent of Tucson and that the permanent existence of the town dates from 1772, when Father Francisco Garcez, a Franciscan missionary, gathered a few Indians into adobe houses, around which was built a wall for protection against the Apaches. This primitive settlement was called the "Pueblcito del Tucson," taking its name, authorities say, from the spring which the Pima Indians, inhabiting this region, called "Styukson,"

meaning "black or dark base," in allusion to a stratum of a mountain to the Westward.

In 1781 the Spanish government established, at the Pueblcito del Tucson, a presidio designed to protect the missions against the ever hostile Apaches. This was the outpost of civilization at that period, and to the end of Spanish occupation of Arizona it continued to be the most northern settlement. In 1800 there were three hundred and fifty people there, Indians and Mexicans, and the population increased to four hundred in the next fifty years. When this portion of Arizona came under the government of the United States, in 1853, as a part of the Gadsden Purchase, there were thirty Americans in Tucson.

Ever since the American occupation began it has been a natural trade center — a distributing point for goods and wares shipped into this region from both the East and the West. Before the Southern Pacific Railway was built, wagon trains, loaded with merchandise and drawn by ox teams, made frequent trips between Independence or Kansas City, Missouri, and Tucson. Shipments were also made from San Francisco to the mouth of the Colorado river, thence carried by barges to Yuma and from Yuma carried by freighters to Tucson, to be distributed throughout Southern Arizona and Sonora. It became a lively frontier town in those days and was the capital of the territory from 1868 to 1878.

With the coming of the Southern Pacific, in 1884, and the subsequent location there of large railway shops, the growth of Tucson was greatly accelerated and the development of agriculture and mining, together with climatic attractions, have aided in building up a city of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Except that it has retained, to a considerable extent, much to its credit, its old style of architecture, there is little more than a ruin or two and a remnant of the old Mexican town to remind one of its origin.

The Tucson of today is a charming little Western city, lacking nothing in business activity, public enterprise, social conditions, religious privileges or educa-

tional advantages, and with no occasion to ask that it be respected on account of old age. Contrary to the prevailing impression in the Eastern states, there is little of the air of the "wild and wooly West" about Tucson. There is no such thing as public gambling in the town, the saloons are taxed to a limit hardly equaled in any Eastern city of corresponding size. Its Carnegie library building, fronting the old military plaza, is beautiful to look upon and good to enter into, and its State University founded in 1891 in anticipation of Arizona's statehood, is a well equipped and worthy institution of learning. Other public institutions and buildings, parks and playgrounds do credit to the city and attest the high character of its citizenship.

Of its delightful climate — with almost every day a day of sunshine — of its advantages as a health resort, its commercial and industrial activity, its handsome homes, cosmopolitan manners and metropolitan aspect, Tucson can confidently boast and "prove up" on its claims. But it must, really, put aside the ambition to be known as the oldest city in the United States.

There can be no doubt that St. Augustine, Florida, which has had a continuous existence since it was founded by Don Pedro Menendez, in 1565 — after he had butchered the French Huguenots settled near-by — was burned by Sir Francis Drake, sacked by the pirate, Captain Davis, burned again, in part, by Governor Moore of South Carolina and besieged by Governor Oglethorpe, had put behind her two hundred years of stormy experiences before Tucson wore swaddling clothes.

Santa Fe, founded in 1606 by Juan de Onate, had been in existence more than forty years longer than Moses lived, on the day that Father Garcez gathered up Indians enough to start a publicito at Tucson. New Orleans, and San Antonio, Texas, both of which had their beginnings in 1718, had been keeping step with Father Time something more than half a century, when Tucson toed the line. Jamestown, Virginia, settled in 1607, had eaten up one century and more than half of another, when Tucson was a yearling.

New York, which set out to become the metropolis of the United States in 1623;

Boston, which began its bean eating career in 1630, and New Haven, laid out in 1628 were hoary headed centenarians and more when Tucson "first saw the light of day"; while Philadelphiha, which began exemplifying brotherly love in 1681, had reached the good old age of ninety-one years, when Father Garcez named his infant in arms "Pueblito del Tucson." Clearly, while not a "newcomer" among American cities, the metropolis of Arizona is not entitled to entry in the old age class.

It is not out of place, in this connection, to say something further of the old mission of San Xavier, in many respects the most interesting relic of the labors of the early missionary priests to be found in the region west of the Rocky Mountains. The mission was established by the Jesuits in 1687, for the Papago Indians, who seem to have been religiously inclined when they first came into contact with the white men. It is related of them that they sought the earliest missionaries of their own accord, asking that the gospel be preached to them and expressing a willingness to embrace the Christian religion. It is said that in their primitive condition these Indians observed monogamous marriage relations, punished women guilty of adultery with death, and, except that they were somewhat given to drunkenness, were of good habits and morals.

Doubtless it was the good character of these Indians, their superior thrift and industry and their zealous adherence to the new faith, which enabled the Fathers to make San Xavier the most important mission in the territory now included in Arizona, in later years. They erected a church and other buildings, surrounded by a wall, of which only the old mortuary now remains.

In 1751 the Pima Indians, then occupying a large portion of Arizona south of the Gila river, rebelled against their missionaries, killed some, drove the rest out of the country and destroyed most of the mission buildings. San Xavier, which the Papagos protected, escaped this destruction and the missionaries resumed their work in 1754, continuing it until the Jesuits were expelled from the Spanish possessions in 1767. Their work was taken up by their successors, the Franciscan

Fathers, who in 1783 began the building of a new church of San Xavier, which was completed in 1797.

This building still stands, a monument to the untiring labors, the unflagging zeal and artistic skill of the mission Fathers who planned and superintended its erection, and to the patient industry and self denial of their allies in the work of construction, the Papago Indians.

It is built in the form of a cross, of stone and brick, with interior dimensions of 105 by 27 feet. The bricks, each about fourteen inches square and two to three inches thick, are supposed to have been burned on the ground and are joined together with plaster made from hydraulic lime. From this same plaster, which became of adamantine hardness, were made, also, many columns, statues, images and frescoes which adorn the interior of the building. The walls are decorated with paintings and the altars with a profusion of arabesques and columns, all gilded and painted in different colors, according to the requirements of the Moorish style. Some of the paintings, statues and frescoes are still in a fair state of preservation. Competent judges say that nowhere on the American continent, outside of Mexico, has a mission church had such an elaborately decorated interior as had this.

In 1827, after Mexico became a republic, the Franciscans were expelled from the country and thereafter, for nearly forty years, San Xavier was unoccupied as a church. Although the mission was nominally in charge of the parish priests of Magdalena, Sonora, so great was the danger from the roving Apaches that it was only at rare intervals, when the Papagos sent a well armed escort to accompany the priests, that one could be induced to come to San Xavier to say mass.

In 1866, with better protection for this region than it had previously had from the United States government, Archbishop Lamy reopened the mission, and it is now served regularly twice a month by priests from Tucson. There are five or six hundred of the Papagos at San Xavier, where they are engaged in agricultural pursuits, raising large quantities of grain. Tucson also obtains from this source the greater part of its supply of firewood, the kind of fuel used, mainly, in the homes of the city. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and other large employers find the Indians very desirable laborers and pay them better wages than the native Mexicans receive. As a result they have become widely scattered, but, all told, there are probably five thousand of them in Arizona.



# SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

## CHAPTER XI.

That night Nate told Arthur not to go far from the house without some one of the family with him. This should have been sufficient warning to keep him from attempting his usual plunge in the pool, or swimming hole, of Lone Creek. The next morning, however, was warm and beautiful and the shade and the stream, with the birds singing, lured him and, watching that Pess should not see him, he stole away and was soon by the banks of the creek.

At first he was cautious, and approached the swimming hole as silently as if stealing upon a hidden foe. He did not, as was his custom, plunge into the pool from the bluff-like banks, but crept down the creek after he had undressed, and placed his clothes behind a great oak. Slowly he waded in until the water reached his waist. He looked up and down the banks and over into the deep woods, but no one was in sight.

He concluded that there was no occasion to fear Lige Evans, who could not know that he came to the creek, and soon grew indifferent and romped and swam and dived as was his wont on other occasions.

Leaving the creek he went back to the steep bank and dived into the deep pool. The momentum of the plunge carried him almost to the opposite bank. When he brushed the water from his eyes he beheld a sight that made his heart stop beating. There within a few feet of him stood Lige Evans and the woman. Lige's lips were moving, but no sound came from them. His hard, cruel mouth was firmly set and his yellow eyes glittered malignantly. They shone like serpents' eyes when they

benumb the senses of the birds. The weapon in the hands of the outlaw covered him, and it was of the calibre of the one lying upon his clothes on the opposite bank.

"What do you mean to do?" Arthur finally asked.

"What do yuh reckon? Do yuh think we jist come ovah to see yuh frolickin' in the watah? She's been a coaxin' to save yuh; yuh didn't see us, but we seed yuh all dive from thet bank thur. She seed yer white flesh a glistenin' in the sunshine as yuh war a swimmin', an' she weakened. But I don't weaken when I make up my mind, an' damn yuh, I've made up my mind.

"Come on, Lige, and leave him be; it will only come back to yuh ef yuh kill him," said the woman.

"Ah, thet's the woman o' it; mebbly he smiled on yuh thet mawnin' I were to Williamsburg, an' when a likely fellow smiles on yuh all it's good evenin'. None o' thet," Lige cried, as he saw Arthur attempt to swim away.

The burly scoundrel sprang into the water. It was a mighty leap, and in a moment he had Hawley by the hair and throat with his head under water.

"Come out, Lige, an' leave him be," cried the woman.

"Shet up, or I'll drown yuh when I get through with this feller. I'll—"

Though almost strangled, Arthur heard a shot ring out and then another. There was a muttered curse and the hand that clutched the throat of the young man relaxed. There was a livid mark upon the left cheek of the would-be murderer where a bullet blistered as it passed. Arthur raised his head from under the water as

Lige relaxed his hold, and noting that his assailant was looking at someone upon the opposite bank, struck him a blow upon the face that staggered him.

"Swim ovah, Arthur; swim ovah. Ef Lige teches yuh agin I'll kill him."

That voice! Sweeter than the eager kiss were those words to him that moment.

"Throw me that pistol, quick," Lige called to the woman, who was wringing her hands and crying. She bunglingly obeyed and the weapon fell in the stream out of his reach.

"Swim ovah, Arthur, quick!" cried Bess, who stood motionless as a statue on the bank, with her weapon pointed at the outlaw.

"Don't you move an inch or I'll kill yuh; don't you make a move, Lige Evans."

The baffled man stood still. The girl was mistress of the situation. Lige searched for his revolver, cursing loudly all the while.

Arthur swam away. Weakened by the struggle and the great nervous strain he had passed through, he reached the bank near Bess exhausted. Clinging to a protruding root, he lay quietly in the water until strength returned.

"Come out, Arthur," Bess commanded; "I'll watch Lige."

Just then Lige found the revolver, but the soaked cartridges were useless. Turning to the girl, who stood upon the bank watching him, he poured forth a torrent of indecency. Arthur shuddered, but was powerless to stop the foul stream of imprecations that no girl should hear.

"Run away, Bess; run!" he shouted. "Don't fear for me; I'm safe now."

"I'm waitin' fer yuh, Arthur."

"Then give me your revolver," he said.

"Go, Bess; his curses won't hurt me." Malvina stood upon the bank beside the girl.

"Come, Arthur, come," cried Bess, as she ran away.

"Not another foul word, Lige, or your dirty carcass floats down the stream ter pizen ther fish," Malvina said.

Baffled and beaten, the guerrilla of the war days disappeared in the woods.

Lige Evans learned through Lize and her brother, children of the woman, who had moved into the log cabin owned by

Malvina Everett, that Arthur bathed daily in the clear waters of Lone Creek. The girl and the boy had little regard for the property rights of others. If turkeys or chickens stole away into the woods or fields to hide their nests, these young prowlers were sure to find them.

On one of these predatory trips they discovered a stranger swimming in the creek. The children told their aunt one day, and thus it came about that Lige Evans was there to make way with the man he hated. He might have crept cautiously to the stream and shot his enemy. That was his plan at first, but a bullet hole in the heart of the northerner would be all the proof needed by Jack Fallis, and others in the neighborhood, and there would be a mountain funeral.

If he could surprise and overpower the young man in the water it would appear like a case of accidental drowning. All this might have come about had Bess not arrived when she did. The girl realized that it was unmaidenly. She remembered the sting of Lena's rebuke, but something impelled her to go. What unseen messenger is it that tells us so often when loved ones are in danger?

Malvina saw the girl secretly leave the house. She saw her run with all the speed she could command across the meadow, and into the woods.

In a few moments the wife of Yancey Everett was hurrying to the creek, also. That she arrived in time we know. In her hand was the weapon Captain Cameron had given her in 1864.

Bess was waiting in the orchard and in her eyes a tender light was shining.

"I war just in time, Arthur."

"Bess, Bess," he cried. "My life is yours." She trembled when he put his arms about her.

Malvina turned away, but coming swiftly back, said: "Ef she is ole enough ter save yer life, Arthur, she is ole enough ter love."

"Yes, old enough to love," he replied, softly. "Mrs. Everett, you chided me the other day for the love scene in the orchard here — it was my wife-to-be that I was kissing — the wife-to-be, that gave me back my life."



"Arthur, do yuh keer fer me — ain't yuh a bit ashamed o' me?"

"Ashamed of you? Ask, rather, if I am not proud of you? Sweetheart, I did not dream you were so brave," he answered.

"Don't tell them at the house that I went to the creek agin," Bess said.

"Can I not tell them that you saved my life?" he asked.

"No; yuh said yer life belonged ter me. Let me hev et all ter myself. Ef yuh go home an' fergit, why, thar'll nobody know et but Malviney an' me," Bess said, sadly.

"If I go home and forget, dear Bess? If I forget this day, or forget you, I—" She did not wait to hear more.

"Arthur," she said; "I've loved yuh ever since I kissed yuh thet first day."

## CHAPTER XII.

Yancey Everett came Saturday afternoon and the trial to oust Lige Evans was set for the following Tuesday at 2 p. m. Malvina was often at the gate looking down the road for her husband. When at last she saw him coming she ran to meet him. He at once sprang from the carriage and lifted her in. Arthur was waiting for them at the gate and observed that Yancey looked younger and happier than he had ever seen him. He greeted the young man in honest, hearty fashion, saying:

"My gal come down the lane to meet me," with an affectionate smile at Malvina — a smile she remembered afterward — and glad was she that she had run down the road to meet him.

"Yuh didn't ever kiss me," Malvina said as Everett lifted her from the carriage as if she had been a child.

"I certainly would, my dear, but Mr. Hawley there might —"

"Don't mind Mr. Hawley," she broke in, "I've seed some kissin' goin' on myself."

"Ah, the rascal," said Yancey with a jolly laugh; "I'll congratulate Miss Lina at the first opportunity."

"Not a word on yuh life," cried Malvina earnestly. "Not a word, Arthur, yuh don't mind me callin' him Arthur do yuh, Yancey?"

"He's Arthur to me, too, dear."

"Certainly it is Arthur," said the young man. "What was it you were about to say, Mrs. Everett?" Arthur asked.

"I war goin' ter say that yuh wouldn't keer ef I tole Yancey all?"

"No, tell him. Tell him everything. Go back to the house, or there to the tree and talk — that is as soon as he kisses you — for I shall wait to see that he does. A flush crept into her cheeks at the warmth of the caress while Arthur laughed merrily as he said:

"Now run away, you two — I shall be the chose boy and put the team in the stable."

When Arthur returned from the barn he found the lawyer holding the hand that was yet freckled. She had told him how Bess had saved Arthur's life and how they loved each other — the man and the girl.

"I did not think of Bess," Yancey said; "but that was a brave act for one as young as she. She is something like my gal, here. How old is she?"

"Mother Fallis says she is thirteen," said Malvina, "but Jack says she is fourteen."

"Fourteen or twenty — it does not matter — she is Bess that is enough," said Arthur, his eyes seeking the one little girl in the world, who at that moment, in the kitchen was singing — "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice" — much to the delight of Mother Fallis.

"Bess is very young," said Yancey after a pause but the difference in years is not as great as ours, dear, but you must admit I've loved you as tenderly as a younger man — mebbe more."

"Poor Yancey," she murmured.

Yancey smiled affectionately and almost crushed the freckled hand in his, but he did not know.

"What does Jack think of it?" he finally asked.

"We have not told him," Arthur answered.

There was interrogation in the deep set gray eyes, and Malvina said:

"I didn't tell him thet."

Arthur then explained why Bess had desired that nothing be said of the occurrence at the creek.

"But Jack should know," Mr. Everett said.

"Then I'll tell him," Arthur said. "He is coming this way now. 'I'll wait and say howdy, and then we will go to the house, dear, and let Arthur tell him,'" Yancey said.

Fallis listened to the story without a word of comment or a question. When Arthur described his sensation as he lifted his head from the water and saw Bess on the bank of the stream coolly levelling her weapon upon the terror of the mountains, a proud smile flickered for a moment around his lips, but when Arthur had finished there were unshed tears in the eyes of the mountaineer, as he said:

"My po' little Bess—I'm glad she saved yuh Arthur, Gawd knows how glad I am, but I wish it had been Nate or me."

"Why?" Arthur asked.

"She's only a po' little gal—mos' gals air queer, but she's queerer than any I know."

"Well?"

"I dunno much about weemen, but it stands ter natur that when one saves a life, they sorter cling or keer fer ther one they helped. Now thar is yuh father—I didn't do anything much—but I—I sorter cling ter him since that day at Sairy Catlen's."

"And he clings to you," Arthur's voice was unsteady.

"I 'low so, Jack replied — I 'low so, but he's yander an I'm heyre."

"And the girl who saved my life would be here and I there, you mean?"

"Suttingly, it couldn't be any other way," Jack answered sadly.

"Why not?"

"Arthur, ef Lige Evans should happen ter git the drop on me while I'm tryin' ter help yuh git yuh rights in this case, I'd feel I'd done my duty as a man. I think I could say to mother, ef I hed the power of speech, that this was what a man owed ter his friends. But, if I seed my little Bess, a growin' pale and thin; ef I seed her starin' at me out o' them big eyes o' hern hungry like axin' me, 'Is he ever a comin' back — Tell me uncle, will Arthur ever come agin—?' " His voice sank deeper and each word was a sob.

"No, no, my friend—"

"Wait, Arthur, such things might be; I'd rather be asleep ovah by Pisga' side

o' my father than see Bess' soul a starvin' fer yuh. Arthur — I'm fraid, I'm fraid; she's sort o' queer yuh know."

This great strong man, this bachelor with a heart of a father, the mighty soldier, a man that desperate men feared, sat struggling to keep back the tears because he loved as his own, a waif—a baby girl he had found in the snow.

"Listen to me one moment my friend," Arthur said. "How proud Bess will be some day of those tears when I tell her, and I will; and they shall be to me a further covenant of my indebtedness. Then she will know that there is not one in the world wearing a knightly decoration, braver and better than her Uncle Jack."

"Don't Arthur."

"Yes, hear me. To me you stand alone like a mountain peak towering over the foot hills; you are peerless in the land of heroes."

"But, my boy, I'm nothing like that; I'm simply a ole feller that did a little fightin' in his day and fur ther right along side o' your father."

"Yes, my friend, I know, and for that I honor you; but let me try to convince you that I am coming back some day, because I love that little girl of yours, Jack Fallis, and she loves me just as well. I am coming here for her and take her away from you. I know how young she is, but I will wait. I never knew this strangest, sweetest gift of heaven, love, until I came here — here where life is simple and love pure. When that day comes, when the child has blossomed into womanhood, you will let me have her, won't you?"

Jack had risen while the young man was yet talking. His hand sought Arthur's, and as in Knoxville when they first met, he crushed it in his mighty grasp.

\* \* \*

Pisgah church, on an elevation known as Mount Pisgah, was the homely tabernacle where worshipped the leading families of the neighborhood. The first Sunday Arthur spent at Fallis' there were no services at Pisgah, and the young man interested himself, when Lina or Bess were not with him, in that masterpiece of fiction, "The Three Guardsmen." As the thrilling and dramatic incidents passed

in quick review, he paused at times to ask himself if there had not just passed a romantic period filled with mightier deeds than those performed when the great Cardinal ruled.

In Jack Fallis he saw a gentler, softer-speaking Porthos — but a Porthos in valor. D'Artignan never fought more battles hand to hand than Yancey Everett had under Jackson and Longstreet.

This Sabbath morning Arthur was under the walnut with the story which he could not read continuously. Upon the open page there flashed a portrait, and the face was unlike any in the court of Louis. In this picture the face was sometimes hidden on his breast, and again it was a stern, determined face, set toward a foe who sought to murder him. One could not read steadily with such pictures flashing on and off the pages.

Two robins flew into the branches of the tree and began a duet. The robin is usually a hilarious bird, his songs as rollicking as though of the sea; but this morning they sang softly.

Perhaps Mr. Robin and Miss Redbreast had not known each other long — and this might have been a love song Nature had just written, which they were rehearsing. Possibly they heard the moan of the pines over beyond Pisgah, where the billowy thunder caps — the mountains of the summer sky — towered far above the tree-clad peaks of Tennessee.

When church time drew near, Jack said: "The elder's a-comin, an' ef yuh like we'll take yuh ovah ter Pisga'. Ef yuh don't want to go, one o' us will stay home weth yuh."

"I will go at once and dress," Arthur said.

"Dress?" Jack looked at the young man, who was neatly attired, but coatless, as the morning was quite warm.

"Simply comfortable and respectable, that is all," Arthur said.

The congregation stood in groups outside the church, talking in low tones. A few of the leaders had gathered about the elder and were listening to him when the Fallis family and their guests came into the church-yard. Every eye was upon Arthur. Not even the lawyer from Knoxville, who had married Malvina Stake,

could share with him the deference curiosity was paying.

The mountain girls who had never met him stared boldly. The Peters girls bowed and smiled graciously in answer to his salutation. Nannie, with winsome smile, greeted him, and, as he lifted his hat and took her hand, which he held for a moment, the girls who had not seen the Northerner before, looked disapprovingly upon her. Lina might know such a fine personage, for she was "stuck up," but Nannie Catlin — she was simply like themselves. They were surprised when Arthur bent and said something to Bess. They saw Bess smile at him in a manner which they could not fathom.

"Let's go an' speak to the elder," said Jack. "They'll be a-goin' in soon." The elder was a shaggy, bewhiskered giant, much older than Jack, but powerfully built.

"Howdy," said the unlettered divine in answer to the easy greeting of Hawley when presented. Umber streaks in the long whiskers gave evidence of the parson's fondness for tobacco.

"'Pears like we mought have rain," he remarked, as a low, far-away rumble came from the vapor peaks rising in the northwest.

Jack led the way to the pew. Mother Fallis was in her corner of the seat and Lina entered next. She had waited a moment for Bess, but that wise young lady did not intent to sit by the old lady that Sunday. She proposed to sit by the side of a gentleman who had said: "I will wait for you, Bess, until you are a woman; then you shall be mine."

Jack seemed to understand her wish, and motioned Arthur to follow Lina, and Bess was thus permitted to sit by the side of two men, and there were none on earth she loved except these two.

The Fallis pew had a corn-husk cushion, a bit of luxury that caused no little comment in the congregation; but that was before the piano had been bought. After that time Jack was looked upon as an aristocrat whose chances for heaven had been materially lessened by the purchase.

Malvina and Yancey sat with Mrs. Catlin and Nannie, and the widow, before she entered the church, was much sought

after by her neighbors. Malvina was looked upon somewhat enviously, for she was now the wife of a lawyer and lived in the city. She had come to the mountains again with "thet Yank who war shinin' round Lina Burrell."

One young girl had said to Bess that "Lina Burrell seemed tickled to death to talk to thet Yank."

"I 'low yuh don't know it all," the sagacious maiden replied.

It may have been by accident merely, or the gossip might have reached the ears of the elder concerning Lina's piano, but when the interpreter of the gospel arose, he cleared his throat ominously and announced the text in a lugubrious tone.

"My brethering, hearken to the tex': It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Thar's mighty po' comfort thar fer a rich man. It's the po' in spurit that will nherit the kingdom. The tex' shows how onpossible it is fer a rich man ter git in. It is true sayin' thet nothin' is onpossible with Gawd, and mebbe ef a rich man will git down in sackcloth an' ashes, the Lawd might squeeze him through some way. Hev any o' yuh ever seed a camel? It's a very ongainly critter, with a hump on its back. The Lawd made a few mighty homely beastes; and among these air the camel an' the elephant. The camel is a patient critter, and totes big loads, an' ef tole ter go through the eye o' a needle, could hump himself to do it. But could e? That's the question I am asking you all. Some o' yuh weemen folks squint an' complain a threadin' a needle. Ef et is ejis a threadin' a needle, how will a camel get through?"

"A man down thar in Knoxville, when war thar onct, he axed me ef I heerd how the camel come ter hev a hump on its back, ah." As the elder warmed up to his subject he ended each sentence with an echo-like "ah."

"I said it war bekase the Lawd made him that-a-away."

"I heerd et different," sed he.

"How so," says I. "Didn't he make a big horse weth little years, an' a little akass weth big years, ah?"

"I'll tell yuh how et is," says he; "when Noah took the animals into the ark, the camel tried to git in first, but he made it stand back till the elephant got in, an' the camel got its back up about et, an' never got et down agin."

"Et ain't in the book," says I.

"It's the way I heerd it," sez he.

"But, my friends, thar ain't a line o' thet in the lids o' this book, ah. No, no, not a line, ah. Thet man, he comes from the city, ah. He was dressed in fine clothes, in gorgeous raiment, ah. His hat glistered in the mawnin' sun like the glit-terin' spears o' the Assyrians, ah."

"He was from Babylon, the Babylon o' to-day, ah, Shecogo, ah. It's thar the rich sleep on feather baid, but co'n shucks air good enough fer me, ah."

The eyes of the elder were often upon the Fallis pew, and Arthur was suffering tortures. How he wished to get away from the stern eyes, and roar until the hills caught up the echo of his laughter.

The elder having met a commercial man, had been told the minstrel joke of the camel and the elephant. It would not have been funny in a show, Arthur thought, but on the lips of this serious old minister it was very funny. The other topics of his sermon were not so ridiculous, and when the gathering storm broke, he hurriedly concluded.

"Thet war a pinted sermon ter-day, Jackson," said Mother Fallis when they had finished supper after the long services at Pisgah.

"Ruther pinted, mother; I wondered how yuh took it."

"I hed to take it. It war my son the preacher meant. Now ef it had been a harp or a psalter yuh bought, I wouldn't a-keered."

"I don't know much about psalters, mother," said Jack; "but as fer harps, they ain't much different from pianners. The-strings on a harp run up and down, and on a pianner they run crost-wise."

"I pray yuh won't, but mebbe, my son, yuh'll see the day when yu'd trade that-pianner fer the po'est ole harp David ever owned."

"I'd make a mighty po' out a-playin' either one, mother," he said, tenderly.

"I don't reckon I know much about it, but I 'low the choir — an' mebbe they hev a good one ovah yander — would rather sing ter Arthur a-playin' on a pianner than weth yuh an' me a-jinglin' suthin out o' tune. The book teaches us thet they hed music and dancin' in Bible days. They played the best they could on the best they hed ter play on. 'That's all thet war expected, an' ter-day them thet kin play air doin' the best they kin weth what they've got. It's the spurit weth which they play it, mother, thet counts, I reckon. A greater than David an' Solomon come ter earth, an' he said, 'Love ye one another.' Thet war the burthen o' His teachin', an' ef the elder did mo' leadin' ter the green pasters an' still watahs, an' less lammin' an' lamentin', thar'd be mo' Christians 'round Pisgah'."

Mother Fallis did not reply when Jack had finished, and Arthur went to the piano, playing the opening bars of "Coronation." "Join me in this, please," he said.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

Yancey Everett sang the melody with Bess. Lina's alto was deep and beautiful. Fallis' bass was a mighty roar, and and in the clear tenor of the young man at the instrument there was a triumphant note.

When the hymn was ended, Mother Fallis said, with broken voice: "I 'low I'd be mighty glad ter heer thet when a-crossin' ovah Jordan."

(To be continued.)

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## FRAILTY

Along the weed-grown, dusty road,  
O'erbent with years, an old man strode;  
A life of care its web did trace  
Of wrinkles 'cross his aged face.

An infant tottered by his side;  
His feeble hand its steps did guide.  
Childhood and age, how like are they,  
At morn of life, at evening gray!

S. J. M'M. H.

# The Central Ohio Valley History Conference

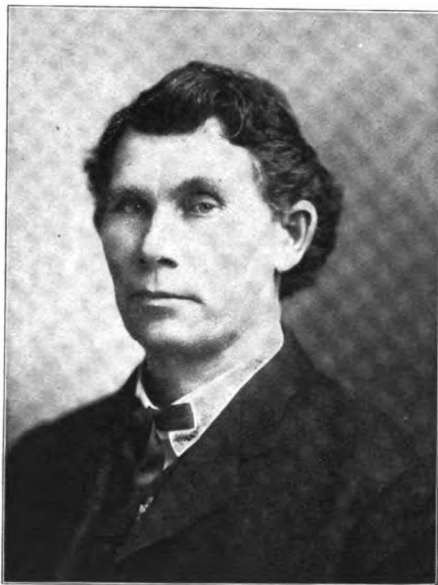
By Isaac Joslin Cox



THE series of meetings suggested by the above title will be held in Cincinnati on the 29th and 30th of the present November. They are designed to illustrate within a fairly definite locality, certain recent historical tendencies, such as co-operation in extensive undertakings and the emphasizing of national elements in local or sectional history. While these tendencies appeal especially to those who are engaged in teaching, or in compiling local annals, there are many others who have acquired a renewed interest in historic ideals, local and national, largely through the work of the hereditary patriotic societies. Representatives of these three classes have always been found in Cincinnati, but unfortunately they are usually working along wholly independent lines. It occurred to some of their leaders that a series of united meetings, held under the auspices of particular organizations but attended by members of all, might profitably be employed to stimulate among them still greater interest in the local historical field; and with the characteristic hospitality of the "Queen City" they determined to invite their neighbors in the Ohio Valley to share in their laudable undertaking.

The development of this idea was natural and comparatively simple. First proposed by the writer to the Executive Committee of the Cincinnati History Teacher's Association, it received the enthusiastic support of that body. Then the plan was gradually unfolded to organizations likely to be interested. Once explained in some detail, it met with an acceptance that seemed almost spontaneous. In the course of a few weeks it was possible to organize a general committee upon

which were gathered representatives of the leading patriotic societies of the city, of the local historical society, of the local archaeological branch, and of the leading teacher's clubs. In all some twelve organizations shared in this new local co-



DR. ISAAC JOSLIN COX.

operative movement, designed to interest each in the work of all.

The co-operation of these organizations and the hearty interest of their membership assured the success of the plan. The work of arranging a program was then entrusted to a sub-committee of three, of which Mr. Charles Theodore Grave, the local historian of Cincinnati, is Chairman. His well-known interest in the subject of local history and his membership in various

patriotic and social organizations render him an ideal person for this position. The other members of the committee are Mr. Frank Parker Goodwin, who has an im-



SAMUEL BANISTER HARDING.

portant record in the history work of the Cincinnati Public Schools and in recent publications in the economic field of Ohio Valley history; and the writer, connected with the department of History of the University of Cincinnati. As co-workers with these upon particular committees, mention must be made of the services of Mrs. William Danton Warren, of the Colonial Dames, Mrs. John A. Bechtel, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Herbert Jenney, of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, and Mr. Harry B. Mackoy, of the Sons of the Revolution. In addition to those mentioned above, other members of the General Committee have rendered efficient services as opportunity offered.

The first meeting of the conference on the afternoon of November 29th, under the auspices of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, will afford a symposium for local history workers, for to such this meeting will especially appeal.

The main address is to be given by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society and one of the most noted specialists in the local history of the Old Northwest. Dr. Thwaites bears an international reputation as editor of the "Jesuit Relations," "Early Western Travels," the "Wisconsin Historical Collections," and the "Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition," and is almost equally well known for his popular works of western exploration and biography.

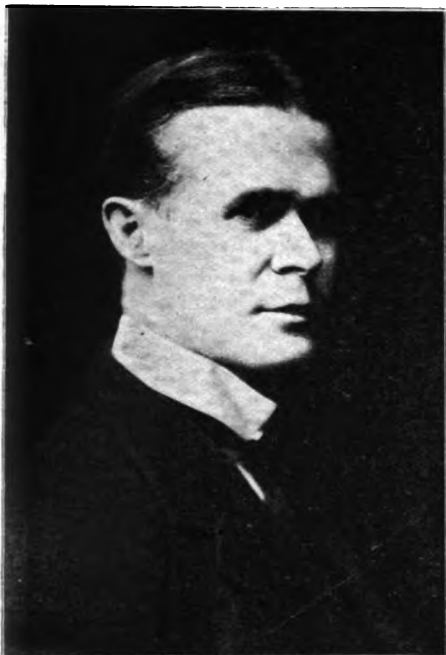
Following will come brief presentations of certain topics of more immediate local interest. Professor Archer B. Hulbert, of Marietta College, will speak on "The Unpublished Collection of the Ohio Valley;" Hon. E. O. Randall, Secretary of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, on the work of that society; Mr. George S. Cottman, editor of the *Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History*, on "Pos-



CLEMENT L. MARTZOLFF.

sible Methods of Co-operation in Local Historical Work;" Mr. C. B. Galbreath, of the Ohio State Library, on "The Historical Work of State Librarians;"

Hon. Virgil A. Lewis, Director of the Department of Archives and History, Charleston, W. Va., on "State Aid in Historical Work;" and an address on "Historical and



PROF. J. A. JAMES.

Quasi Historical Literature of the Ohio Valley."

These papers presented in brief form at this meeting, are later to be expanded for publication, and in this form should prove a valuable guide for the local historical field.

In connection with this meeting there will be an exhibit of the valuable maps, manuscripts, and rare volumes in the collection of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio. A general loan exhibit is also being prepared by the various patriotic organizations at the city Public Library, under the general oversight of Librarian N. D. C. Hodges.

On Friday evening will occur a reception and banquet which should prove one of the most pleasant occasions of the whole Conference. The Honorable William Dudley Foulke, National Civic Service Commissioner and a historian and publicist of note, will be the chief speaker; Pro-

fessor William H. Venable, one of the survivors of the coterie of Ohio's poets, and a local historian of repute, will read an original poem; and brief toasts will be given by representatives of different portions of the Valley. This social occasion will afford our historical workers an opportunity for closer acquaintance and may prove of assistance in the formation of some permanent organization.

The meeting of Saturday morning, November 30, will be held under the auspices of the Cincinnati History Teacher's Association. The principal paper on this occasion will be presented by Professor James Atherton James, of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., who is Chairman of the "Committee on History in the Grades." This committee was appointed by the American Historical Association, at its Chicago Meeting, to investigate the subject of instruction in History in the grammar grades, and it is confidently expected that



DR. REUBEN GOLD THWAITES.

its forthcoming report will prove as epoch-making as that of the famous "Committee of Seven." Professor James's subject is, "The Teacher of the Social Sciences;" and



his paper will be discussed by Professor Samuel Bannister Harding, of the University of Indiana; Professor Clement L. Martzoff, of Ohio University, at Athens; and Dr. B. L. Jones, of the Louisville Manual Training High School. At the conclusion of these exercises an informal luncheon will be served at the University of Cincinnati to the assembled teachers and their guests.

The last meeting of the series on Saturday afternoon will doubtless prove of greatest popular interest. The occasion will be a public reception, in which the various patriotic organizations will participate. The preparation of this special feature is the immediate work of a committee headed by Mr. Harry B. Mackoy, of Covington, Ky., who is equally well known for his social leadership and his interest in the work of hereditary patriotic societies.

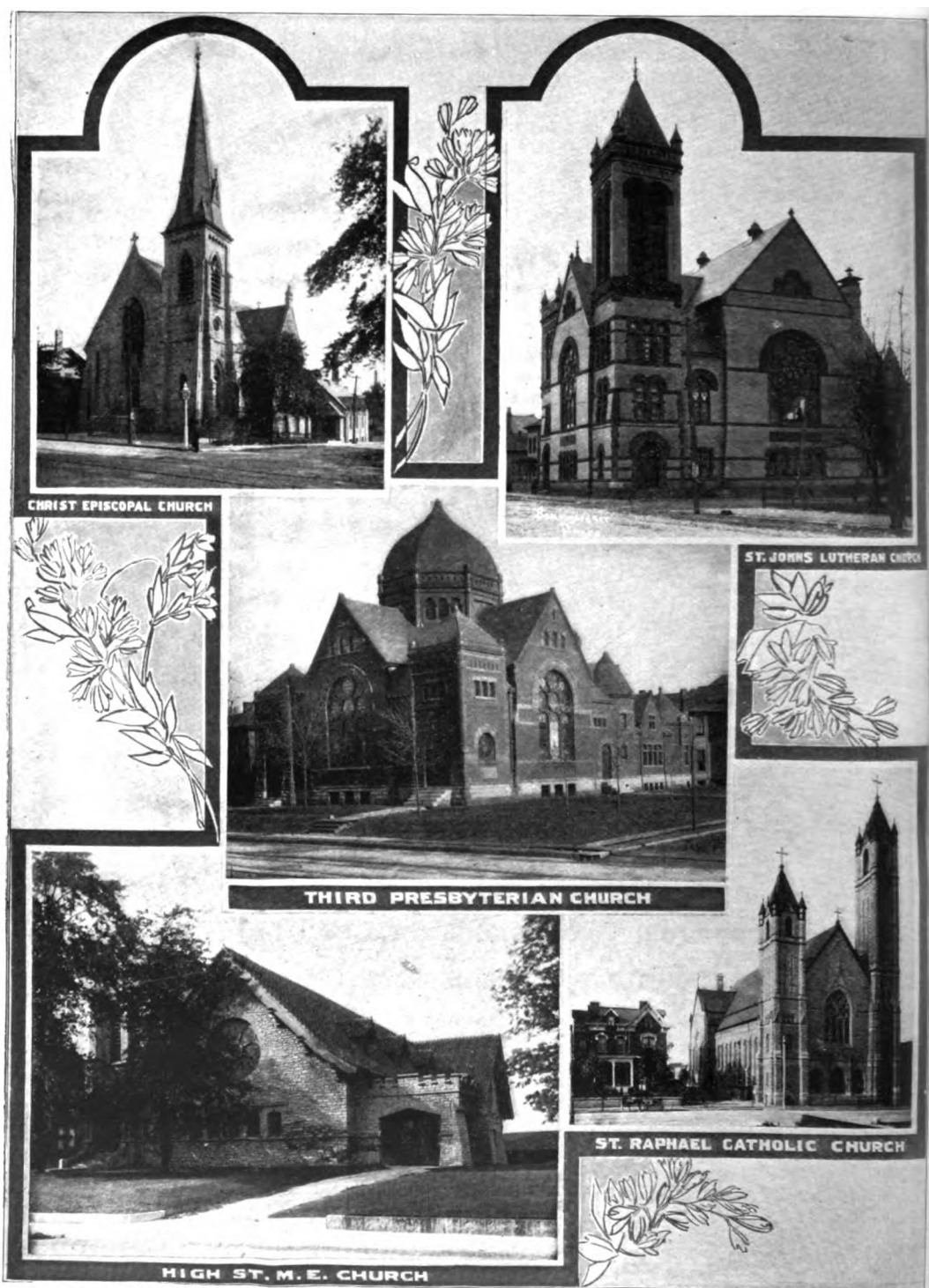
All these meetings will prove of general

public interest and the committee in charge of each will strive to combine abundant hospitality with intellectual stimulus, in order that through a wider acquaintance with the different classes of workers of this particular field, there may result a broader and more abiding popular interest in the teaching and writing of its local history. As definite results of our meeting together, we may reasonably hope for the formation of some organization that will advance the work of the history teachers of this section; and the adoption of some method of more efficient co-operation among its local historical societies. With this in view, the associated organizations of Cincinnati invite the hearty co-operation of all who are interested in the Conference, even if beyond the uncertain limits of the "Central Ohio Valley," for we desire our effort to be a permanent contribution to the development of historical work in the Middle West.



The  
City of Springfield  
and  
Clark County  
Ohio

Illustrations from Photographs for The Ohio Magazine  
by Howard Fry, Baumgardner Studio



TYPICAL CHURCHES OF SPRINGFIELD.

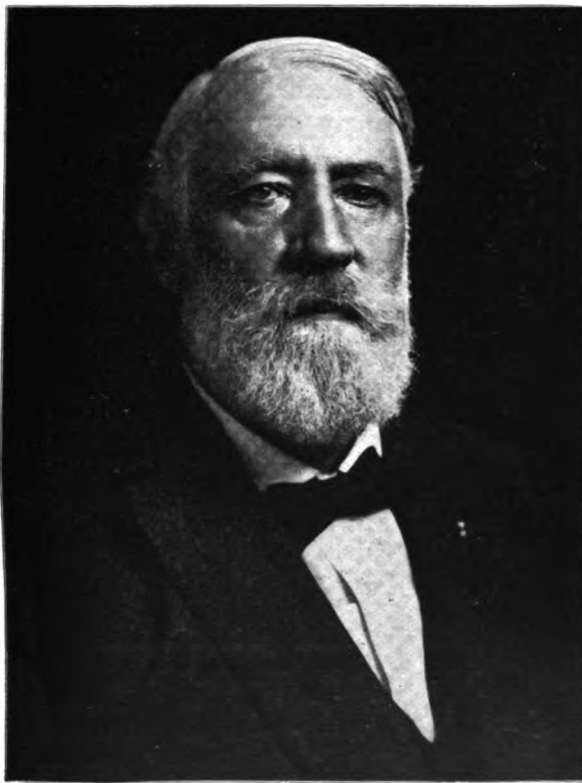
# Springfield and Clark County, Ohio, Historically Considered

By Hon. J. Warren Keifer, M. C.,  
Former Speaker of the National House of Representatives



TO write a history of a city in Ohio involves, in a large sense, the corresponding history of many other prosperous cities of this great State, all of which are, in the light of the age and the growth of important municipalities in

tlements in America for more than one hundred years after its discovery (1492) by Columbus, and then almost two more centuries elapsed before any movement westward across the Allegheny Mountains gave any real promise of successful settlement by civilized people.



J. WARREN KEIFER.

earlier times in other countries, yet quite young.

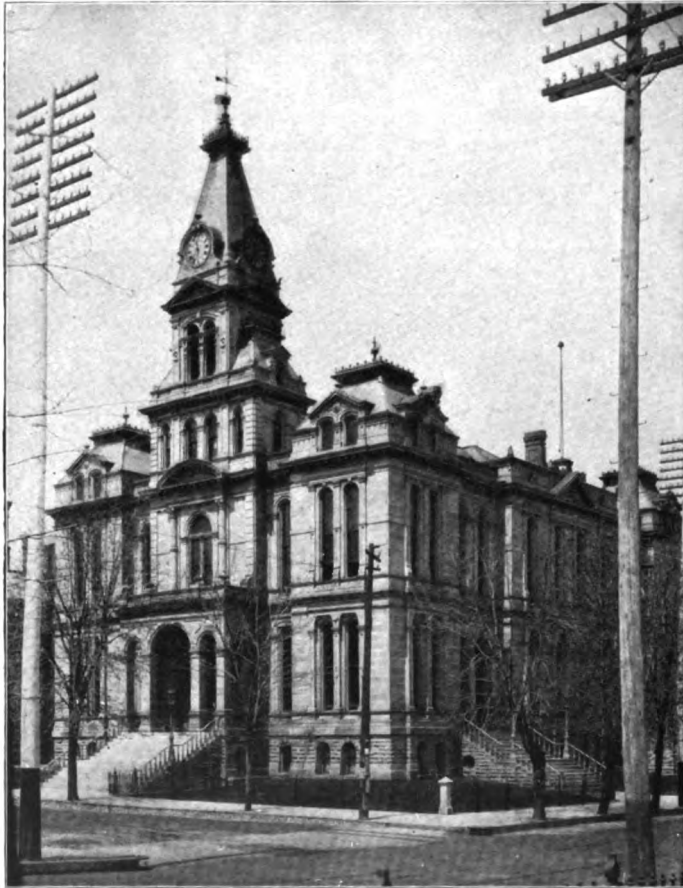
There were no substantial English set-

The Ohio country was an unbroken wilderness when (1776) the Declaration of Independence was signed. Our Com-

missioners at the Treaty of Paris (1783) were urged to accept the Ohio River as our northwestern boundary. The Mississippi was agreed upon. A prescient wisdom led one of the three great Commissioners (Jay) to say:

"Extensive wildernesses, now scarcely known or explored, remain yet to be cultivated; and vast lakes and rivers, whose

particular states. Jefferson failed in 1784 by one vote in the Continental Congress to have an ordinance passed that would have excluded slavery from all the territories of the United States, including such as had been, or should thereafter be, ceded by the States to the United States, but on the cession (1784) by Virginia of the territory northwest of the Ohio River — in



CLARK COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

waters have for ages rolled in silence to the ocean, are yet to hear the din of industry, become subservient to commerce and boast delightful villas, gilded spires and spacious cities rising on their banks."

How sublimely prophetic!

Close after this treaty came agitation on the question of the extension of slavery into our territories, then held or claimed by

area (260,000 square miles) larger than the present German Empire and now embraced in the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin — the Continental Congress passed the Ordinance of 1787 for its future government. The Ordinance, besides dedicating, by its sixth article, this whole region to eternal freedom, incorporated principles of govern-



LAGONDA CLUB HOUSE.

ment of the most benign character and of fundamental wisdom, such as could not be surpassed, and many of which were, a little later (September 17, 1787), embodied in the Constitution of the United States, there to endure, it is to be hoped, forever.

This Northwest Territory was then an untamed wilderness, with its possibilities little known and barely dreamed of save by a few bold adventurers. It was then uninhabited, save by savage Indians and a few trappers and traders at small unprogressive French towns.

The Ordinance was at first regarded as a huge joke by many inhabitants of the Eastern States, and it was jeered at in foreign countries as an instrument for the government of a people in a region where there were no people to be governed. A few frontier forts or garrisons had been established, originally more to keep back barbarism and the raids of marauding savages than to protect or to provide for the advance of civilization through pioneer white settlers. The few traders who had

penetrated into the interior and had come in contact with the savages had done worse than nothing towards preparing the country for civilization—they had carried with them and taught the Indians the worst practices (omitting the good) of a civilized people, such as the use of strong drink and its incident evils, and still worse, they inspired them with a murderous hatred of the American people.

Indian wars were almost perennial, and, save upon the eastern borders of the territory and in some parts along Lake Erie and the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the settlers were constantly in danger of Indian raids until after the War of 1812 with England, and after its close (1815) some portions of the territory continued to be subject to them.

In such a crucible Ohio became, first (1800) a separate territory, then (March 1st, 1803) into full statehood—the first born state of the Ordinance of 1787. It was, by that Ordinance, consecrated to eternal freedom, and to free schools. and

to free religious thought. Jury trial was fundamental, under the great Ordinance and the Constitutions of Ohio and the United States. The Ordinance had, through the wisdom of the Continental Congress, other cardinal, political and governmental inhibitions and guaranties, to secure the liberty and happiness of the people and the greatness of a state.

The inhabitants were, from the first, largely made up of emigrants from the New England and Middle States, from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina,



NEW CLARK COUNTY BUILDING.

and from the then new State of Kentucky, and, while the slaveholder with his slaves did not come to Ohio, from the slave states came many of her best citizens. They fled from the institution of slavery to a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and savage men to escape its blasting influence. General Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts, with a colony composed mainly of officers and soldiers of the Revolution, made an early (1788) settlement at Marietta, and other colonies, of both puritan and cavalier stock, immigrated to the Ohio country when it was still a territory, and, later, when it had become a state in the Union. There was also a Huegenot-French settlement (1790) at Gallipolis, and there soon came settlements at other places in Ohio, and English, Irish and Germans came in bands, or separately. Many tongues were spoken in different parts.

The Christian religion, Protestant and

Catholic, was brought along, all denominations being represented. The heterogeneous character and diverse nationalities of Ohio's early inhabitants did not retard her progress, nor lead to serious dissensions. All were imbued with a spirit of liberty and loyalty, and understood the seriousness of planting successful settlements, and establishing a civilization in a new region where the white man and the Christian religion had never before had a foothold, and where human slavery could not exist. The problem was not to evolve a new or higher civilization from existing conditions in an inhabited region but to take into a new region people of different nationalities (if not races), habits, tongues, religions, practices and conditions (if not laws) and blend them into a harmonious domestic relation and into a concrete civilization as then understood and developed, first exterminating or driving out of the country the savage tribes. The task involved transuniting the apparently irreconcilable new inhabitants who came from divers states, countries and climes, into Americans, capable of material and moral progress and of the greatest domestic happiness. That all this was attained in the most consummate degree, the result abundantly proves.

A word as to the character of the early emigrants. Many of the early settlers from the original states were uneducated in a scholastic way — could not read or write. In these primitive times, other traits and capabilities and environments taken into account, their want of education was not wholly a misfortune or a drawback to substantial progress. These settlers were endowed with patriotism and love of liberty; they understood and maintained their individual rights, and admitted their liabilities as citizens, and they conceded the same rights to, and insisted on the same liabilities of, their neighbors; they knew what justice between man and man was, and they possessed courage enough to demand it for themselves and to accord it to others, and this qualified them for jurors and for the discharge of other duties as free citizens; they were, in general, industrious and hardy, capable of long endurance in felling the forests and in reclaiming the virgin lands and adapting its fertile soil to culti-

vation; they were good hunters, and fighters when occasion required, and they brought up their children to possess the same qualities, educating them at the same time. And they were generally religious and supporters of churches. It is still a too common error to suppose that the early Ohio (or western) pioneers were generally a wild, rough, uncouth lot of people, given to desperate deeds. There were few such among them and they did not count in the upbuilding of Ohio, or other of the western states.

Ohio does not appear in the first census (1790) and by the census of 1800 her population was only 45,365, while fifty years later it was 1,980,329, and one hundred years later it had risen to 4,157,545, and in that century many of her most enterprising inhabitants had moved to other states and territories there to swell their population. Ohio was apparently destined to be mainly an agricultural state, yet later, after the discovery of vast beds of coal and iron ore, natural oil and gas, and the utilization of her abundant forests, it also became a great manufacturing state, which naturally led to the growth of cities and the centralizing of her people therein, though not to a decline of the State in agricultural products. There has been, in general, from 1870 to the present time, a decrease in the country resident population. Improved implements of husbandry through inventions has largely supplied the place of the farm laborer.

Ohio's central location in the temperate zone and between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, leaving her the highway to and from the farther great West; her great forests and fertile soil; numerous springs; many interior water courses available in pioneer times for transportation of crops and goods, and for power; her abundant minerals and other raw material; her climatic conditions, consisting of extremes of heat and cold, productive of both physical energy and mental development, and her other natural conditions and surroundings, all combined to insure to that early settlement, the complete success and marvelous growth that the sequel shows.

Perhaps the most significant of all the many things that early tended to make Ohio great was the fact that she was the

first State formed from United States territory, ordained in advance to be, from the beginning, free from human slavery. This was not true as to either Indiana, Illinois or Michigan, though each was formed out of the Northwest Territory, to which the Ordinance of 1787 applied. The census of 1800 showed slaves in all the then sixteen States of the Union save in Massachusetts and Vermont, total, 697,879 slaves.

What is now Clark County was a part of Greene County until 1800, while Ohio was yet a territory, and then, in part, of Champaign (Urbana, the county seat) until (1817) its formation. It will be referred to here as though it had always existed.

Clarke County's waters all flow southward to the Ohio River. Mad River has as its tributaries, Lagonda (Buck) Creek, Donnel's and Honey Creeks and other smaller streams, and it flows through Clark, then Greene and Montgomery Counties into the Big Miami River at Dayton; and the North Fork of the Little Miami River and Massie's and Beaver Creeks flow southward into the Little Miami River, thence to the Ohio River. These rivers were never navigable, though in early times Mad River was used below New Boston — an aspiring town (now extinct) located thereon about six miles westward of Springfield near the original Piqua Indian village — was used for transporting grain, flour, whisky, etc., on flatboats to market at Dayton, Cincinnati, and as far as New Orleans.

The forests of the county were extensive and the trees large; poplar, oak, ash, walnut, wild cherry, maple, sycamore, buckeye and many other species and varieties were abundant. The beech grew in great profusion north and west of Mad River, not south or east of it. So of the poplar.

Limestone of two or more kinds are found in most parts of the country, and in great strata around and westward of Springfield along Mad River. This furnished excellent building stone, and lime of superior quality. It has not been exhausted and it is now extensively used and shipped to distant parts. Gravel and sand exist in quantities throughout the county.



the former suitable to make good roads, the latter for plastering, etc. No coal is found in the county, nor gas, or oil, in paying quantities. Perennial springs abound in most parts of the county, especially along the base of the highlands bordering the valley of the rivers and creeks. The crab apple, paw paw, haw, persimmon, plum, grape (fall and winter), hazel nut, blackberry, raspberry and elderberry grew in a wild state in abundance in many localities in the county and were often used as food; and the hickory, black and white walnut (butternut), beech, and oak in numerous varieties, bore nuts or acorns, commonly eaten, and on which hogs grew and often fattened; and the wild cherry was edible, but was used chiefly to make cherry bounce.

Springfield was given its name (said to have been suggested by Mrs. Simon Kenton) because of the numerous springs on and near its location. A portion of the eastern and southeastern parts of Clark County was a timberless plain or prairie prior to its settlement by white men. Game in the forests and on the prairies, and fish in the limpid streams were abundant; and both were much used for food and had considerable to do with attracting the romantic pioneer, with gun, dog and fishing tackle.

In the heart of such a region and with such conditions and attractions, but where the Indians' paths were still fresh and the ashes of their village camp-fires were still to be seen and while their war-whoop had not yet ceased in the nearby forests and along the streams, and also while massacres of the daring settlers were still frequent, the first seeds of Springfield were planted, and this before Ohio became a State.

James Demint, a pioneer from Kentucky, in 1799, built a plain unhewn log house on the north side of Lagonda Creek, well within the limits of the now City of Springfield. This was the first building for the habitation of the white man on the site of the future city. A very few other settlers had then come within the bounds of the county, and had made some slight improvements. David Lowry and Jonathan Donnell were already located upon the rich lands of Mad River a few miles west of Demint, and John Humphreys a few miles

north of him. Griffith Foos and a few others soon arrived and became his neighbors. These were the right sort of men for first pioneers. They ceased to rove or look further for a home. Their lives were spent here, and the name and blood-kin of Lowry, Donnell, Humphreys and Foos still appear in living descendants in and near Springfield. Simon Kenton, from his Kentucky home, (who had even then had a long life of Indian warfare on the frontier), also settled near the site of the future city. (He was engaged in such warfare continuously for forty-five years [1770-1815] — a period seldom, if ever, exceeded).

Others came to this region about the year 1800. Whittier sang:

"I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

In March, 1801, Dermin, with the aid of John Daugherty, a surveyor, made a plat of the original Springfield, covering ground from the creek south (about four squares) to what is now High Street and bounded on the east by a line about half a square east of what is now Spring Street, extending west (about three squares) to now Fisher Street, including a public square.

Griffith Foos, in June, 1801, erected on the town site the first house, and opened a tavern, that early and necessary incident to a newly settled region, in and about which the settlers and traveller assembled, and wherein news, and spirits sometimes were freely dispensed.

New Boston, on Mad River, laid out November 17, 1809, became its rival, and when Clark County was organized (1817) came near being selected as the county seat.

Springfield as a frontier village prospered, though slowly, until it became a county seat, when a new impetus was given it. A court-house, jail and other public buildings of a rude character were then erected on the public square, stores were opened, flour mills and stillhouses and saw mills were built, also paper and woolen mills, the waters of Lagonda Creek and Mill Run supplying the power as did Mad River for other parts of Clark County. Its

then chief drawback was its remoteness from a market for its products of soil and factory, and for the purchase of necessary supplies, there being no water transportation, and the wagon ways were few and much of the year impassable for teams.

Churches were organized and schools were opened, and the minister of the gospel and the schoolmaster came.

Though the Indian Treaty of 1795, negotiated by General Anthony Wayne at Greenville after the Battle of Fallen Timbers (1794) on the Maumee, provided for the withdrawal of the Indians from the Miami and Mad River Country, they continued to roam over it and to commit occasional murders and depredations. As late as 1807 a Council of Indians and whites was held at Springfield to fix the responsibility for the murder by the Indians, near there, of one Myers. The most renowned Indian Chief Tecumseh, (whose birth place (about 1708) was at the Shawnee Indian Village, (Piqua) on Mad River, west of Springfield), attended and participated (making speeches) in the deliberations. Indian hostility continued until the close of the War of 1812 with England. Meantime Tecumseh (1811) and a triplet brother, the Prophet, came near arranging a plan for a general federation of all the western and southern Indian tribes by which the frontier settlements of Ohio, and others, were to be destroyed and the settlers murdered.

But dangers, real and threatened, and hardships and privations, however severe, did not deter the westward movement of the white men. He came singly, and in families. The women of the pioneers seem to have shown an equal spirit with the men, and the same willingness to invade the new country and brave the dangers and endure the privations incident to its occupancy.

The growth of Springfield was slow, and in 1820 it had scarcely five hundred inhabitants. Its growth was, however, a wholesome one. It never had a "boom," as modernly understood, and yet there was no period when it ceased to grow steadily. Its real estate never sold at extravagant or speculative prices either for business or residence purposes. It was on the line of the National (Cumberland) Road to which place it was completed by the Government

about 1840. (This road was never completed farther west by the United States). Other graveled roads or turnpikes were built about the same time, and still others later, until the whole country enjoys good roads.

While the Big Miami River at Dayton was always claimed to be navigable for keel and flat boats of sufficient size to move commerce, it was not until (1829) the Miami and Erie Canal was built, that trade to and from Springfield was principally by way of Dayton.

But soon the Little Miami Railroad (now of the Pennsylvania System) was constructed and opened (August 11th, 1846) to Springfield from Cincinnati and soon after this the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad (now Sandusky Division of the Big Four) to Lake Erie was in operation, and then followed other steam railway lines in other directions. The C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. (Big Four) has five lines centering in Springfield. Interurban electric traction lines have come. Six of these radiate from Springfield as spokes from the hub of a wheel — to Dayton, to Troy, to Urbana, to London and Columbus, to Xenia and to South Charleston, each extending, or soon to be extended, to more distant cities. Springfield also has an excellent system of street car lines. And the automobile is bounding over the streets and roads of the city and county, though yet not much used save for pleasure riding, and not yet (like the bicycle) past the stage when its rapid rush does not excite profanity with the profane, and something akin to profanity in others who are put in jeopardy.

It is not my mission to speak of the marvelous business growth of Springfield through her manufacturing industries. Others will portray this growth better than I could. From Springfield go many manufactured articles, such as agricultural machinery, etc., around the world. Some things are made and supplied from there which are hardly obtainable at any other place. Double-turbine water-wheels, made in Springfield, utilize the waters of Niagara to generate electricity, for use as power and lighting. These wheels are found around the world. This city is the main center for the invention and manufacture of gas

engines, now rapidly coming into general use. Machine tools are made in Springfield for sale and use in Germany and in other foreign countries. Mexico and the South American Republic buy much machinery from Springfield manufactories. Lately on a visit to the Hawaiian Islands I saw the familiar Springfield-Kelly road roller at work on the streets of Honolulu, Hilo, and at other places. They are in Porto Rico, Cuba, Mexico, South America and the Philippines, and in Asia, aiding civilization by the construction of good roads.

In this city is located a chief branch (Champion) of the International Harvester Company; and here are the head-quarter offices of The American Seeding Machine Company, the most extensive builders of grain seeding implements in the world. Here the Thomas Manufacturing Company make hay rakes and tedders and other farm tools in large numbers for the home and foreign markets. From these and other establishments go to distant states, territories and countries many varied articles. In not mentioning other extensive manufacturing, I have already become liable to the charge of being invidious. Even the makers here of coffins and grave-vaults of improved patterns and of new inventions may complain. So of the automobile builder, present and prospective; and the piano plate makers might say, "Why not call attention to the fact that above sixty per centum of the piano plates used by piano builders in the United States are made in Springfield?"

It was in recent years demonstrated that the value, per capita, of articles manufactured in Springfield exceeded any other place in the United States, or probably in the world.

Springfield is a city of churches, all denominations being represented.

The natural scenery at and around Springfield has been preserved. Through the wisdom and generosity of John and David L. Snyder, a large and beautiful public park has been laid out and made most picturesque, located on Lagonda Creek to the northwest of the city. Besides donating the land for this park they endowed it liberally.

Close by this park will be found Fern-cliff Cemetery, with its cliff-rock border along its principal avenue of approach, and with its unsurpassed natural beauty of hill and forest. It defies comparison with the most beautiful of cemeteries. A large and beautiful public fountain (donated by a generous citizen, Oliver S. Kelly) is located on Fountain Square.

A large and beautiful county fair ground is located within the city limits. The hotels of the city have always been reasonably adequate to satisfy the public.

I cannot here, for want of space, describe Springfield's building structures. Suffice it to say the city has kept pace with her sister cities of like population in the size and beauty of its buildings. It has its large department and other store buildings, wherein business is done on an extensive scale. It is famous for its beautiful and excellent and healthfully located residences for all classes of citizens. The city is level in principal part, yet hills and ridges abound in and around it. It has excellent and commodious public offices, and a large market house and market place near its center. Its Saturday evening market is celebrated, and is being imitated. The sky-scraper is in sight. Come to stay.

The county court-house and other public buildings are on a liberal scale and not without beauty, and are located on the original public square. The government postoffice building is located on East High Street, and is an imposing structure of good proportions. In the year of its occupancy (1890) the gross and net receipts were, respectively, \$73,694.04 and \$44,317.88, and in 1907, only seventeen years later, they were \$212,253.11 and \$150,274.94, about treble. Congress, to provide for this phenomenal increase of business, recently appropriated \$30,000.00 for an annex to the Federal building.

The Warder Public Library, excellent in all its appointments, is centrally located, and under city management. It was donated to the city by Benjamin H. Warder, one of Springfield's most successful and enterprising citizens.

The Young Mens' Christian Association has a comparatively new and modern building, located in the heart of the city, and the Association is in a flourishing state.

An Associated Charities (incorporated) has been maintained in the city since 1885, partly by private donations. It has a superintendent, keeps an office open the year around and in a business way cares for all the resident poor, and street begging is almost unknown.

There is a new, large, well-equipped and organized hospital in complete operation, under city government, but richly endowed for the benefit of the poor by John and David L. Snyder. There are numerous charitable institutions, such as an Old Ladies' Home, etc., etc., successfully maintained, chiefly through the zeal of excellent ladies who devote much time and money to them.

The State Masonic, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias Homes are located on delightful heights adjoining Springfield on the west and north. Each has handsome edifices, well adapted to its purpose, and is liberally maintained.

Springfield has five national banks, a Savings Society, two or more building and loan associations and a trust company, all conservatively conducted. It never had a bank failure.

Besides up-to-date public school buildings and schools, also private schools, at Springfield is located Wittenberg College, an old and justly famed Lutheran academic and theological institution with a full complement of professors. It is well patronized by young men and women from all parts. Charles G. Heckert, L. L. D., is its President.

There is a well organized Clark County Historical Society located in the city with a museum containing a rare collection of Indian and other relics and various things pertaining to the early history of the county and its inhabitants. Professor B. F. Prince is its President. The city has an unusual number of literary clubs for men and women. The Lagonda Club has a creditable building, suitable for its uses.

It was my intention to speak of the personnel of Springfield, but I dare not venture far in this article. Springfield's citizens have been most enterprising and capable in all directions. Inventive genius seemed to center in them. This is the home of William N. Whitely (still living) called the Reaper King. He is

famed around the world for his numerous patented inventions, chiefly relating to harvesting machinery. Others, too, have become celebrated for valuable inventions. James Leffel, the patentee of the double-turbine water-wheel, is an instance.

From early in Springfield's history her professional men have been celebrated as ministers, physicians and lawyers. Her bench and bar are justly celebrated. Samson Mason, William A. Rogers and Charles Anthony are among the earliest of these celebrities. Mason served eight years in Congress; Anthony served long in the General Assembly of Ohio, was a Speaker of its House, and was a district attorney of the United States; Rogers was a common pleas judge; each of them conducted an extensive law practice for many years, and was prominent in politics.

Samuel Shellabarger (born in Mad River Township, Clark County) an eminent lawyer and statesman, spent much of his life in Springfield, later in Washington, D. C.; he served four terms in Congress, during and after the Civil War, and became justly celebrated for bringing into requisition in statesmanship, in the perilous war and reconstruction times, his great legal eruption. So said President Lincoln, and others. He was also minister to Portugal and member of the Civil Service commission.

William White, born (1821) in England, came to America an absolute orphan, in the hold of a ship, at about twelve years of age; and was for a time a homeless, friendless waif, in a strange land; then a cabinet apprentice boy at sixteen to a hard master; then an office boy and clerk in the Springfield postoffice; then a school teacher for a short period while a law student; then an attorney at law in successful practice; then prosecuting attorney of Clark County; then, after further practice, on the common pleas bench (1857-1864); then on the Supreme Court bench of Ohio (1864-1883) to his death, March 12, 1883, and at his death had been appointed, confirmed and commissioned United States District Judge of the Southern District of Ohio. Such a career in spite of such conditions has hardly a parallel. Only in a Republic like ours could such success, based alone upon merit,

under such circumstances be attained. Others justly distinguished in the professions could be named.

Asa S. Bushnell was a successful business man in Springfield. He was a captain in the Civil War, twice (1896-1900) governor of Ohio, discharging the high duties of the office, especially in a business way, most creditably. He gave, during his life, large sums to the Young Men's Christian Association, Masonic Home, etc.

On the theatre of war Clark County and Springfield were well represented. Revolutionary soldiers were prominent among the early settlers, and their graves are found in Clark County cemeteries. Both county and city furnished soldiers in the second war with England (1812-1815) who fought under Generals Anthony Wayne and Wm. Henry Harrison, and under others, against both the English and Indians. The county and city furnished their proper quota, both volunteer and regular, to all Indian wars, and for the Mexican War, both in the Army and Navy. Captain Simon H. Drum, of Springfield,

fell just within Belen Gate of the City of Mexico while commanding, in its capture, a regular battery. A large per centum of Clark County's able bodied men of proper age enlisted (about 2550) in the Civil War, and many of them, as officers and privates, fell on the field of battle. The list of even the most distinguished of these is too long to be given here. In the Spanish War the county and city were abreast in patriotism and in furnishing soldiers with other parts of the Union. Springfield furnished two officers who reached the rank of Rear Admiral in the U. S. Navy, Reed Worden, and Joseph N. Miller (still living).

The population of Springfield in 1840 was 2,094, in 1880 it was 20,730, in 1890 it was 31,895, and in 1900 it was 38,353, and by all the usual tests its population is now at least 50,000, and its growth is healthy and continuous. While it cannot boast of the great number of its inhabitants, it is proud of their enterprising character and the number and stability of its institutions and the zeal displayed in maintaining them.



ENTRANCE TO FERNCLIFF CEMETERY.

# INDUSTRIAL SPRINGFIELD

By Hon. W. S. Thomas



EVERY city that lays any claim to being a good business center or a profitable manufacturing place, must have sufficient shipping facilities. In this respect the city of Springfield, Ohio, is very fortunate.

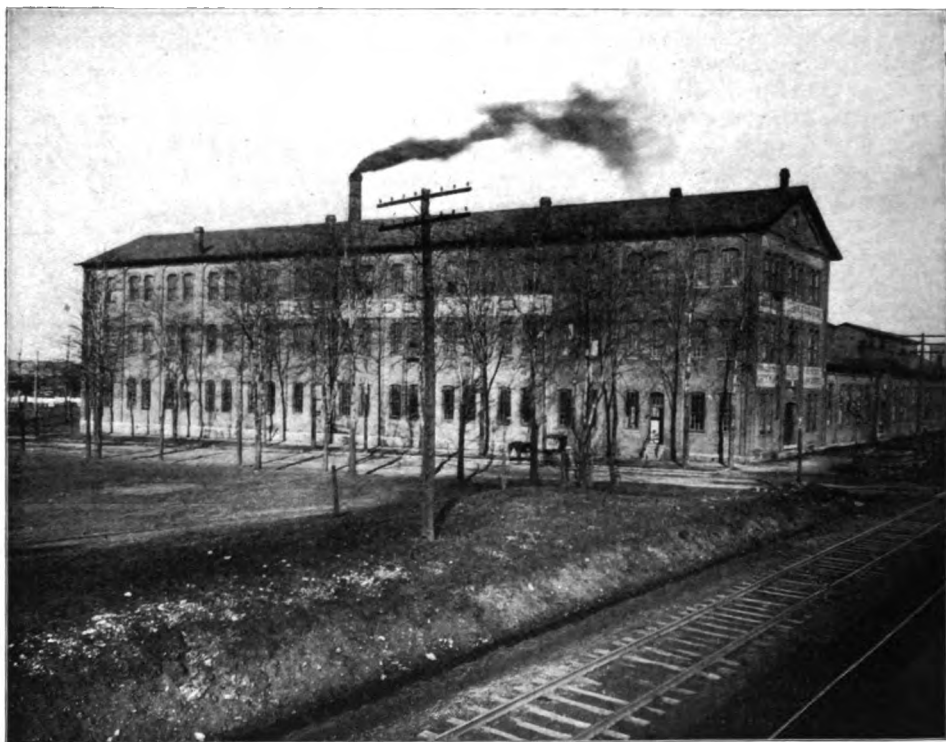
alone has five divisions running out of the city:

1st:—The main line, running east to Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo and the East; 2nd:—a line running north to Tiffin and Sandusky, with good boat connections at the latter place; 3rd:—a line



WILLIAM S. THOMAS.

First, as to freight facilities. The city is one of the main centers of the Big Four, (New York Central System) and this road running to Kenton, Carey, Toledo and Detroit, with direct connections for all Michigan points; 4th:—a line run-



PLANT OF MAST, FOOS &amp; COMPANY.

ning to Troy, Newcastle, Indianapolis, Peoria and St. Louis and all Western points; 5th:—a main line south, to Dayton and Cincinnati, with connections for Southern points.

So that on the Big Four alone, Springfield has excellent shipping facilities in all directions. But we have still other lines. The Pennsylvania or Pan Handle runs into Springfield from Xenia, and this gives us direct connection with the entire Pennsylvania system, running in all directions; making a second line in all directions out of this city for freight. The Erie system touches the Western border of Springfield, giving us a third line East, South and West. The D. T. & I. R. R. runs from Springfield to Southern Ohio, Jackson, Wellston and the coal fields, and North to Lima, Toledo and Detroit, giving us an excellent Northern and Southern system, and in connection with the railroads which it crosses gives a fourth shipping line in all directions. So that, as regards steam

railroads, Springfield has four roads in direct competition, so far as facilities for shipping are concerned.

Springfield is also very fortunate in having quite an extensive system of Interurban lines, which furnish abundant facilities for passenger traffic, and is also getting to be quite a factor in freight traffic. So far as these lines run they afford quicker transit on small shipments than the steam roads do. They are as follows: First, south to Dayton, with connections there for Cincinnati and other places; second, west to Troy, Piqua, and Lima; third, north to Urbana and Bellefontaine; fourth, east to London and Columbus, with connections at all places in all directions; fifth, to South Charleston, and a line projecting on to Washington C. H. and Chillicothe; sixth, to Yellow Springs, Xenia and Dayton.

#### EXPRESS FACILITIES.

Springfield also has all the main express companies, as follows: American, Adams,

United States, Wells Fargo, National and Pacific. These furnish express facilities in all directions all over the earth.

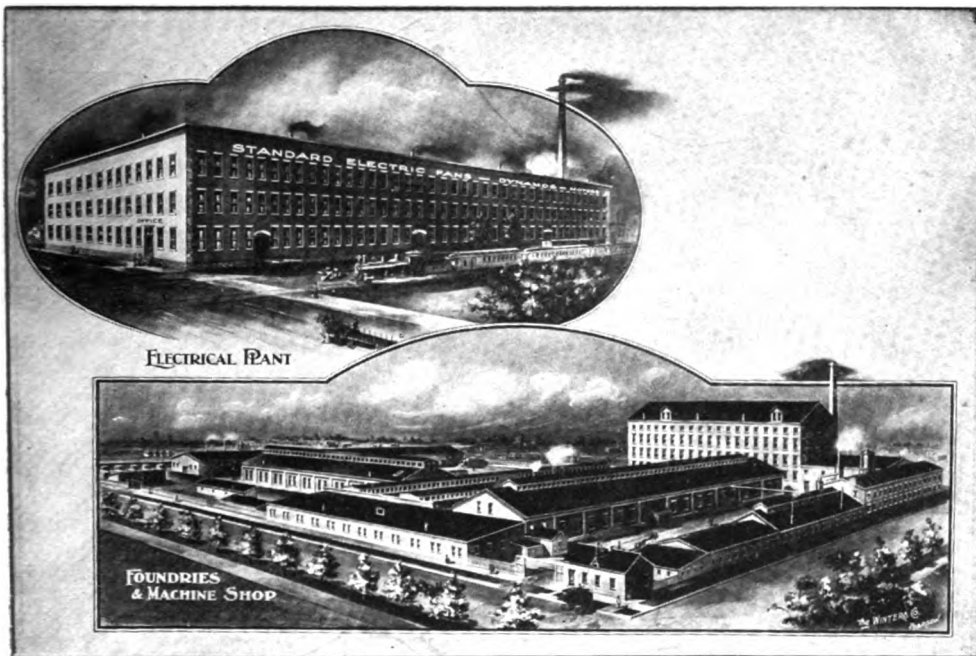
All these above described shipping facilities are really needed in the city of Springfield, for its freight traffic is very heavy. It is estimated that each year the railroads bring into Springfield 25,000 car loads of raw material and that they are shipping out of the city 20,000 cars of finished product each year.

Besides these large freight shipments, the express business done out of Spring-

employees in these establishments number 11,355.

#### A CENTURY OF SUCCESS.

Manufacturing began with the town. At the first census in 1820 we had flour, lumber, woolen, cotton and powder mills, and in 1827 a large paper mill. In 1830 the Bretney Tannery was started and is still in operation by the same family. These varied interests gave the town a decidedly manufacturing character, which it has always retained.



PLANT OF THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY.

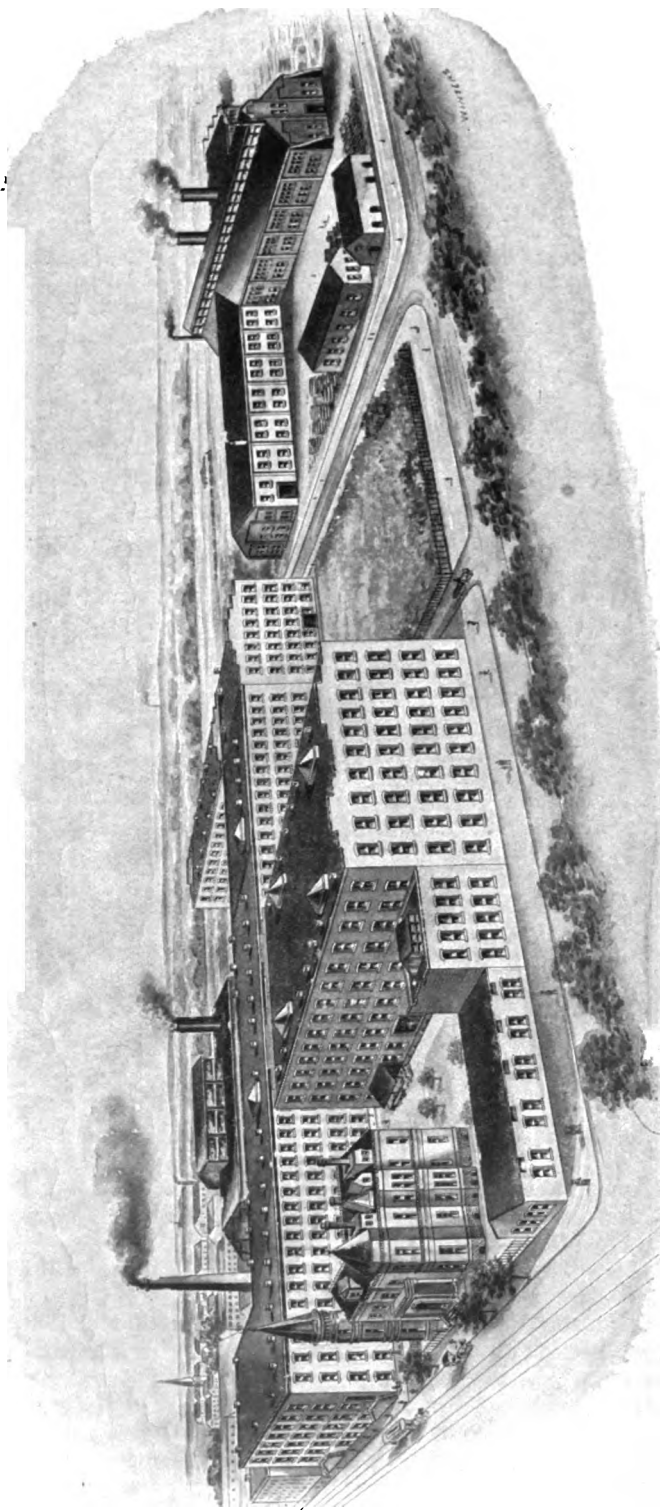
field is enormous, as all the factories have large shipments of repairs, printed matter and small parts by express; and, besides, the florists and publishers of the city are large shippers of express matter. Thus Springfield is one of the most important cities in the United States for freight, express and mail matter.

The present population of the city is about 45,000. There are 169 factories, representing a combined capital of \$15,000,000, with manufactured products valued at \$20,000,000 per annum. The

The agricultural implement business, which first made Springfield famous throughout the land, was begun by William Whiteley, who, in 1840, began building plows.

The years 1850 and 1856 marked a great epoch in the agricultural implement interest here, for during those years Warder & Brokaw (1850) began making reaping machines; Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly began making reapers and mowers, and Thomas & Mast (1856) began building grain drills; and these interests, with their





PLANT OF THE THOMAS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

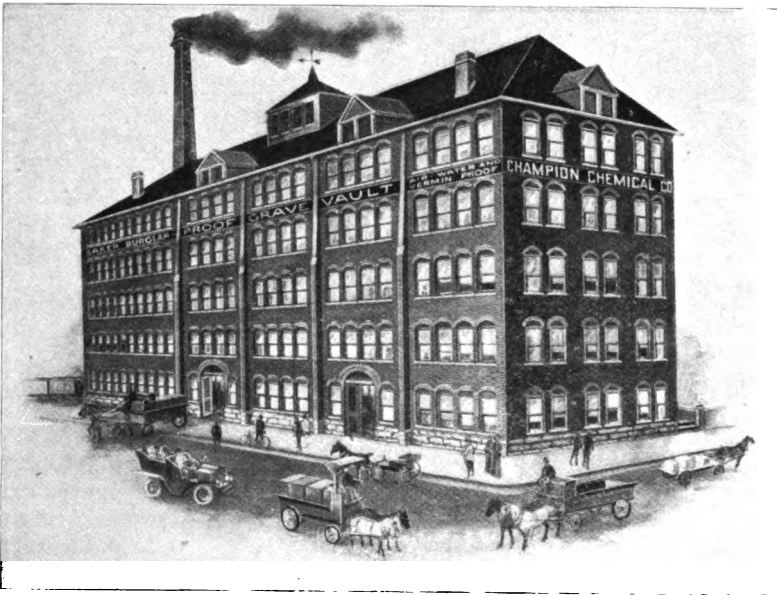
successors and outgrowths, formed the extensive industries known today as the Champion Division of the International Harvester Co., P. P. Mast & Co., Mast, Foos & Co., The Superior Drill Company and The Thomas Manufacturing Co. These factories, with other implement shops of the Whiteley, Kelly, Ross, Funk and Foos companies, comprise our agricultural implement group of eleven factories as follows:

Buckeye Feed Mill Co., Champion Division of the International Harvester Co., D. D. Funk, P. P. Mast & Co., O. S.

castings, machine and shop tools, emery wheels, steel wheels and nails. This group contains thirteen factories as follows:

Nolte Brass Company, Springfield Brass Co., Corrugated Steel Nail Co., Fairbanks Company, Owen Machine Tool Co., Springfield Machine Tool Co., Springfield Malleable Iron Co., Safety Emery Wheel Company, Bettendorff Metal Wheel Co., Western Mfg. Co., Webster & Perks Co., Robbins & Myers Co., Hoppes Mfg. Co.

These factories employ 1,750 men and fifty women, use \$2,100,000 capital, and their annual output is valued at \$3,000,000.



PLANT OF THE CHAMPION CHEMICAL COMPANY.

Kelly Co., Foos Mfg. Co., Superior Division of the American Seeding Machine Co., Mast, Foos & Co., Thomas Mfg. Co., Whiteley Co-operative Co., E. W. Ross Co.

The foregoing factories employ 4,200 men and 200 women, using a capital of about \$6,000,000, and with an annual product of about \$8,000,000.

Our other manufacturing industries I have placed in eight groups, the figures for which are as follows:

#### MACHINERY, MATERIAL AND SUPPLIES.

The thirteen factories in this group produce grey iron, malleable iron and brass

#### GAS AND STEAM ENGINE GROUP.

Steam engines portable, threshing and stationary, have been built here for many years, and engines of some kind are now made by seven different factories; and one of these (James Leffel & Co.) began business in 1862, on water wheels, and afterward added steam engines. This group comprises seven factories, as follows:

Miller Improved Gas Engine Company, James Leffel & Co., Foos Gas Engine Company, Springfield Gas Engine Company, Superior Gas Engine Company, Trump

Mnfg. Company, Gearless Gas Engine Company.

They employ 650 men, using \$900,000 capital, with an annual product of \$1,300,000.

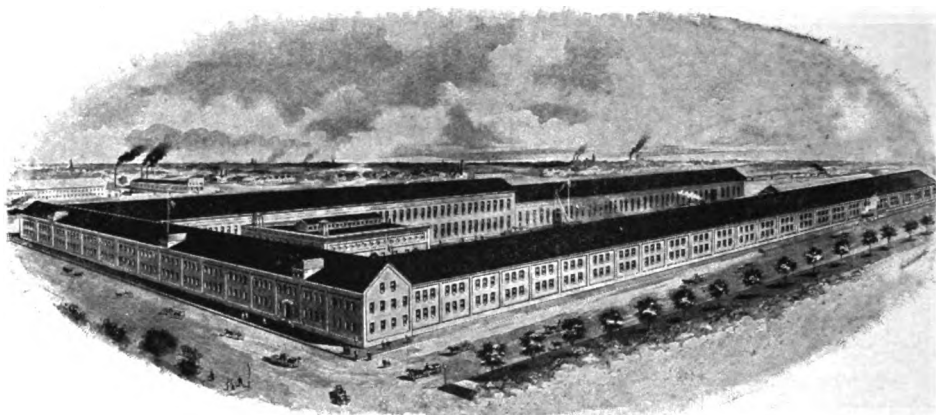
#### IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTS.

The twenty-four factories in this group make furnaces, stoves, iron work, bridges, iron fences, fire escapes, boiler cleaners, railroad frogs, switches, etc., clothes wringers, trucks, undertakers' hardware, electrical specialties, sheet metal work, plumbers' supplies, boilers, roller-bearing axles, wire bale ties, saddlery, hardware,

capital, and their annual product is \$1,400,000.

#### MANUFACTURING PUBLISHERS.

All business being so dependent upon some kind of advertising, it is quite natural to find here a group of enterprising publishers, printers, lithographers, engravers, binders, etc., who are issuing three daily, five weekly, two farm papers, (one of these — *Farm and Fireside* — has probably the largest circulation of any farm paper in this country), besides printed books and circulars by the million, to be sent all over the world, and every piece of which makes



PLANT OF THE FOOS GAS ENGINE COMPANY.

etc. There are now twenty-four factories in this group as follows:

American Grain Meter Co., Bayonet Trolley Harp Co., D. L. Casey Machine Co., Consolidated Novelty Mnfg. Co., Geo. G. Rogers, Springfield Heating & Ventilating Co., F. N. Sterling Novelty Co., Peet & Schuster Co., Electrical Construction Supply Co., R. W. Dixon Co., Progress Furnace & Stove Co., Indianapolis Frog & Switch Co., Lagonda Mnfg. Co., Wm. Bayley Co., Hennessy Foundry Co., American Radiator Co., Shawyer Co., W. C. Downey Co., L. Patric Furnace Co., Wickham & Chapman Co., W. F. Baurath & Bro., Thos. Roberts, The Gray Iron Casting Co., National Motor Co.

They employ 900 men, using \$800,000

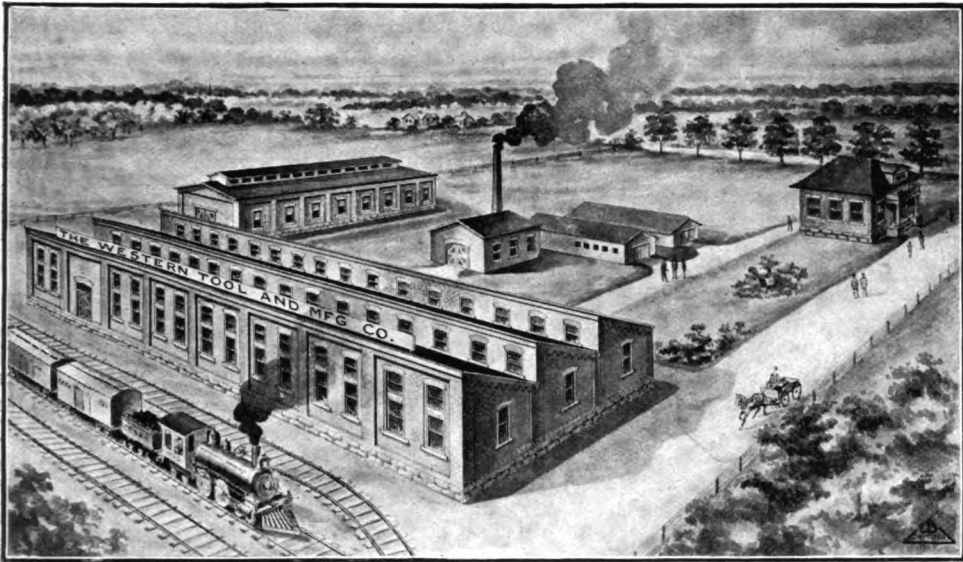
Springfield known to someone. This group contains fourteen houses as follows:

The Winters Co., Springfield Publishing Co., The Transcript Co., Springfield Bindery, E. L. Barrett & Sons, Barrett Bros., Crowell Co., Sun Publishing Co., Springfield Engraving Co., T. E. Harwood & Co., Gazette Company, Poultry Success Co., Simmons Publishing Co., Thomas Stationery Co.

These establishments employ 450 men and 350 women, using \$650,000 capital, and with \$1,000,000 annual product.

#### MANUFACTURING FLORISTS.

There are twelve of these houses in Springfield with a growing trade throughout the country; one of them alone is sell-



PLANT OF THE WESTERN TOOL AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

ing two and one-half millions of rose plants each year. The twelve firms in this trade are as follows:

Highland Floral Co., McGregor Bros. Co., Geo. H. Mellen Co., Goode & Reese Co., A. R. Aldrich, C. L. Reese, T. A. McBeth, J. L. Maxwell, Jno. A. Doyle & Co., Schmidt & Botley, Leedle Floral Co., Springfield Floral Co.

They employ 300 men and seventy-five women, using a capital of \$250,000, and their annual sales amount to \$500,000.

#### MEDICINE, CHEMICAL AND COFFIN COMPANIES.

This group comprises four medicine companies, one embalming fluid company and two coffin factories, making seven industries in all, as follows:

Springfield Metallic Casket Company, Springfield Coffin & Casket Co., Champion Chemical Company, Herb Medicine Company, Scientific Remedy Company, Higgins Drug Co., The Myers Co.

They employ 400 men and seventy-five women, using a capital of \$600,000, and their annual product is \$1,000,000.

#### GENERAL FACTORIES.

Springfield also has nine large factories, each one a specialty of its own. They

consist of one gas plant, two electric light plants, one rubber factory, one rubber tire plant, two breweries, one road roller company and one automobile factory. The product of each is well indicated by its name, as follows:

Home Brewing Co., Springfield Breweries Co., Springfield Gas Co., The People's Light, Heat & Power Co., The Victor Rubber Co., Springfield Rubber Tire Co., The Home, Light, Heat & Power Co., The Kelly Springfield Road Roller Co., The Oscar Lear Automobile Co.

They employ 600 men, use a capital of \$1,800,000; and their annual product and receipts are about \$1,500,000.

#### MISCELLANEOUS FACTORIES.

In order not to make this paper too long, I must not go into further classifications, but put all the remainder of Springfield manufacturing industries under this head. There are seventy-two of them, as follows:

A. Stelzer, Allbright-Lamp Co., Beckley & Myers Ice Co., Bryant & Moore Co., Central Brass & Fixture Co., Compton Mfg. Co., Cottage Bakery, W. D. Follrath & Co., Hendrickson & Pettigrew, The National Biscuit Co., Champion Saratoga

Chip Co., J. Redmond & Son, H. M. Balentine, Lagonda Box Co., The Greene Mfg. Co., Springfield Planing Mill Co., Houck Brick Co., Mills Bros., Springfield Mattress Co., J. W. Parmenter, H. V. Bretney & Co., Finch Shoe Co., H. Fehl, Buckeye Incubator Co., Fay Mfg. Co., W. T. Parker Mfg. Co., The Mentals, Springfield Coal & Ice Co., Garnier Bros., Snyder Bros., Ansted & Burk Co., Springfield Tent & Awning Co., Mark A. Smith, Moores Lime Co., Clark Paper Box Co., A. Grube & Son, The Reama Silver Plate Co., A. Kahrman & Son, Grube Bros., Home City Planing Mill Co., Jno. W. Jenkins, Kennard Mfg. Co., McCulloch

300 women, use a capital of \$1,400,000, and their present product amounts to \$2,100,000, annually growing larger.

Now, what were the chief causes of this successful outcome of very small beginnings? Many other causes contributed to Springfield's present position in the manufacturing world, but I believe these six are the main ones: First, honest and competent men; second, co-operation; third, making the best goods; fourth, push and plenty of it; fifth, freedom from labor troubles; sixth, liberal banks.

While the papers are full of news about conflicts between labor and capital in many of our cities and manufacturing centers,



PLANT OF THE FOOS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Co., E. M. Miller, Standard Trimmer Co., Ohio Garment Co., Reed Mfg. Co., The Ridgeley Trimmer Co., Select Telephone Mfg. Co., The Sterling Mfg. Co., Springfield Baking Co., Springfield Pure Milk Co., W. Z. Long, Kuqua & Sons, M. C. Russell Cement Co., E. Davenport, Wadsworth Engraving Co., Twentieth Century Novelty Co., Jno. W. Collins, Henkie Mfg. Co., C. B. Hutchins, C. F. Jackson Stove Co., King Top Mfg. Co., C. M. Long Cement Co., H. H. Moores Co., Edward Nelson, Pauly Bros, Rat Biscuit Co., A. M. Rawlins Lumber Co.,

These factories employ 1,000 men and R. D. Tittle Pattern Co., Henry Voll, Thomas Wall & Son.

in Springfield you seldom hear those two words spoken at all. As commonly used, these words represent two distinct, opposing and conflicting interests, but here we do not recognize any such antagonism. Both the employers and employees are on the most pleasant terms with each other and are more like one big family than anything else.

Our largest employers and richest men have grown up from very modest beginnings, and their employees have grown up with them, until today a large number of our present manufacturers began as workmen themselves and by economy, industry, and push have now factories of their own, and, year by year, such men are doing a

large share in starting other industries and adding to the variety and quality of goods made in Springfield.

In looking back over the last fifty years, which embraces the greatest part of our manufacturing activity, I do not know of

terest it is highly necessary to have the principal well secured.

Springfield has five national banks as follows: Mad River National Bank, First National Bank, Lagonda National Bank, and the Springfield National Bank, with



PLANT OF THE E. W. ROSS COMPANY.

more than two cases of any special trouble between the men who work in the shops and the managers who work (and worry) in the offices. This freedom from labor troubles in the past has greatly assisted in the building up of our manufacturing plants, while the existence of such troubles in other places have ruined many towns.

#### FINANCIAL SPRINGFIELD.

There are very few factories which do not need, at certain seasons, extra money, over and above their capital and surplus. Right here the banks come in and are expected to supply this money, for the short or long periods required.

That sounds like an easy thing to do, as banks are supposed always to have money. In times of plenty money, the banks readily respond to requests for loans, but in hard times, when money is scarce and hard to get and collections almost impossible to make, then it is that manufacturers need and appreciate moneyed institutions like the Springfield banks; and I do not believe any town has banks as liberally conducted, or more free from hard-hearted and arbitrary methods, or more anxious to accomodate customers; while at the same time their affairs are run on safe and conservative lines, as we must always remember that in loaning money at low rates of in-

total capital, surplus and deposits of \$5,000,000.

We have two savings banks, the Springfield Savings Bank and American Trust and Savings Bank, with total capital, surplus and deposit of \$3,000,000. There are also three building and loan associations with assets of \$2,000,000. The total available money in Springfield financial institutions is therefore \$10,000,000. These institutions afford every facility for borrowers—a short or long time—with personal, collateral or mortgage security,



BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY.

for large or small amounts. The result is that it is seldom necessary for any of our industries to go outside of Springfield for

money. Our financial conditions and record is probably not surpassed by any American city of our size.

#### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Looking back over the hundred years now closing, we cannot say that a paradise of business conditions has ever existed in Springfield, and that no failures have ever occurred. Still, when we take out of the list those who retired from business on account of old age, death, removals and changes of conditions, we can almost count on the fingers the factories that have actually failed here. The percentage of success is about ninety-eight per cent., and of failures two per cent. This is a most remarkable record, almost approaching an ideal condition, and ought to be a potent argument with those seeking new locations or desiring to engage in the manufacturing business. Surely no luckier place can be found than Springfield, in which to "make

things," and there is no place where enterprise will receive more real encouragement and cordial co-operation in any kind of legitimate manufacturing business.

Finally, to drive home the argument in favor of Industrial Springfield, I may cite these potent facts:

Springfield makes more agricultural implements than any other city in the world, excepting only Chicago.

Springfield has twenty acres under roof in green houses, and one of these is the largest rose grower in the world.

Springfield produces more manufactured goods in proportion to its population than any other city in America.

Springfield manufactures seventy-five per cent. of all the piano plates used in the United States and Canada.

Springfield mails more second class matter than any city in Ohio, except only Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Springfield is one of the largest producers of gas and gasoline engines.



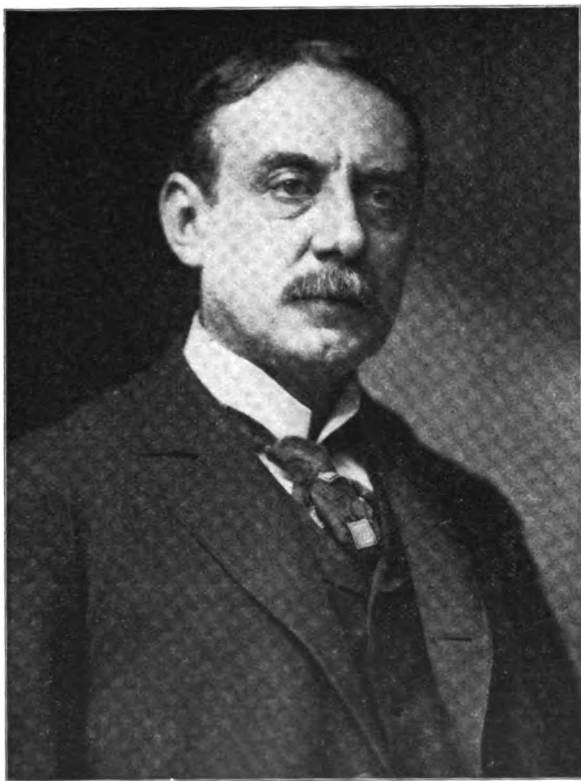
# Springfield as a City of Homes and Health

By Charles S. Kay



WHEN we speak of the homes and health of a city, we have to do with two of its most essential attributes. Without comfortable homes its flourishing industries would mean but little to the people of a community, and without

upon the top of the Mitchell Block, the Bushnell Building, the New Fairbanks Building, or in the dome of Old Wittenberg, and cast his vision over the landscape, he would be convinced that Springfield is a city "beautiful for situation." The surrounding country is sufficiently



CHARLES S. KAY.

health its wealth would yield its inhabitants but small satisfaction.

If an observer should take his station

varied in character and undulating in outline to afford an attractive setting for the picturesque grouping of buildings. This



is apparent as the beholder approaches the city from any quarter.

The old town of Springfield was established near the banks of Lagonda Creek, and that aboriginal stream still divides the present city into two somewhat unequal parts. Thence growth extended, as the area of habitation increased, until it now reaches out to the upper levels of the country in all directions.

A pivotal point in the city's topography is found in the symmetrical bronze fountain

sanitary way, and at moderate prices. This square is also the meeting place for the various interurban lines centering in the city.

Along the ridge marked by High Street lie many of the finest homes in Springfield, and dotted throughout the city, at frequent intervals, are handsome churches and well-built school-houses of modern as well as of older architecture.

On, or not far from this ridge, are the Crowell, Bushnell, Mast, Foos and other



OHIO MASONIC HOME.

on Fountain Square, which was the gift of the late Oliver S. Kelly, one of Springfield's successful pioneer manufacturers.

On this square fronts the handsome City Building, containing the municipal offices and the city market. The latter is crowded with buyers and sellers of fruits, vegetables and table supplies of all kinds on the tri-weekly market days. Probably nowhere in the country can there be found a more generously maintained market of this sort. where food is displayed in an inviting and

conspicuous homes. The City Building, the Government Post Office Building, the Warder Library, St. Raphael's Catholic Church, the High Street Methodist Church, and Christ Church, Episcopal, with several Lutheran, Presbyterian, and other denominational edifices, nearly fifty in number, are distinctly in view, and these with the handsome Y. M. C. A. Building, testify to the municipal enterprise and religious activity of the community.

To the northward over the boundary

formed by the sinuous Lagonda Creek, there have arisen during the past few years large groups of modern and beautiful homes, whose red tile roofs peep out cheer-



RESIDENCE OF J. A. JAMES.

fully from amid the parklike and luxuriant foliage of that region.

The southern portion of the City, extending out through "The Highlands," approached by Limestone Street and Fountain Avenue, is also furnished with a complement of comfortable homes of high average character and appearance. "Sleepy Hollow," one of the oldest residential districts of the city, possesses some fine homes, in addition to the Court House, the New County Building and the Civil War monument.

Innumerable homes of modest proportions are found in all parts of the city, built and owned by the workers in our industrial establishments. In these family life is as dear and home comforts as precious as in the more elaborate and conspicuous residences.

Limestone is obtained from near-by quarries, excellent grades of brick are made in the local plants, and every facility is afforded in Springfield for erecting homes cheaply and expeditiously.

Springfield enjoys a peculiar celebrity, however, for a notable class of homes in addition to the private dwelling-places of her citizens. The significant and impressive fraternal homes, which occupy commanding positions on the outskirts of

the city, form a feature which cannot be over-estimated.

These beneficent institutions have caused Springfield to be widely known as "The Home City," and they are a source of well-grounded affection and pride to her people. Many members of the bodies supporting these homes make annual visits to them, and this unites the city to the various portions of the State in a very effective way.

The Ohio Masonic Home is a superb stone structure, and, after the manner of a castle or protecting fortress, stands to the westward of the city, on an elevation that overlooks a vast expanse of country. It forms a conspicuous landmark by day and when illuminated at night resembles a veritable city massed up in the darkness.

In interior appointments and in all that goes to make life comfortable, the Masonic Home is complete in every detail and in its administration bears no resemblance to the conventional "charity" institution. There are about two hundred residents, comprising aged men and women, and many intelligent children who are the wards of the Masonic bodies of the State.

The elderly occupants here quietly live out their declining years, and the young are educated and prepared for the duties and responsibilities of life. A hospital build-



RESIDENCE OF JOHN FOOS.

ing and a school-house are included in the equipment of this institution. An estate of 154 acres is attached to the Masonic Home, and the work of beautifying these

grounds is constantly going on. Nearly \$40,000 is annually expended for maintenance. An initial donation of \$10,000 towards purchasing the site for the Masonic Home, by the late Ex-Governor Asa S. Bushnell, made its location in Springfield possible.

To the northward of the city is situated the Ohio Pythian Home, beautiful in architectural proportions and conducted with liberality and discretion. This Home has a site of about eighty-four acres and is devoted entirely to the training of the needy and orphan children of members of the Pythian order. Commencing in 1894 with a site costing about \$25,000, there is

required for its maintenance. On the same plateau, north of the city and farther eastward, lies the Ohio Odd Fellows' Home, caring for sixty-five elderly men and women and 146 boys and girls, who are the fortunate beneficiaries of this splendid institution.

Of consistent architectural arrangement and interior appointment, the Ohio I. O. O. F. Home marks a high stage in the development of fraternal oversight for the aged and dependent. This Home is maintained for the comfort of aged Odd Fellows, their wives or widows, and for the education and training of the children of deceased Odd Fellows. It has apparently



ARCH ENTRANCE OF SNYDER PARK.

now nearly \$300,000 invested in this great philanthropic enterprise. It is free from encumbrance and is maintained on a per capita contribution of from forty to sixty cents made by the Knights of Pythias of Ohio. The last report mentions 212 children as enjoying the watchcare of this Home. Careful attention is given to the health, comfort and morals of the children by the Home management, and the city of Springfield has erected a fine school building adjacent to the Pythian Home, where the children receive superior educational training. There is no brighter star in the diadem of Ohio Pythianism than this generously sustained and admirably conducted Home. About \$40,000 a year is

solved the difficult problem of properly caring for the aged and the children together in one institution. The Odd Fellows' Home has a modest endowment, but is mainly supported by a per capita tax on the lodge members throughout the State. It expends over \$30,000 a year in maintenance. Great care is taken to follow the destiny of the children after they graduate from the Home. With commendable judgment the Grand Lodge of Ohio Odd Fellows' makes a generous contribution each year to the Third Presbyterian Church of Springfield, situated near the Home, and in which the members of the Home enjoy sympathetic religious companionship.

The Oesterlen Orphans' Home, under



IN SNYDER PARK.

the auspices of the Evangelical Lutheran Church General Synod, cares for twenty-two children in its newly established building north of the city.

The Clark County Childrens' Home, also north of the city, is maintained from public funds and forms a kindly retreat for the care and education of destitute and orphan children.

The Clark Memorial Home is devoted to the care of elderly ladies whose family life has been broken up by death or misfortune. It is liberally sustained by voluntary contributions.

The Clark County Infirmary is located on a beautiful farm at the northern edge of the city. It is approached by a roadway shaded by magnificent maple trees and is in every way an admirably conducted institution.

A temporary home for the sick and a healing retreat for the injured, is found in the splendid City Hospital, located on a conspicuous elevation in the eastern part of the city. This finely equipped institu-

tion possesses a full corps of competent physicians and nurses and has a newly built, commodious home for the nurses, separate from the main edifice. This hospital was the subject of large original donations by Ross Mitchell and John H. Thomas, and of later bequests by one of the Snyder brothers.

In Ferncliff Cemetery, the beautiful resting place of the dead, the citizens of Springfield have a lovely depository for the mortuary remains of their departed. Long before the city had any parks, the visitor was shown the unrivalled landscapes at "Ferncliff." Here amid beetling cliffs and primeval forest trees, rolling hills and shaded pathways, and marked by massive memorials and graceful shafts, peacefully rest the bodies of those who have joined the "silent majority."

Closely related to the homes and health of a city are its facilities for rest and recreation. In these Springfield is remarkably favored. Snyder Park, the splendid gift of John and David L. Snyder, deceased,



RESIDENCE OF J. S. CROWELL.



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES ROBBINS.



THE BUSHNELL RESIDENCE.



THE MAST RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR WORTHINGTON.

comprises 233 acres of enchanting woodland, spacious meadows, purling streams and sylvan retreats. Hither daily in the summer time, and especially on Sundays



RECITATION HALL — WITTENBERG UNIVERSITY.

and holidays, the people of all classes repair to enjoy the natural and developed attractions of the park. In the winter there are riding, sleighing and skating. Entering the park by the majestic stone archway, erected in memory of the Snyder brothers, the visitor comes upon shaded driveways, over bridges and viaducts and past rock-based fountains, to where are lawns, shelter-houses, fine boating facilities, a good speedway and stretches of primitive woodland.

While much has been already accomplished toward developing the landscape possibilities of Snyder Park, this work has been barely entered upon. With a liberal endowment by the donors, and through the discriminating efforts of the Park Board, the beauties of the place are augmenting each year. It is already a superlative outdoor resort for the jaded citizen, the casual stroller or the student of nature.

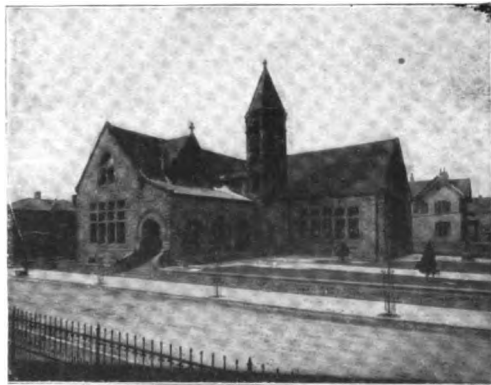
Spring Grove Park, owned and con-

trolled by the Springfield Railway Company, possesses varied attractions for the people of the city during the heated term. Tecumseh Park, Medway, and the Neff Grounds, at Yellow Springs, are readily accessible by traction cars.

Intermingled with the home life of a community is its educational and literary life. Springfield is proud of historic Wittenberg College, whose alumni have filled some of the most influential stations in the land. Situated on magnificent grounds, fully equipped and liberally endowed, this honored institution bids fair to outstrip even its past notable record. Successively to the old college buildings, have been added new ones, including the New Recitation Hall, the Zimmerman Library, Hamma Divinity Hall and the Carnegie Science Building, until the institution has an educational plant of manifest importance. A Young Ladies' Seminary, with twenty public schools and five parish schools of unusual excellence, all form, with the college, a just claim to eminence as an educational center.

The Warder Free Public Library, given to Springfield by the late Benjamin H. Warder, with its well-filled book-shelves and its commodious reading room, forms an architectural feature and is an educational stimulus to the city's life.

Also intimately related to the intellectual growth of the city are its influential literary



WARDER PUBLIC LIBRARY.

clubs. The Mens' Literary Club, founded by the late Samuel A. Bowman, and now in its fifteenth year, comprises in its mem-



THE SPRINGFIELD COUNTRY CLUB.

bership forty of the leading professional and business men of Springfield. The Young Mens' Literary Club, the Woman's Club, and numerous other similar organizations flourish.

Of social clubs Springfield has a goodly supply. The "Lagonda" is a prominent men's club, enjoying the facilities of its own beautiful club-house. The Country Club possesses a unique club-house, surrounded by well laid out grounds, with fine golf-links and far-reaching porch views. The Commercial Club looks after the business interests of the city, and the Masonic, Elks and other fraternal clubs furnish ample social opportunities for their members.

The homes of a community are largely influenced by the character and tone of its newspapers. In this respect Springfield is particularly fortunate.

The *Sun*, edited by Fred S. Wallace, is

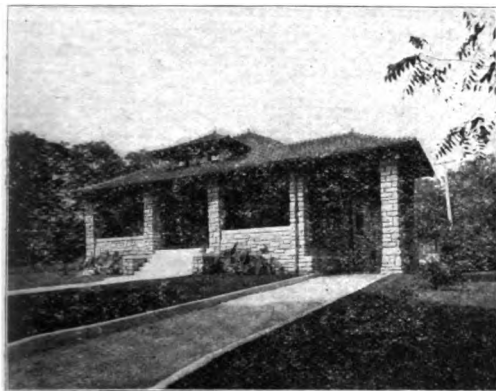
the only morning paper in the city, and is independent of party influence, giving its support to the best in municipal affairs by whomsoever advocated. Its typography is compact and conservative, without sensa-



CITY HOSPITAL.

tionalism in headlines or contents. It goes into nearly every home in Springfield.

The *Daily News*, edited by Howard Bratton, would do credit to a city four



THE TORRENCE RESIDENCE.

times the size of Springfield. It is alert and enterprising, and covers the wide field of general news as well as local interests. Its editorials are equal to those found in any metropolitan journal. It is independently Democratic, and is taken by citizens irrespective of political connections.

The *Springfield Gazette*, owned and directed by Major T. J. Kirkpatrick, is the only Republican newspaper in the city, and is the oldest published uninterruptedly under one name. It is a clean, reliable and public spirited journal, devoted to the highest aims in general and community life.

The *Springfield Journal and Adler*, edited by Louis Weixelbaum, is an ably conducted tri-weekly publication, devoted to the interests of a large German constituency, and is an authority amongst that valuable element.

Upon the subject of the health of Springfield, Dr. Isaac Kay, for considerably more than half a century an active medicine practitioner in the city and at this time its oldest resident physician, says:

"The geological formation on which Springfield is built, its facilities for good drainage and its exceptionally fine water supply, all make its health conditions far above the average. Added to these peculiarly favored natural advantages, the

health and sanitary affairs have always received specific attention from the city authorities.

From 1850 to 1884 its sanitary affairs were under the supervision of the city physician, with the direction of a Board of Health through which the city physician held his appointment. During this period the principal items of public service were those pertaining to vaccination, and other prophylactic measures for the protection of the general health. In the Spring of 1884 these duties were assumed by a special committee of the city council, at which time a more complete and effective organization of the sanitary system of the city was established. Under these newly organized forces, there were handled, during the first four years, many smallpox cases, with no fatal results, and the health officers alone have vaccinated upwards of a thousand school children and others that fell under their official care. No epidemic has visited Springfield for many years."

The health officer appointed to inaugurate a complete and effective system of sanitary regulation for the public good was the late Dr. H. H. Seys, upon whom were imposed a number of new duties, such as registering and publishing all births and deaths, together with a more regular and systematic inspection of street sanitary conditions and food supplies.

The organization of the Health Depart-



"HAZELWOOD," RESIDENCE OF JOHN KINNANE.

ment of Springfield, as it was finally perfected and as it now stands on a firm basis, was largely effected by Dr. Seys during the year 1888. At that time he began



quarantining for contagious diseases and was instrumental in establishing a Sanitary Police Department, which has ever since been maintained. His regrettable death oc-



I. O. O. F. HOME.

curred in June, 1905, and his successor in the health office, the late Dr. John M. Buckingham, continued the same line of valuable work on general sanitation, especially in connection with the new sewer system for the city, which was started during his administration. He also carried out the rules of the State Board of Health as to reporting typhoid fever cases, with the general supervision of this disease by the Department. His work, like that of his predecessor, was of the highest efficiency and left a lasting impress for good on the health conditions of the city.

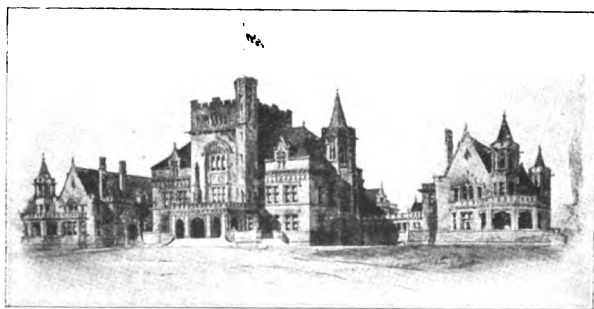
Dr. Henry Baldwin, the present incumbent, was appointed health officer in

1906 and has continued the policy of rational sanitary regulation above mentioned, thus aiding in the further establishment of the rules of the health code, including all the sanitary ordinances passed by the Board of Health in December, 1906, and resulting in an exceptionally good health record for the city.

The previous health officers had long advocated the appointment of an inspector of the city's milk supply, and in January, 1907, Mr. James K. Kershner was appointed dairy and food inspector. He has accomplished much good in securing purity in the milk supply.

In the Spring of 1907 the Board of Health decided to furnish free fumigation for all houses which had contained tuberculosis patients. This precautionary measure is calculated to check the ravages of this almost universal and much dreaded disease and is an indication to the people that the Board of Health recognizes this disease as contagious and that it should be dealt with accordingly. The Board purposes, in the interest of the general and specific health of the community, to maintain a careful surveillance wherever and whenever this disease manifests itself, by having physicians report such cases and assist the health officer in the work of checking and exterminating the contributing conditions.

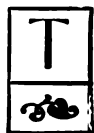
The praiseworthy enterprise of combating disease in all forms has been much facilitated in late years by the building and full equipment of the excellent hospital already described.



OHIO PYTHIAN HOME.

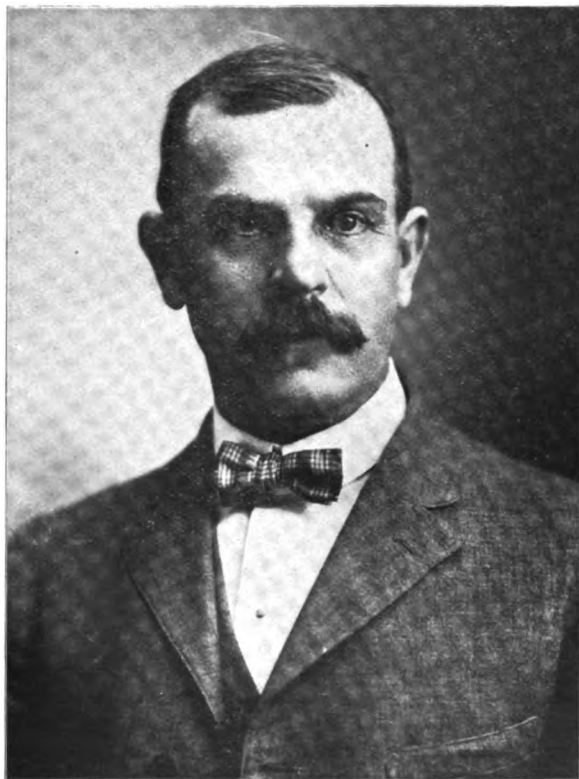
# The Mercantile Interests of Springfield

By George K. Sharpe.



HERE are one thousand distinct business firms in Springfield, such as are entitled to quotation in a mercantile agency book of ratings. Of these two hundred are distinguished as manufacturing enterprises, and the re-

All citizens and friends of a city or town should be interested in its mercantile establishments, for they constitute the part that is constantly on exhibition. The out-of-town visitor gets his impressions largely from the appearances of the business houses; citizens themselves see more of



GEORGE K. SHARPE.

maining eight hundred are designated as strictly mercantile houses. It is the interests of these latter that engage the writer's attention in this article.

these than of any other part of their own city and are stimulated to pride or filled with disaffection according to the impress made upon them. Therefore it is to the

welfare of any city that her business houses make creditable appearance.

Springfield shows up splendidly in this respect. Almost every business house in the city has been modernized. All the improved devices for beautifying and making attractive have been introduced. Street obstructions have been removed and the great glass fronts, with their handsome decorations, make a continual exposition that appeals to the passers-by. Electricity

the erection of many beautiful buildings. "Trapper's Corner" still stands as of old, but just across Main Street is now in process of completion the magnificent Fairbanks Building with ten floors and 300 feet front. It is already the home of the new American Trust and Savings Company, and the Fairbanks Theater, one of the attractive and complete places of amusement in the State. A half square to the east on Main Street is seen the



FOUNTAIN SQUARE.

is brought into play, and with all its wonderful effects the night time is made even more attractive than the day. Window dressers vie with each other in making attractive presentations of their various lines, and that their work has developed into an art is evident to those who have at all studied their achievements in Springfield.

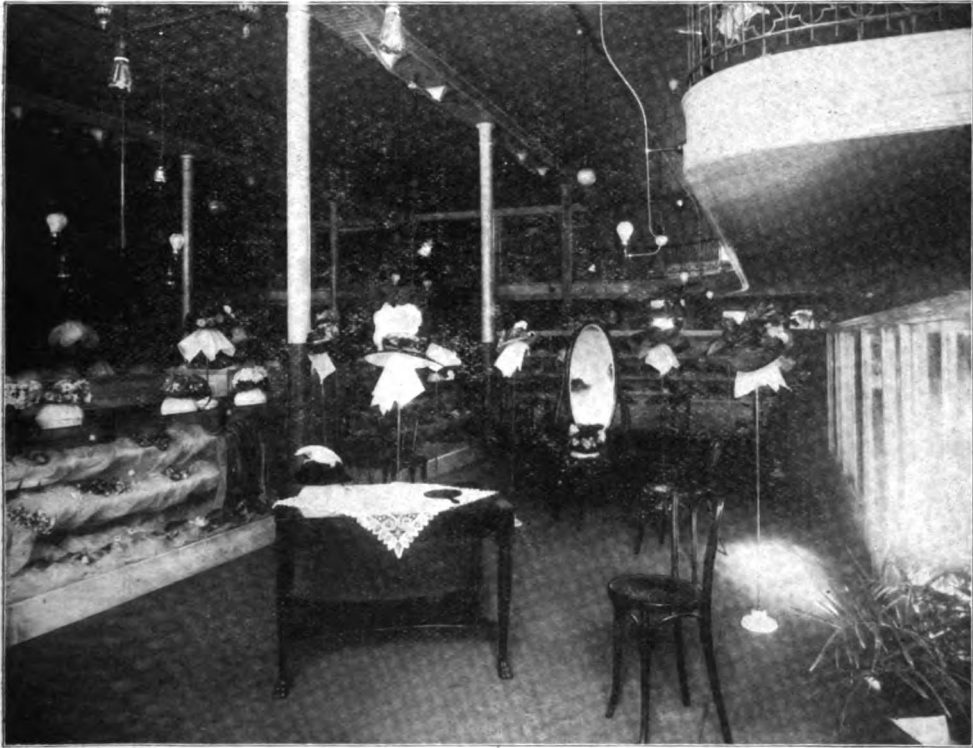
The business district of Springfield has been greatly improved in recent years by

splendid Bushnell Building, a fitting monument to the memory of General Asa S. Bushnell, who will always be remembered by Springfielders as a splendid man, whose interest in the improvement of his home city was secondary only to concern for his family.

This building is occupied by the First National Bank and the great dry goods establishment of the Kinnane Brothers Company, advertising the largest first floor

space of any house in Ohio, and certainly an establishment that has added much to the city's renown. A little farther east is the Mad River Bank Building, and on to the corner of Limestone Street we come to the new Zimmerman Building, erected by the Hon. John L. Zimmerman. Here is housed the department store of T. H. Sullivan, one of the newer establishments of the city, yet one that has demonstrated its ability to thrive in the midst of strong

ing of every sort for men. Next we come to the Phoenix Block, where W. H. Schaus, the queensware man, still presides over his establishment now left almost without a competitor. We pass the Dial Block to the south and come next to the New Book-walter Hotel Building, occupying the site of the old Lagonda House at the corner of High and Limestone Streets. This property is probably one of the most profitable in the city and stands as a record of



INTERIOR OF "THE FAMOUS" MILLINERY STORE.

competition. Diagonally across the street the beautiful Gatward Building is situated, devoted entirely to offices, except the space given to the Springfield National Bank.

The old St. James Building in this vicinity still stands, likewise the Fisher Building, where is yet to be found the good Dr. T. J. Casper with his drug store.

To the south on Limestone Street is the Commercial Block, still a fine property, and now occupied chiefly by M. M. Kaufman, with his very extensive stock of cloth-

the enterprise of Hon. John W. Book-walter, one of the most distinguished of Springfield citizens.

Across High Street, between Limestone Street and Fountain Avenue, we find a new and magnificent building, covering half the block and rising five stories above the basement. This entire building, without a partition in it, is occupied by the department store of the Edward Wren Company, one of the largest houses of its kind in the State, equipped with all modern facilities

for shopping. It is of itself sufficient evidence of the ability and energy of Springfield's mercantile enterprises.

Going west on High Street we next come to the Arcade, a splendid reminder of its enterprising founder, Hon. O. S. Kelly, recently deceased. This vast property, extending on Fountain Avenue from High and Washington Street, houses a large



CITY BUILDING AND MARKET SQUARE.

number of important business enterprises, besides furnishing quarters for the Arcade Hotel, the leading hostelry of the city. Here are found "The When," one of the most extensive clothing and men's furnishing establishments in the city. Nisley's shoe house is here located. It will be remembered by older residents as the Starkey shoe house, which, on the death of Mr. Starkey a year or two since, passed into other hands. Many other establishments are also found here, all of which are elegantly fitted up, and, as they open into the court, always adorned with growing flowers and playing fountain, provide an attractive resort, especially in the Winter season, when the entire place is heated. This property overlooks the esplanade to the west, decorated with a superb fountain, the gift of our honored citizen, Hon. O. S. Kelly.

The King Building, on Fountain Avenue, is another of the newer structures of the city that adds much to the appearance of this section. It is the home of "The Famous" Millinery establishment. This is the mammoth millinery store of Springfield, carrying always a large and varied stock of the latest fashions dear to women. It is conducted exclusively along metropolitan lines and compares favorably with the foremost millinery houses of Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Just to the north is seen The Peoples' Outfitting Company, one of the large house furnishing establishments of the city, and beyond that, Union Hall, still offering indisputable evidence of the wisdom of its founders. This building has been greatly improved within the last year by a new and extensive addition in the rear. It still furnishes quarters for the book-store and wall paper establishment of Pierce & Co., one of the oldest mercantile establishments in the city, founded by Charles H. Pierce, who is a familiar figure on our streets.

Any description of the buildings of Springfield would be incomplete without reference to the magnificent city building, reaching from Fountain Avenue to Center Street, which, besides providing a home for all city officials and several business enterprises, affords quarters for the public market. Certainly not many cities present a more attractive institution of the kind. Here is found one of the most enticing markets to be seen anywhere, and its patronage shows that it is appreciated.

It is quite probable that an exposition of the volume of business of any city would surprise many people, even among those more or less familiar with certain lines, but it is very difficult to tabulate the different lines and present a grand total. Springfield is always designated as a manufacturing city, and with her factories sending out products to the extent of twenty million dollars per annum, she is worthy of such distinction; yet the sum total of her mercantile transactions exceeds the amount of her factory output. The ordinary business house appears very small when set up alongside one of these great factories, yet from the large number of these smaller enterprises comes an

aggregate even in excess of the great factories.

The writer believes that there is a million dollars of business transacted in Springfield each week in the year, and this too, of a strictly commercial character, yet the sum includes the manufactured products. A common estimate of the volume of manufactured goods is twenty millions per annum, as above given, and this would leave thirty-two millions for the purely mercantile houses. This may seem to be a large sum, but the figures can be easily substantiated.

There are 50,000 people who should be included in the population of Springfield, and there are 75,000 more that make this city headquarters for their purchases. The traction lines that traverse almost every available section have widened our field, and the people are brought to our doors. The city's jurisdiction has been extended, and wise merchants have come to realize it. It has been said that manufacturing interests preponderate to such an extent that every man in the city is cultivating a patent, and every mind bent on some factory enterprise; but there is evidence conclusive that some have been awake whose minds were directed along other lines.

There have been some splendid mercantile successes, and just now there is being expended more energy and more enterprise along mercantile lines than ever before. That a single mercantile establishment of this city should employ more than four hundred people at one time will astonish many readers, yet such is the fact. That a five and ten cent store should do a business of two thousand dollars in one day in this city will scarcely be understood by many, yet such is the fact. There are one hundred and fifty retail grocery stores in the city. Some of these probably do a business of one thousand dollars a week and others a hundred dollars or two; yet a little figuring on an average basis will at once reveal a grand total that is surprising. There are one hundred and ten saloons in the city, notwithstanding a special tax of one thousand dollars per annum. There are two large breweries, which not only control the local market but reach far out into other parts of the State.

There are twenty-eight bakeries in the city, that seem to be prosperous. Two of these, the Springfield Baking Company, and the Cottage Bakery, are very extensive affairs, whose business is wide-spread and whose facilities are not excelled.

We have been reliably informed that a half million dollars' worth of boots and shoes are sold in Springfield each year. Since there are but a round dozen of these houses, it may be seen at once that they are in prosperous condition. Oscar Young's is now one of the old houses in this line. Rontzahn & Wright likewise rank among those who have remained longest without change. The old Siegenthaler establishment is now operated by Chas. Baldwin & Co. Dan Cohen of Cincinnati maintains a branch here, likewise the Waldorfs. Schulte is still operating on South Fountain Avenue, where is also found O'Neill. These with the Walkers and Horners and the department stores, constitute the principal dealers.

It has not been many years since quite a good deal of the furniture used in Springfield came from neighboring cities, but that is all changed now. The ten splendid concerns operating in this line have demonstrated that they cannot be outdone anywhere. C. Nagel & Son, with their large establishment, are probably the oldest, but age has only strengthened them. They grow from year to year and appear as full of energy as any of their competitors. Near them the Home Furniture Company and the firm of Rosensteel & Weber still maintain their prominent places. The Peoples Outfitting Company on Fountain Avenue has become a household name in the city. Blatner & Salzer and the Edward Wren Company, with S. M. Miller, are likewise familiar dealers in this line.

The Jewelers have not neglected their interest. Their business rooms have been expanded and beautified so as to keep them well up in the procession. C. C. Fried, a pioneer in this line, died a few months ago, but the business he founded still lives. His memory is retained in the name of the C. C. Fried Company, and the establishment has been very greatly enlarged. The elder Aron also went to his reward some

months since, and his well-known house is continued by his son. Then the business of Chase P. Hofman, operating as the Arcade Jewelry Store, has grown until his place is a gem and like the others bears every evidence of prosperity. This, too, can be said of Margileth & McFarland, whose place in the Bookwalter block is always most attractive. To these should be added Leo Braun & Son, who have gone through many years' experience and today seem to be stronger than ever.

Senator O. F. Hypes still operates his hat and men's furnishing store in the Bookwalter. His success in business has been equalled by his success in politics, and many may be heard to say that there are better things in store for him. J. S. Bethel has just opened out anew in the Fisher Block, his new store being one of the brightest and handsomest of the kind in the city. These, with eight or ten others, constitute the forces that are taking care of this line, the pioneer of all being P. E. Bancroft, whose death a few months ago placed his well-known house in the hands of his son, Robert C. Bancroft.

Thus the round could be continued, until it included all the lines that go to make up a city. There are small establishments in plenty, and most of them appear to be prospering.

Worthy of especial attention are the hardware dealers, who are second to none in enterprise. The Springfield Hardware Company, in the Zimmerman Building, the Vulcan Hardware Company, in its own building on East Main Street, and the Lion Hardware Company across the street, are all large and fine establishments. They do quite a jobbing business in connection with their regular retail lines. Then there is W. W. Diehl, pioneer in this line, now the head of the Diehl Hardware Company, and still further to the west, on Main Street, the Geo. Haucke Company, which has built up a fine business in the west end. The W. F. Tuttle Hardware Company, on Fountain Avenue, and Wood Bros. and Hugel & Heiserman, on East Main Street, complete the list.

The Springfield Coal & Ice Company and Beckley & Myers, together with Hounker & Williams, The Woliston-Wilder Company, The Lilly Coal Company, S. G.

Nisley, E. H. Wistance and John Ihrig & Sons, together with nearly twenty others, operate the coal business of the city. One is afraid even to venture an estimate of the volume of their business, but it is easily shown to be a large factor in the making up of the total volume of the city's business. Some of these lines seem to follow simply as a sequence, while others rather blaze the way. The factories here gather in from the outside entirely a large amount of money, and this is available to every merchant, forming the basis for magnificent mercantile achievement, and it is evident that the field has not been fully covered. But with first-class shipping facilities and every section of surrounding country available by steam or traction lines, enterprises are sure to multiply and the great mercantile interests of the city will increase year by year.

Sixteen concerns in Springfield are rated as wholesale establishments, and, while some of these are small, they are deserving of a place in the records and will likely grow.

The principal jobbing business is done by three wholesale grocers, one notion house, one tobacco and cigar house and the commission houses. It has been twenty-five years since Carson & Fox came from Xenia and succeeded Chas. H. Bacon in the wholesale grocery business. They continued for fourteen years with great success until 1896, when they dissolved partnership, and each became the master spirit of a new house. These are now known as James Carson & Company and The D. Q. Fox Company and both appear to have prospered splendidly. Some time before the dissolution of the old firm above referred to, Steele, Hopkins & Meredith succeeded the old jobbing grocery house of B. F. Funk & Company. They expanded into a large establishment and are now known as the Steele, Hopkins & Meredith Company. These three wholesale grocery houses are complete and a credit to the city. They have very materially broadened the field of the city's activities. The same may be said of the Springfield Paper and Merchandise Company, founded by Colonel David King, who is still its head. Of the wholesale fruit houses mention should be made of the Bowlus Fruit Company, John

**A**micon, Brothers & Company, Wm. Evans & Company, A. Rosselli & Company, and Ihrig & Company. L. W. Basart & Company are the pioneers as wholesale tobacco-nists. They have operated successfully here for many years.

There are several others in various lines who do quite a business as jobbers, notably the Springfield Confectionery Company and S. T. Forest, candy manufacturers, and then mention should be made of Leo Bretzfelder, Garnier Brothers, and Frank Auziger, all of whom have aided in building up the jobbing business of the city.

There are other lines that might find this an inviting field. Inducements are here, which are not likely to long remain neglected. The people are here, the facilities are here, the money is here, and available for legitimate enterprises, and we are confident that the not distant future will see marked additions to the jobbing business of the city. The support given by local dealers to home enterprises, and the prevalent disposition among all classes to support institutions that belong here, in themselves offer substantial aid to all mercantile efforts.

The Commercial Club of Springfield is worthy of mention here. It has among its members the leading business men of the city — merchants, manufacturers and pro-

fessional men. Its motto is "Make Springfield Flourish," and its work along that line has been of inestimable value. Men are helped by association with other men. Business men brought into contact with others are benefitted thereby, and frequently the mere association with others in the same line has resulted in smoothing out the wrinkles and changing the opinion each had of the other. This organization keeps close to its motto. It is always aiming at the best for the city, and as a consequence it is profitable for the individual members. Wholesome advice and instruction is given by competent men and every meeting made profitable by the efforts put forth to make it so. Mr. W. H. Stackhouse, the well-known manufacturer, is president of the club this year, and royally has he battled for better things for Springfield. Just now he is fighting for improvements in the railroad terminals, and success appears to be crowning his efforts. He is ably assisted by Secretary W. A. Barber, M. D., his Board of Directors and the manufacturer's Committee, of which Mr. J. B. Cartmell is the efficient chairman.

New and adequate stations for the railroads seem to be assured for the near future, and these will afford a new source of gratification, marking another step forward in the development of Greater Springfield.







PART OF THE HERD ON D. H. OLD'S ALTA JERSEY FARM.

# The Agricultural Interests of Clark County

By R. L. Holman



IN considering the agricultural interests of Clark County, Ohio, some examination of the early history of the subject should prove most interesting.

Clark County was formerly a part of several adjoining counties, the greater part of its present territory lying in Champaign County; but by act of the legislature December 15, 1817, it was constituted a county by itself. It is twenty-nine miles long from east to west and about seventeen miles broad, containing 412 square miles. There are ten townships—Pike, German, Pleasant, Moorefield, Springfield, Harmony, Bethel, Mad River, Greene and Madison. The farm area of the county is 275,787 acres. The tax valuation is \$8,877,428. There is now under cultivation about 193,000 acres. The tax valuation in 1817 was two dollars per acre, while the last assessment, some nine or ten years ago, was thirty-seven dollars per acre. The coming assessment will not be less than fifty dollars per acre, thus in-

dicating the great advance of the agricultural interests of the county since its organization.

The creation of Clark County by the legislature was more bitterly contested than any similar controversy ever coming before that body. Erecting Clark County from its neighboring counties was like taking the cream from a pan of milk, and naturally aroused great opposition throughout the contiguous territory. The fact that the plan prevailed, however, finally gave to the state of Ohio one of its fairest and richest subdivisions.

In 1795 David Lowrey and Jonathan Donnel, accompanied by a surveying party, came to the Mad River Valley, to lay off the land for entry in purchase. The party camped in the section now occupied by the village of Enon. While there, Lowrey and Donnel determined upon an investigation of the surrounding country.

They crossed Mad River and were so impressed with the loveliness of the valley and the richness of its soil, that they de-

terminated to secure some land there. They returned to camp, saying nothing of their discovery but later on returned and entered and purchased quite a large tract. A part of this land is now owned by their descendants. County Commissioner J. E. Lowrey still owns and occupies a part of the land thus entered by his ancestor, David Lowrey. The latter's choice of land was near the mouth of the creek named for him by his friend Donnel. The whole county is

The statistical report for 1906, which has just been published, shows that in that year in Clark County 27,553 acres of wheat were sown, harvesting 522,098 bushels, with 32,342 acres sown for 1907 harvest. Of corn 49,879 acres were planted for the 1906 harvest, producing 2,013,090 bushels of shelled corn. Of oats 12,553 acres were sown, producing 343,454 bushels; tobacco 189 acres, producing 187,746 pounds.

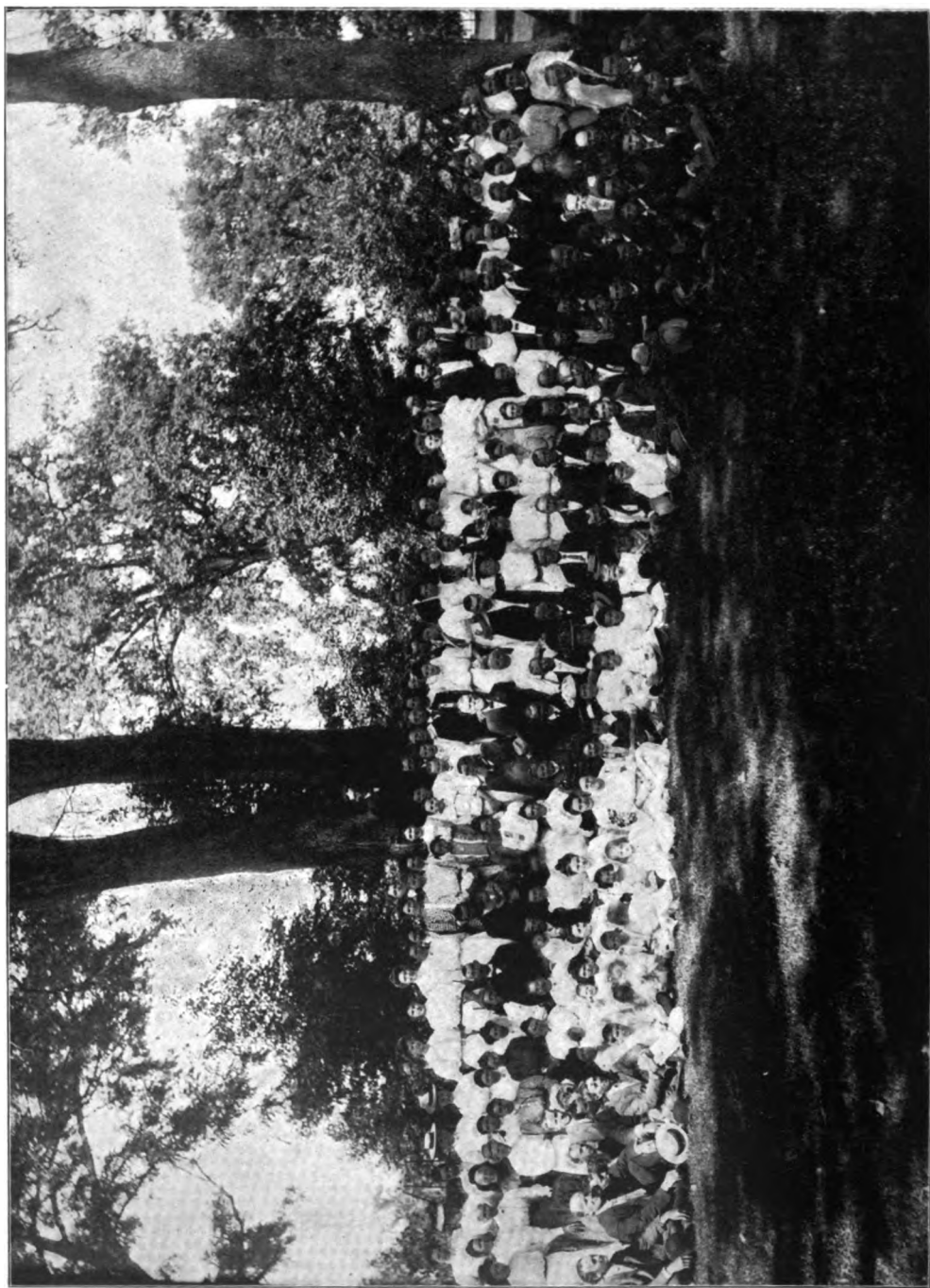


R. L. HOLMAN.

erected from the valleys of the Miamis and Mad River and their surrounding hills, from which flow abundant springs of purest water, so numerous in Springfield township that the name Springfield was given to the township and city. The soil of nearly every part of the county is more or less impregnated with lime; even the clays seem to be commingled with it. This natural condition of the soil makes wheat raising a prominent agricultural interest. Wheat and corn are the leading crops.

The rich bottom lands of the valleys of Clark County are among the best corn lands in Ohio, and a large acreage of this crop is regularly planted.

The writer was informed by a gentleman who has traveled all over the world—and there is other authority to support the same proposition—that the Mad River and Miami Valleys cannot be equalled in fertility anywhere and no comparison with them can be made, except in one valley in South America, where very much the same nat-



CLARK COUNTY POMONA GRANGE PICNIC, SNYDER PARK, AUGUST 13, 1907.



THE OLD LOWRY HOMESTEAD.

ural conditions prevail. This is why stock raising is one of the special interests in which the farmers of Clark County have been long and profitably engaged. Indeed, the breeding of fine stock was begun here at a date as early as at any other place in the state. In 1822 a farmer by the name of Price brought into the county the first pure bred Shorthorn cattle from Kentucky—all imported stock from England. He bought a male and female, and it was said they were the first Shorthorns to grace the pastures of Clark County and the first brought into the State. For some twelve years Mr. Price was the only Clark County farmer to raise this leading breed of beef cattle; but his yearly exhibit of improved blood over the scrub stock around him was slowly gathering force and the natural result was only held in abeyance by embarrassing circumstances peculiar to that time.

Hon. Alexander Waddle made the next purchase of ten head of heifers, all in calf, by the famous imported bull owned by Walter Dun of Kentucky. From 1835 up to the present time the Shorthorns have taken the lead of beef cattle in Clark County. Some of the leading breeders have been and are the Stickneys, Goudeys, Prices, Brownings, Chamberlains, Clarks, Hodges, Spragues, Hazzards and many

others. At the present time Mr. Edward Kelly, owner of the Arcade Building in Springfield, is the owner of many choice imported Shorthorns. The accompanying photograph of a famous Shorthorn bull on Mr. Kelly's farm presents one of the finest types of this animal in the United States. An accompanying group of the Kelly cattle and a view of the farm residence also pay proper tribute to the important interests of this well known breeder.

Clark County has 121,781 acres of land in cultivation. There are 37,303 acres in pasture, 13,094 in woodland, and 2,163



HAZELWOOD FARM.

acres waste or not utilized. The total number of acres owned is 174,344. I find, in estimating the value of the products of

Clark County farms for the year 1906, together with the value of live stock as taken from the tax assessors reports, and estimating the value of each class at the



FARM RESIDENCE OF R. L. HOLMAN.

general wholesale market prices, that the total value of all products was \$278,996,209—a showing that will compare most favorably with that of any county in Ohio of the same number of acres.

The milk product alone, as sold for family use, amounts to over \$109,726.95. The butter and cheese product amounts, in a single year, to \$150,520. There is probably no other county in the state that has as many Jersey cows, giving, it is well known, the largest per cent. of butter fat of any breed known. Mr. D. H. Olds, proprietor of the Alta Dairy farm, east of the city, is the owner of the largest herd of Jersey cows in the state. He has at present nearly 200 head of old and young and is the largest milk producer in the county, selling at present some 200 gallons of milk per day. Mr. Olds has been a practical dairyman for some twenty-two years, and his success is an indication of what industry and ability may accomplish on the fruitful farms of Clark County.

In January, 1840, an agricultural society was organized in Clark County for the promotion of agriculture in all its branches. For thirteen years the society held annual fairs in different parts of the county. Then in 1853, the society purchased ten acres of the land now comprising the permanent site of the present county fair. Since that

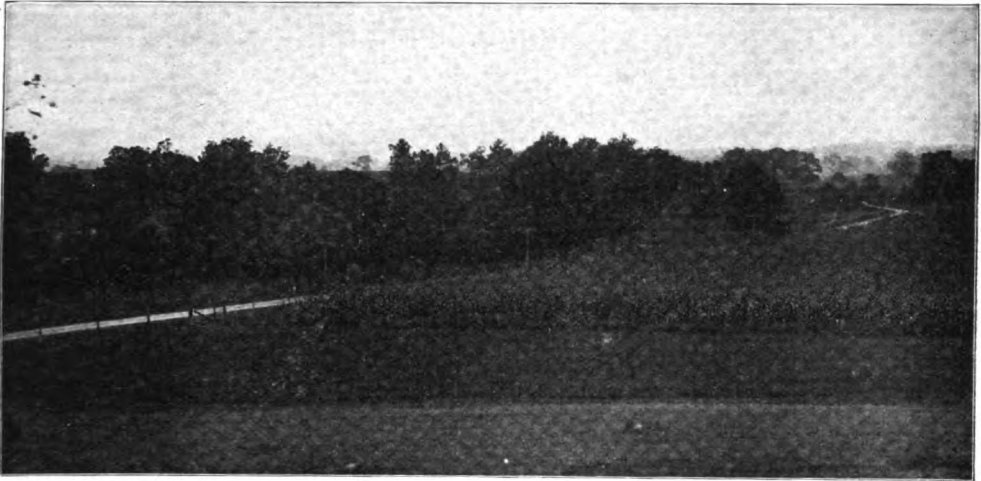
date several pieces of land have been added, until now the site includes forty-six acres. In the purchase and improvement of the ground the society became embarrassed. In 1876 the Clark County Pomona Grange proposed and prepared a bill, which was subsequently enacted by the legislature, requiring the county commissioners to purchase the grounds from the agricultural board. Since that date the county has owned them. The object of all this, as above stated, was for the promotion of agriculture. In the early history of our farming interests this was accomplished, and practical object lessons resulted from bringing together, once a year, sample specimens of live stock, produce and domestic science. The farmers' sons gave tests in plowing and in draft of their teams, of both horses and oxen, and in matched teams, both for driving and draft; while the daughters of the farms gave exhibitions of riding saddle horses and driving both single and double teams. Such fairs, in all their departments, were a stimulus to education, right in the line of promotion of agriculture. There were "monkey shows" or games of chance, and nothing immoral was allowed on the grounds.

How different are the county fairs of 1900; games and fancy shows and horse-racing are the prominent features of these



RESIDENCE OF JACOB MITZEL, LONGBRANCH FARM.

institutions today. Clark County would do well to model after the Ohio State fair. Everything in connection with that great



THE OLD "COLUMBUS ROAD."

Built from Cincinnati to Columbus through Clark County Before the Construction of the National Road, and Still in Use. The view is from a hill on the George Arnett Farm.

agricultural exhibit is perfect. There are no "fake" shows, no games of chance or anything of an immoral nature allowed on the ground. Exhibits of every class of product of the farm, together with exhibits of all kinds of machinery used on the farms and conveniences employed in domestic science are everywhere in evidence. The Ohio State fair is a school of object lesson, and this has been accomplished by organization, wise co-operation and system. System does things on time and in good time, is the school that never gets loose, does away with guesswork, makes a crooked way straight, by its very presence generates habits of industry and punctuality, stops leaks and losses and makes work go smoothly.

A great majority of the farms of Clark County are owned by the farmers who live on them. Thirty years ago large tracts of land in this section were owned by one man, but today nearly all of them have been divided into small farms and sold to those who now occupy them. The rural mail delivery now reaches nearly all of our country homes. The rich farming land of Clark County was so rapidly taken up that it attracted the attention of manufacturers. In 1840 James Leffel built the first foundry and machine shop for the manufacture of water wheels. The Whitelys soon followed in the manufacture of har-

vesting machinery, and in turn the same field was entered by the P. P. Mast Company, J. H. Thomas and many others, until today Springfield, the county seat of Clark County, manufactures more agricultural machinery than any other city in the world, with the single exception of



WHITEHALL SULTAN,  
Blooded Bull on the E. S. Kelly Farm.

Chicago. By the aid of agricultural machinery the farmers were saved from much of the hardest part of farm work and



SNAPSHOT ON GEORGE ARNETT'S PONY FARM.

many dollars of expense in hired labor. The estimate by the agricultural department, of the saving and producing and garnering last year's crops was \$685,000,000 over what it would have cost fifty years ago.

No account of the agricultural interests of Clark County and its pioneer work in live stock would be complete without reference to the Riverdale Stock Farm of W. H. Robbins and its leading breed of Durock Jersey hogs. One of these prize animals on this farm weighed 500 pounds at eight months of age. The animal appearing in the accompanying photograph weighs 1000 pounds at eighteen months of age. It will pay any farmer to visit the Riverdale farm. One secret of its owner's success is that he has one hundred acres of alfalfa rich in protein and the elements that make a perfect ration.

The farm of Horace W. Stafford, known as "The Homestead," has been in the Stafford family for three generations. Mr. Stafford's grandfather, who was the former owner, came to Clark County from Virginia, in 1811. The farm contains about 175 acres and is in a high state of cultivation. The old house, in which the present owner of the farm was born and which was built by his grandfather, was replaced by Mr. Stafford's father in 1871, and the present barn was built in 1883. Mr. Stafford became the owner in 1899, and although he is a resident of Springfield, where he follows his profession in the practice of law, he has not lost his interest

in the old farm, but has made it one of the most attractive places in the county.

Another very important live stock industry is that carried on by George Arnett on his pony farm, three miles east of Springfield. Mr. Arnett has been in the business of importing and raising ponies more than forty-nine years. The duties he has paid to the government on imported animals amounts into the thousands of dollars. He has now over 150 head of all sizes and kinds. They make some very picturesque groupings, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph. The Arnett farm is on the old Columbus road, surveyed and

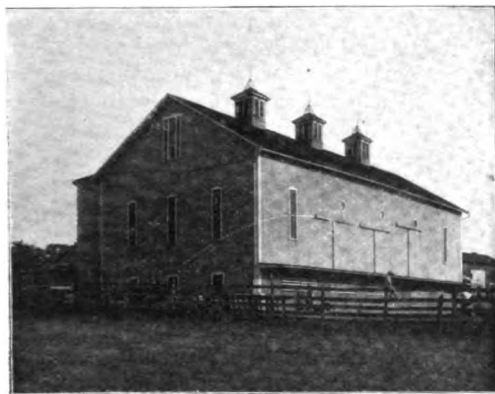
DAIRY HOUSE.  
On the D. H. Olds Jersey Farm.

made in the early history of Ohio, long before the National road was constructed.

In the flourishing days of both of these



historic highways they were of primary importance to the interests of Clark County and to those of the country at large. Never since have there been such landlords, such



BARN OF R. L. HOLMAN, CEDAR LAWN FARM.

taverns, such dinners and such whiskies; such bustle or such endless cavalcades of coaches and wagons as were to be seen in the palmy days of the old National Pike and the old Columbus road.

The former was the fine old highways that opened the West and Southwest to the East. Often the wagons traversing it were so numerous that the leaders of one team had their noses in the trough at the end of the next wagon ahead and the son, Davy Crockett and all the statesmen coaches, drawn by four or six horses, dashed along at a speed at which a modern passenger train might not feel ashamed. Such men as Henry Clay, General Jack of the West and South—Harrison Houston, Taylor, Polk and Allen—traversed this road to Washington. There was an endless procession of vehicles and sometimes sixteen gaily painted coaches each way per day. The cattle and sheep driven over the great thoroughfare were never out of sight, and thousands of them came from Clark County. The canvas-covered wagons were drawn by six or twelve horses, with bells or fantastic bows over their collars. The families of statemen and merchants traveled by private vehicles, many of which were splendid equipages. The projector and chief supporter of the old National

pike was Henry Clay, whose services in this behalf are commemorated by an appropriate monument near Wheeling, W. Va. The final government decision and appropriation in favor of this famous thoroughfare was made in 1807, just one hundred years ago. In 1853 steam largely supplanted the coaches, the landlords sold their holdings and the brilliant era of travel on the country highways of the Nation was ended.

For thirty years the Grange, Order of Patrons of Husbandry, has been a leading factor in promoting the agricultural interests of Clark County. It is strictly a farmer's organization, united by the strong and faithful tie of agriculture, the members of which mutually resolved to labor for the good of the Order, our country and mankind. This society heartily indorses the motto, "In non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Its operations tend to develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among our people, to enhance the comfort and attractions of our home, strengthen our attachments to our daily pursuits, foster co-operation, promote economy and maintain the laws inviolate. The Grange has exercised a strong influence to systematize farm work in Clark County, to enable its members to calculate intelligently on probabilities, and to discontinue the credit system, the mortgage sys-



BARN OF W. H. ROBBINS, RIVERDALE FARM.

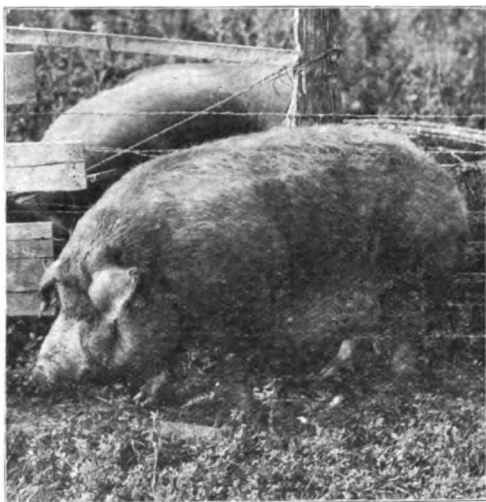
tem, the fashion system and all other systems tending to prodigality and bankruptcy. One of its cardinal principles is



the relief of the oppressed and suffering brotherhood by any means at command. Its ultimate objects are mutual instruction and protection, the lightening of the burdens of labor by diffusing true knowledge of its aims and purposes and an intelligent study of the beautiful laws which the great Creator has established in the Universe, with a view to enlarging human views of creative wisdom and power.

In conclusion, looking back upon all the varied interests of Clark County, I am reminded of an address once delivered in this county by a noted general who pointed to the fact that "Ohio gives to the country its presidents, its supreme judges, its great generals and its great statesmen.

"What," he asked, would this country be without Ohio, and what would Ohio be without Clark County?"



**PRIZE HOG**

Of W. H. Robbins' Riverdale Stock Farm.



## By Himself

THE easiest of all things to cultivate is suspicion.

\* \* \*

NOTHING succeeds like success, except some failures.

\* \* \*

WHAT'S the use of having a taste for poetry and liquor?

\* \* \*

A CHEF is a man who can designate good victuals in bad French.

\* \* \*

DISAPPOINTMENT in love sometimes results from being successful.

\* \* \*

It is a Christian virtue to return a kiss after it has been stolen.

\* \* \*

NOWADAYS the turkeys try in vain to roost as high as their price.

\* \* \*

NOBODY can escape paying a big rate of interest on borrowed trouble.

\* \* \*

MANY people who think they are jealous are in reality only selfish.

\* \* \*

It is always pitiable to see a man lose money, except when we get it.

\* \* \*

If you know you are right, you don't need to make much noise about it.

IT is not difficult to make a girl with a pretty dimple appreciate your humor.

\* \* \*

IT must have been an Elk that organized the first lodge in some vast wilderness.

\* \* \*

DON'T judge a woman by her parlor until you have had a look at her kitchen, also.

\* \* \*

DIVORCE is not an unmixed evil as long as it has the approval of both the divorced persons.

\* \* \*

THE American people are a good deal like a cow — most patient when being milked.

\* \* \*

OF course there are fortunes in buying on margins, because so many have been left there.

\* \* \*

BEFORE advising a man to follow his own judgment, it is well to consider whether he has any.

\* \* \*

A MAN can close his eyes to certain facts, but that doesn't always give him a chance to sleep.

\* \* \*

WHETHER Sunday is a day of rest or not depends a good deal on where you were Saturday night.

A STATESMAN is a man who holds down an office until the politicians want to give it to somebody else.

\* \* \*

WOMEN began to do men's work about the time wives found it necessary to support their husbands.

\* \* \*

It is a good thing to have high ideals, but the practical ones can usually be found close to the ground.

\* \* \*

ONE embarrassment about the magazine business is that its patrons demand something besides headlines.

\* \* \*

WOMEN can't complain that they don't get men's wages, because in some way or other almost all of them do.

\* \* \*

NOBODY wants the "blue laws" enforced, but some people would not be so blue next morning if they were enforced.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS one lucky thing about the ninety-and-nine was that they didn't have any temptation to go astray.

\* \* \*

THE only lamentable thing about a man on a well-earned vacation is the bother he gives his friends who have to work.

\* \* \*

WHEN a man finally concludes that he must divorce himself from harmful pleasures they step in and demand alimony.

\* \* \*

THE instinct of self-preservation requires some men to keep on breathing when their breath doesn't justify it.

\* \* \*

WHEN your neighbor's washing is hung out you can tell a good deal about the family by reading between the lines.

\* \* \*

FOREIGN titles for American girls command a double price. First they are paid for in money and afterward in experience.

\* \* \*

THERE would be fewer disappointments in matrimony if simple woman would not require sinful man to make saintly promises.

THERE are many industrious people who would greatly benefit society if they would turn their attention to some kind of work.

\* \* \*

READING maketh a full man, but something more than newspapers spread on the pantry shelves is required to prolong the obesity.

\* \* \*

It is a good thing to encourage an unfortunate man with hope, but there are times when a meal ticket will make more headway.

\* \* \*

THERE are patriots so confident that the office should seek the man that they are always standing around, waiting for it to find them.

\* \* \*

WHENEVER you feel that you are not living among the best opportunities, it is a good plan to go and talk with a real estate agent.

\* \* \*

THE dressmakers may make women without curves, but a beneficent Providence is not going to be influenced by a reform of that kind.

\* \* \*

BOYS are taught to read the Declaration of Independence, but when they arrive at mature years they hand it over to the other sex.

\* \* \*

THERE are people who would suffer untold agony if they thought there was danger of their being with the majority on any proposition.

\* \* \*

SOME heroes who can make an inspiring charge over a path of roses would faint dead away, if they ran against a barbed wire fence.

\* \* \*

THE man who "feels like a fighting cock" in the evening will often in the morning feel like the fighting cock that some other one licked.

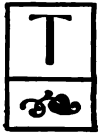
\* \* \*

WHEN a man acknowledges that his wife is the real head of the family, he not only evades responsibility but is saved from being a hypocrite.



# EDITORIAL

## A Modern Fitch



He French government is considering the adaptation to war uses of a new automobile vehicle, the product of a Frenchman's brain, which is designed to go by land or water, changing from one method of progress to the other without loss of time. Successful tests have been made, and on land the machine is said to reach a speed of forty miles an hour, when, plunging into the water, it is navigated at something like eighteen miles an hour. This is both automobile and motor boat speed. The uses of the new machine for the purposes of war must be obvious, and its purchase by the French government is said to be assured.

Thus this modern inventor revives the original idea of John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat, for a practical land and water vehicle. Behind him are all the years of this century of achievement, since Fitch made his experiments on water on Collect Pond in New York City, at Philadelphia and on the Ohio River, with steam navigation, and tried to construct a model for the double uses to which the Frenchman's invention is dedicated. Unlike his successor, however, Fitch had no dream of warlike objects. The purpose of his invention was purely one of peace. In his tramps through the Ohio wilderness he had noted the difficulty of progress on account of the frequent impassible streams, and his experience in these wilds suggested to him the doubly useful vehicle now perfected a hundred years after his death, on the other side of the world.

It is a pity that the memory of this man is celebrated only by a limited number of persons who have studied his career, unserved in their judgment by the undeserved honors heaped upon Robert Fulton,

Fitch's pupil and dispossessor. It is a pity that John Fitch lies in an unmarked grave.

## Wheeler's Monument



AN affair between the daughters of the late General Joe Wheeler and the war department does not place the latter in a very favorable light. A monument erected to the memory of General Wheeler by his daughters, over his grave in Arlington National Cemetery at Washington, has an uncompleted inscription, because, forsooth, the war department refuses to place in the blank lines, as intended, the Confederate rank of the dead general; and this notwithstanding the fact that the government made a special request that General Wheeler's remains be buried in Arlington Cemetery, when his daughters had intended to lay them to rest in the soil of Alabama.

As a general rule it may be reasonably asserted that the heirs of a deceased person should have the right to carve a proper epitaph over the dead, without dictation or interference, even from the government. But, more important still, the war department is in poor business when it attempts to deprive gallant Joe Wheeler of his Confederate honors. The government was glad enough to accept him as a reconstructed rebel, to restore him to his rank in the United States army and to employ his patriotic service in the war with Spain. Surely it can afford at this late day, when the war is over and the North and South are united, to let his epitaph tell the story of his bravery in the cause of the Confederacy, as well as in the cause of the Union. That would only be writing the bond of a national brotherhood in lasting stone.

### The Kosciusko Lands



REGULAR readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, and students of historical subjects everywhere, will consider themselves under obligations to Mr. J. Howard Galbraith for the valuable historical service which he performs in the preparation of his article entitled "The Kosciusko Lands," appearing in the present number of this periodical. Mr. Galbraith's identification of these lands more than a century after their grant to Kosciusko by the General Government is made agreeably convincing by the publication of official maps from the office of the State Auditor of Ohio, indicating their exact situation with reference to the Scioto Valley in Central Ohio.

In view of the eminent services of the distinguished Pole to the cause of American independence, it would be most appropriate if a tablet or other memorial were erected on some well chosen spot on these lands, detailing the facts in reference to their grant as a debt generously paid to Kosciusko by the founders of the Republic, and expressing the appreciation of his life work still felt by this generation.

### Springfield and Clark County



THE current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, in the popular series of illustrated articles on the thriving cities of Ohio, pays deserved tribute to Springfield and Clark County. The faithful chroniclers who have set forth the progress of the city and county historically, in industry, mercantile achievement and agriculture, have for the most part confined themselves only to the bare facts. These they have offered to the world as a vindication of reasonable and easily-substantiated claims which Springfield and Clark County are able to submit with reference to their mutual progress.

More might be urged upon the reader than these writers have attempted, but it would doubtless come with greater propriety from an outside source. THE OHIO MAGAZINE takes pleasure in offering its

own evidence regarding the rewards which industry and integrity have reaped and will continue to reap in all the populous and richly-endowed section in the region of the Mad River Valley. The struggles and sacrifices of the pioneers of Clark County have been abundantly seconded by their descendants and those who have joined them in the culture and development of native resources. Nowhere is there a more ready response to individual merit, more cordial reception of progressive ideas or more careful preservation of old-fashioned standards of honesty and fair play. Naturally, this makes any well lived life in Clark County well worth the living. No section of the great Middle West is more blest by Nature, and the people of no other have more conspicuously vindicated themselves in all the attributes of good citizenship. The contributions to our current number treating of the Home City and Clark County will stand for a long time among the most timely and valuable in a series of articles which will eventually constitute an unequalled record of Ohio progress.

### Episcopalians and Divorce



THE action of the General Episcopal convention in session at Richmond, Virginia, on the subject of the marriage of divorced persons, is doubly significant, in view of recent agitation of the whole subject of divorce. The resolution offered by Bishop Doane of Albany, the purport of which was to deny marriage to any divorced person, was rejected by the House of Bishops, following the report of a special committee on marriage and divorce appointed to render an opinion on the matter. It is noteworthy that the committee recommended the rejection of the Doane resolution, so that it never had any standing either in committee or in convention.

The justice of the rejection will be very generally conceded and will fail of indorsement only among those persons who entertain the narrowest views on the divorce question. The action of the Episcopal convention tends to confirm the

belief that the institution of divorce is receiving more consideration than formerly as one worthy to survive the attacks upon it, among those who are giving it the most enlightened attention. Lillian Russell was recently reported to have said that divorce was one of the most beneficent provisions of the law, whereupon a newspaper wag observed that very likely the first persons to agree with Lillian on this proposition would be her ex-husbands. But, seriously, the extremists frequently have occasion to pause in their denunciation of divorce, when brought face to face with the growing support of it, as a provision of the law within reasonable bounds, among persons whose opinions are entitled to respect.

At any rate, the extreme notion of preventing the marriage of divorced persons has been hit a staggering blow by the Episcopal convention, composed of churchmen who certainly would not be expected to lean favorably toward unlimited divorces. They probably realize that divorced persons have some rights that society is bound to respect and which are in common with the rights of unmarried persons who have not been divorced. To this extent the Episcopal church goes on record as being liberal on the divorce question, and there is good reason to believe that its tendency in this direction finds sympathy in other and eminently respectable quarters.

### The Status of Parties



ANY observant persons have felt during the past few years that the personal popularity of President Roosevelt was obliterating party lines in this country to a very large extent.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to whether this popularity has been on the wane or on the increase during the past few months, but, without regard to this aspect of the case, the mere fact that the personal esteem in which one man is held by the American people may result in drawing a majority of citizens away from their political moorings, is an evidence that the old times of bitter partisan feeling have passed away.

But there are not wanting other indications that there is no unity of strong political convictions in either of the great parties today. The readiness with which the ties of partisanship may be broken was well illustrated in 1896, when a large element of the Democratic party went over to the Republican gold platform and candidate, and an almost equally great number of Republicans gave their allegiance to the silver platform and candidate. Today there are equal evidences of disintegration within the Republican party on the tariff issue, while the Democrats present no solid front as between the radical and conservative wings of their party.

Meanwhile the present Republican administration has adopted a policy in many respects consistent only with Democratic national platforms in the past and quite undreamed of by the representative Republicans of a few years ago. No candid man can deny that Mr. Roosevelt has to a large extent appropriated Mr. Bryan's thunder, and an advance view of the coming National conventions fails to reveal a single evidence as to whether the Republican platform will be Republican according to the old standards, or the Democratic platform Democratic, according to the new standards.

The obliteration of party lines has become such that a large element of the Republican party is Democratic on certain issues, and an approximately equal element of the Democracy is Republican. It will take some strenuous question to restore the old partisan lines to their former state of control. The status of parties in the United States today is chaotic.

### The Skyscraper



THE evolution of the skyscraper has been going on not without protest. The evils it entails were foreseen from the beginning, but the value of this building departure in increased profits and the general conviction among the public that something new was being developed worth "pushing along," have prevented any headway from being made in the direc-

tion of checking this form of abnormal architecture.

So now we have passed the fifty-story era of skyscraper enterprise and are rapidly approaching the hundred-story. There is no evidence of diminution in the ambition to build higher and higher, and meanwhile in every center of population the number of the more moderate but still unsightly and dangerous buildings of towering height is constantly on the increase. Soon we shall have more people in our cities living the greater part of the time high in the air than within a reasonable distance of Mother Earth. The result is already felt in darkened streets on whose pavements the sun never shines except at high noon, and intolerable congestion of the streams of human beings who, like ants from their hills, rush out from the little holes called doorways in these mighty edifices of stone, cement and steel. If the skyscrapers are permitted to increase without let or hindrance, the rights of the people in the streets will eventually disappear, and the modern cave dwellers in the buildings themselves will receive few of the blessings of daylight, unless fortunate enough to be a hundred or more feet from the earth.

The sooner the cities of this country reach an understanding that building permits should have some reference to common sense and a general scheme of architectural symmetry, the better it will be for human life in our cities and eventually for their business interests.

### The President's Expenses



SOME captious contemporaries are expressing rather hysterical censure of President Roosevelt, because, as they affirm, the government paid the expenses of his recent swing around the circle and journey down the Mississippi river. Before entering very deeply into the subject, it might be well to ascertain exactly how much of the expense of this presidential jaunt was paid by the people of the United States and how much by Mr. Roosevelt; but, since there is no official

bulletin on this subject and accurate knowledge of it seems not to be readily obtained, some consideration of its general aspects may not be inappropriate. If Mr. Roosevelt knows how much his trip cost the government or himself, he has taken nobody into his confidence; and if the government has the figures, it has not made them public. The discussion is therefore brought down to the solemn consideration of the justice and propriety of the people paying for the presidential perquisites and provender.

Seriously, how can a genial and patriotic president do more good than by mingling with the people of this great country, from Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf? If we have a "good fellow" for president, he might not distinguish himself for usefulness while shut up in the White House, a prey to curiosity seekers, statesmen and vested interests. But let him get out in the open in a hand-shaking expedition, firing off fine sentiments from the rear platforms of passenger trains and waving Old Glory aloft where all the people can see it, and we have him in a position well calculated to promote the public welfare. Therefore, nobody should object if the people pay the cost, since they get the benefit of the performance. Patriotism has always been regarded as among the most valuable assets of any nation, and every time a president of the United States steals away from Washington long enough to get out among the common herd and look pleasant while they howl approval, patriotism and the American eagle soar upward together, not to come down again until the return of more sorrowful and sordid moments.

Let the president rip around as much as he pleases, say we, and let there be no complaints about it among his constituents. The presidency is a mean enough job in itself to prevent any thoughtful man from finding fault with the only fun it brings to its victim. But, even from the purely selfish standpoint of the general welfare, the chief executive of this great country should be welcome to go where he pleases and have the people foot the bills.

# The Trend of Opinion

## An Old Fashioned Senator

From the New York Sun.

IN the OHIO MAGAZINE former Lieutenant-Governor Harding gives an appreciation, from long intimate knowledge, of Senator Foraker. Some smug and superior "independent" critics of that thoroughly independent statesman may insert this bit of information into their minds, if these are open to any correction of old prejudices:

"He is not a great politician. At any rate, he hasn't worked much at it in the past dozen years. He has no patience for details, no ear for organization. Men who associate him with a machine have little knowledge of the real truth. The organization that followed him fifteen years ago was not of his making, though it was his to command. Today no Federal politician is so little possessed of a machine."

He has long been in disgrace with the court. Those who seek its favor can't afford to stick to him. The loaves and fishes drop to more obedient hands. Mr. Foraker is far from a "practical" man. He has the habit of studying public questions on their merits. He refuses to serve in the crowded ranks of "the King's friends." His opinions and his votes are not to be had on demand and according to specifications. Naturally he has earned a little unpopularity, and yet how easily and quickly his course on some important questions has been approved. He led the opposition to the unnatural union between Arizona and New Mexico. The President has given the project up. In the Brownsville matter Mr. Foraker seems to be turning public opinion to agree with him. His contention that the Elkins law, effectively enforced, was sufficient to deal with the evils about which there has been so much heated agitation and cry for additional legislation has been sustained by the facts. Now, what can make a man more marked and unpopular than to insist on keeping his head when a large part of the United States insists on standing upon its head?

Mr. Harding shows us how Mr. Foraker regards his duties as a Senator:

"A couple of days prior to his departure for Washington, for the session which passed the Hepburn rate law, I called on the Senator at his office in Cincinnati to admonish him to make sure to be right on the pending railway legislation. To fully impress him, I ventured the prediction that the Presidency depended upon it.

"Yes, I know," he replied. 'It is a very big question and a very important one. I have been studying it earnestly for a couple of years; have been in the thick of the investigation. I shall proceed intelligently and honestly. I could not forfeit my self-respect, even to be President'."

Studying it earnestly instead of mastering it intuitively! Mr. Foraker has certain great qualities, but he is too old fashioned for these giddy paced times.

## Waterway Improvements

From the Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal.

THE October number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE contains a vigorous article by Hon. John T. Mack, of the Buckeye State, upon the problem: "The Improvement of Waterways." Without disparaging the efforts of the United States to construct the Panama canal, Mr. Mack makes the sound suggestion that America must be made strong within. In view of the departure of President Roosevelt on a tour of the pivotal points of the Mississippi basin, the article of Mr. Mack dealing with that problem becomes of timely interest as news matter.

Attention is directed by Mr. Mack to the very nature of the problem confronting those interested in the development of the waterways. It is pointed out that such railroad experts as James J. Hill have united in declaring that there will be a freight congestion in the United States for many years to come, because, no matter how rapidly cars are completed, the time and cost of creating adequate terminal facilities will be enormous.



while the railroad managers are thus complaining on one hand, the people are demanding on the other, that rates be regulated and that more extensive facilities be provided for carrying the products of their farms and factories to the centers of distribution. Mr. Mack asserts that it is futile to pass laws designed to assure all the benefits of competition without giving attention to the devising of the ways and means which tend to create and maintain competitive traffic routes. Thus he declares that the biggest problem before the American people is the creation of such a system of inland waterways as has enabled Germany to take the products of the farm and factory by water to foreign countries at such low rates, that the subjects of the emperor have been enabled to compete in every part of the world.

### Mrs. Chadwick

From the Toledo Citizen.

THERE is deep pathos in the death of Mrs. Cassie Chadwick in the Ohio Penitentiary, broken in spirit, wasted in body, friendless and alone. There gazed upon her death bed not one face that she had known as that of a friend in all her life, and the supreme moment came as a summons to the illimitable future through the shadows of cold prison walls.

It is significant that Mrs. Chadwick declined rapidly, as soon as she learned that there was no prospect of her parole. First her mind broke under the despair of continued imprisonment, and the collapse of her physical powers soon followed. The fact is that a penitentiary sentence for this woman was a death sentence, provided there was held out to her no hope of pardon or parole. She knew it and so she laid the burden down.

Such punishment comes far harder to the prisoner who enters the environment of the convict after leading a life of luxury. There are many men and women in the penitentiary who are provided with more physical comforts than they had when they were free, and to whom neither humiliation nor loss of liberty is a great sorrow. But for a woman of Mrs. Chadwick's spirit and former mode of life it is no wonder that her penalty of imprison-

ment was in effect a death penalty, consummated when hope was gone.

There is every reason to believe that up to the last moment this woman shielded some fellow-criminals of the sterner sex, who were equally guilty with her in the crimes with which she was charged. They are still living on champagne and gathering the fruits of undeserved success; she is dead in a felon's cell. The comparison moves the heart to pity for the unfortunate woman whose eyes were charmed by the baubles of riches, whose ambition was intoxicated by association with men and women above her in the false classifications of society, and to whom there never came the mental and moral energy to answer the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is to be hoped that in the hour of death there arose from the mists of life's great mystery some sunbeam of promise for this woman, of another chance in another world.

### Proposing Another Monument

From the Upper Sandusky Union Republican.

THE current issue of the OHIO MAGAZINE contains an intensely interesting article by Prof. J. J. Bliss, superintendent of the public schools of Bucyrus, on the always interesting subject of "Colonel Crawford." It is the most thorough account we have ever read and throws much new light on the great tragedy. According to Prof. Bliss, the Crawford campaign was authorized by congress and was in reality one of the closing acts of the Revolutionary War. Prof. Bliss also states that Crawford would have defeated the Indians, had not British soldiers, sent from Detroit, with a British officer in command, lent their support to the Indians. Therefore, the battle at Battle Island, just north of this city, was in reality a battle between troops of the United States and England, and perhaps the only engagement of the Revolutionary War west of the Allegheny mountains. If this is true, a monument inscribing the fact should be erected at the scene. The Union-Republican suggests that Robbins' post take this up at one of its meetings.

# THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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1907

TO THE OHIO MAGAZINE

1908

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# The Child vs. the Criminal

By Hon. Samuel L. Black

Probate and Juvenile Court Judge of Franklin County, Ohio

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE by the Wylie Studio

*The author of the present article is one of the foremost jurists of the United States in the promotion of the work of Juvenile Courts and is the author of various vital suggestions whose embodiment in law is necessary to make that work effective. His present theme is the criminal responsibility of the parent or other adult for the delinquency of the child, and it indicates clearly how society, under present conditions, is manufacturing criminals by ignoring that responsibility. Judge Black's treatment of the subject deserves the consideration of every legislator and every court in America.*



UCH has been written on the subject of the "Boy Problem," the salvation of the boy and the work of the Juvenile Court and its mission toward his formation.

The burden of a very large percentage of all that has been written on the subject is the part played in the tragedy by the adult. Nearly all writers have attributed the child's failure to causes back of the child and over which the child has no control. In other words, it is contended that the child, if bad, is but the result of a cause produced and encouraged by the adult; that the experience of almost all writers, and particularly of judges of the Juvenile Court, is that, in dealing with the child, they are dealing with the effects only, and little can be accomplished until the cause is removed; and, furthermore, that the adults—parents, guardians, etc.—are training year by year an army of recruits for the Juvenile Court to exhaust itself in forming and reforming.

I take it, we are on the threshold of learning that the child, as such, has rights in which it should be and must be protected. We are about to learn from a civic standpoint that the rights of a child, *as a child*, are inherent and inalienable as are the rights of the adult, and that the parent, guardian or adult owes it to the child to

protect it in these rights to the fullest measure, and, should he or she fail in doing so, the state, not only as a matter of duty, but also as a matter of right and salvation, must intervene and protect the child in its rights as a child. This is true, if for no other reason than that the state's greatest asset is a good citizen, without which the state itself will eventually perish, and that we can not have a considerable portion of the adult population preying upon the inexperience, lack of judgment and immaturity of the children in the state without in the end destroying ourselves.

During the past ten years the population of the country has increased about twenty-five per cent. The criminal class has increased in number about seventy-five per cent., and a large percentage of these criminals are under twenty-two years of age.

As a result, in the states in which the subject has been considered more fully and wisely, laws have been enacted looking not only to the formation and saving of the child, but as well and more particularly to the punishment of the adult who abandons the child in its helplessness and the adult who encourages, causes or contributes to the shortcomings of the child. If Ohio is to take its place among the advanced states on the subject, I take it, it must not only first repeal some of the laws now on the

statute books, but make other laws looking toward the protection of the child fully in its inherent rights as a child.

Section 6943-1 of the Revised Statutes reads as follows:

It shall be unlawful for any minor to enter any saloon, beer garden or other place where intoxicating liquors are sold or offered for sale, except in discharge of some lawful business or accompanied by a parent or guardian.

most prolific cause of delinquency there is less doubt. And that delinquency is the open doorway to criminality will not admit of debate. That intemperance in Ohio is crowding the insane asylums with patients, filling the penitentiaries, workhouses and jails with prisoners, is likewise true. Should any one doubt either statement, let him examine the records of the penitentiary, workhouses and jails of the state and



SAMUEL L. BLACK.

At the last meeting of the National Convention of Charities and Correction, held in June, 1907, at Minneapolis, Mr. C. M. Hubbard, general secretary of the Associated Charities at Cincinnati, Ohio, made the following statement:

Probably no less than twenty-five per cent. of poverty is due to intemperance. The suffering which it causes as a result of shame, humiliation, abuse, and successive stages of degradation is far greater than indicated.

That intemperance is the most prolific cause of dependency, there can be and is but little doubt. That dependency is the

the records of the insane asylums, together with the records of the probate courts, and he will be convinced of the truth.

With these facts in view, read again from the statute of Ohio that "it shall be unlawful for a minor to enter a saloon unless accompanied by the father." I am unable to understand upon what theory any father has a right to make a drunkard out of his son — upon what theory any father has a right, by creating in the child an appetite for liquor, to thus destroy his manhood, destroy him mentally, physically and morally. It does not seem to me that

the subject will admit of debate, and that in these cases the child is not the criminal, but, on the other hand, the parent.

A few days ago in the Juvenile Court of Franklin County, a young boy of thirteen, with two others, seven and nine years or age, were brought into court for drunkenness. They had been drunk. The evidence disclosed the fact that the eldest boy had been sent to a neighboring saloon by his mother repeatedly for whiskey for her own use, and that the saloonkeeper had sold him whiskey repeatedly. The last time, however, the boy, being left alone, taking the same decanter, went to the saloon for whiskey, the saloon keeper sold it

city and brought into the Juvenile Court by two policemen, either of whom would make two of the boy. His head was cut open in three places, requiring ten stitches to sew up his wound. A charge of highway robbery was placed against the boy. The evidence disclosed that he had been drunk; that he went on West Spring street in the city of Columbus and made an attempt to "hold up" two other boys much smaller than he; that he did not obtain anything from either one of them, but they notified the policemen, who immediately started in pursuit of the boy, who started to run in his anxiety to escape them, so the policemen said, and, being so drunk that



FRANKLIN COUNTY JUVENILE DETENTION HOME.

There is an entire absence of locks and bars or anything suggesting forcible restraint.

to him, and he, with three other boys, very much younger than he, proceeded to get drunk. I submit that the child or children were not the criminals in this case, but, in the first instance, the mother who had sent her boy to the saloon for the whiskey, and, in the second place, the saloon keeper who had sold the boy whiskey, were the criminals. While the child, it is true, did wrong, he was much less to blame, on account of his experience, immaturity and his lack of knowledge of the practical consequences of the habit once acquired, than the mother and the saloon keeper who sold him the whiskey.

A short time ago, a young boy about sixteen years of age was arrested in the

he could not stand up, fell into a pile of iron and cut his head.

That the boy was drunk there was no question. It was easily ascertained where he obtained his whiskey. The facts were that he was so drunk that he could not hold himself up, to say nothing of "holding up" anybody else; but the policemen insisted upon his conviction for highway robbery, claiming that he was a desperately dangerous criminal. A railroad contractor, being present at the trial, offered to give the boy work, and the Court deemed it best to give him a trial. He went to work immediately. This was on Tuesday. The fact that he was allowed to go under a suspended sentence much offended the

policemen who had arrested him — so much so, indeed, that on the following Saturday at noon they swore out a warrant against him in the Police Court of the city, had him arrested at noon, took him from his work, threw him into the patrol wagon, hauled him to the police station, and threw him into a cell in the filthiest city prison in the State, expecting to make him lay there until the following Monday morning, when he might have a hearing in

man who sold him the whiskey was a man full grown and in every way responsible for his acts. In such a case, as between the two, the man is the criminal and not the boy, and to punish the boy while the man goes free would be a crime against childhood.

Another case. A boy whom we will call Frank was brought into the Court at the instance of his father, on the ground of incorrigibility, drunkenness and profanity.



RECEPTION ROOM OF THE FRANKLIN COUNTY JUVENILE COURT.

the Police Court, there being some question as to his age. No effort whatever was made by the policemen or police department to bring to justice the man who sold him the whiskey and made him drunk. Admitting that the boy did undertake to commit the crime of highway robbery upon two small boys, his crime, as compared with that of the man who sold him the whiskey, was trifling, for the simple reason that he was but a child, immatured, inexperienced, while, on the other hand, the

The evidence showed that Frank was profane and that he was disobedient, in that he ran away twice from home and that he had been drunk twice; but, on the other hand, the evidence showed that the father was drunk three or four times a week and kept Frank busy carrying beer from a neighboring saloon to the home, and that the cause of his running away was the fact that the father made him get out of bed at midnight and go to the saloon for beer, and that the boy refused, and the

father threw beer in his face, for which the boy left home. I submit again that the father was the criminal, and not the boy, and that the father needed punishment much more than the boy. The boy needed correcting, he needed kindness, he needed patience. The father needed the work-house.

Again, the law states that "the minor may enter a saloon if accompanied by his guardian."

Woerner in his work on the subject of the American Law of Guardianship, says: "The court may revoke letters of guardianship where the guardian is addicted to habitual drunkenness."

thinks it is "smart" and manly to familiarize himself with the attractions of the place. A corporation or business man employing boys may send a boy into a saloon to deliver messages or goods of any character, and what is infinitely worse, may send him to houses of prostitution for the same purpose. Any one familiar with the boy problem realizes the appalling danger of the boy from the age of fourteen to eighteen. He realizes that the boy during that period of his life has all he can do to keep himself pure in mind, heart and body; that during those years it is one constant battle and struggle with himself, the boy not realizing the changes taking place



COURT ROOM OF THE FRANKLIN COUNTY JUVENILE COURT.

I submit it is a much less crime for the guardian himself to be a drunkard, than make a drunkard out of his ward. I doubt if there is a probate judge in the State of Ohio who would not remove any guardian without further cause than taking his minor ward into a saloon. I am very sure, should he not do so, that the probate judge should be impeached without further cause.

And again, it is the law that "a minor shall not enter a saloon unless in discharge of some lawful business." This means that any newsboy or boot-black may enter a saloon, because he is in pursuit of a lawful business.

The saloon is made the most inviting place for the boy. It arouses his curiosity and the spirit of bravado in him, and he

in him, so that he is an easy prey to the designing woman or to the gaudy environments of the saloon. He may be destroyed physically, mentally and morally by the adult in strict accordance with the laws of the great State of Ohio, and I submit again that, where the boy falls under such temptations, he is not the criminal, but that the adult who sends him into these places and subjects him to the temptations surrounding him, is the criminal, and that the statute quoted above has no rightful place whatever in the written or unwritten law of our self-respecting commonwealth and ought to be stricken from the written law of Ohio.

It is unfair and unjust to censure the liquor dealer for permitting the boy to en-



ter the saloon. The father takes the boy into the saloon and possibly gives him liquor; at least, he subjects the child, in its immaturity, to the demoralizing influences of the saloon *legally*, and the saloon keeper is helpless to prevent it. Not infrequently are complaints lodged in the Juvenile Court against the saloon keeper for permitting the minor to visit the place. How can the court prevent it, if the parent takes him in, or the child enters in "discharge of some lawful business"—to deliver a telegram, a package, or to sell newspapers or to black boots? The law quoted permits the adults to make the



A DORMITORY OF THE DETENTION HOME.

drunkards, the criminals and the insane out of the children, and then punishes the child when it becomes a drunkard, a criminal or insane.

On the 29th of October, two little girls, together with their mother, a widow, were brought into the Juvenile Court of Franklin county, on the charge that the children were not receiving proper parental care and instruction and that their surroundings were bad. With them came a drunken loafer whose relations with the mother, to say the least, were not above suspicion. The evidence showed that a few evenings before, the loafer had sent the younger of the two little girls (she being about nine years of age) to a saloon across the street for beer. The barkeeper in the saloon refused to give her the beer under any circumstances, and the proprietor of the saloon ordered her away and said to her that she could not under any circumstances get

anything to drink there; whereupon the drunken loafer immediately appeared at the saloon and abused the saloon keeper for not letting the little girl have the beer. The beer, of course, was to be taken to the mother's room, and there drank by her and her friend in the presence of the two little girls. Again, I repeat, that the children are not the criminals, and to have to punish them, even by taking them away from their mother and committing them to the Children's Home to become public charges, is a crime; that the real criminals in this instance were the mother and the drunken loafer, both of whom ought to be in the workhouse and there made to support these children, who were brought to their condition by the shortcomings of these two adults.

Again, those familiar with the problem of the child readily realize that the most prolific cause of dependency is the abandonment or the neglect of children on the part of parents, and particularly the father. It is doubtful indeed if there is any other cause producing so many dependents and delinquents among children, as the abandonment of families on the part of the father. I am sure that there is no cause more far reaching in the ruin of the boy and the girl than this one cause, and as the law of Ohio is now written, neither the child nor mother has any redress. The law on the subject in Ohio is a farce. It encourages the criminals. It makes criminals; the wife and mother has but one of two remedies. First, she may sue for divorce and alimony, whereupon the husband proceeds to proudly plead his inability to pay. The children are with her, and she must feed them and clothe them. If the husband is employed and does not desire to pay the alimony as decreed by the Court, he quits his job, moves to an adjoining county, goes to work, takes care of himself and leaves the wife and children to suffer.

The wife, left penniless, is unable to put up sufficient money to bring him back, the county and state will not do it, and she is therefore left to struggle for the support of herself and her children. The children stand in the road of her earning sufficient means with which to support them. She must do one of two things, — let the chil-

dren run at will and at random, and go out to work, or starve herself with her children. Mother-like, she usually goes to work, ordinarily over the wash-tub, and the children roam at will in the streets and alleys, half clothed and half fed, easy victims to the temptations of city life. The husband goes free.

On the other hand, the wife may have the husband arrested for failure to provide. If convicted, he is sent to the workhouse. While there he is well fed, well housed, and comfortably clothed. If not so, the institution is visited by the County Board of Visitors, who raise a great cry at the unsanitary condition of the workhouse and the unwholesome food upon which he is living, but no provision whatever is made for the children. The husband is put to work on a contract, but the county takes the money. It enters into a partnership with the husband who is in the workhouse, to drive the children into dependency, oftentimes into delinquency, and very often to become criminals. The wife struggles heroically to support them and herself, but economic conditions are such that she cannot do it. In punishing the father for the neglect of his family, the county, by taking away the money earned by the father in the workhouse, is forcing the children to become paupers, at least, if not criminals. The same is true of a man sent to the penitentiary, the only difference being that the state takes his money instead of the county.

A short time ago a woman and five children were brought into the Juvenile Court by the Humane Society in a proceeding to take her children away from her, because she was unable to support them and their environment was not wholesome and such as to be for the best interests of the child. The father was in the penitentiary, rightfully so; he was working hard, rightfully so; he was earning money, rightfully so; but the wife and children got none of it. The State of Ohio took it. The wife had committed no crime; the children had not committed any crime, and yet the law said that the children must be taken from the mother because she was unable to support them. The law said that the children must be robbed of the mother's patient care and affection, and, because of the father's

crime, that they must be separated and scattered here and there, one not knowing where the other was, and the mother not knowing where any of them were, or under what conditions.

I submit that the state is making criminals out of these children, is depriving and robbing them of that which is more valuable to the child than all the wealth of the world, — a mother's care and patience during early childhood. The children were not the criminals, the mother was not the criminal. The father was the criminal, and the state ought not to join hands with him in making paupers and probably criminals out of not only the children, but the mother as well.

About a year ago, a young girl was brought into the court as an incorrigible and for immorality. She was but fifteen years of age and had spent eleven days in an evil resort. The evidence developed the fact that her father had put her to work in this place, where she became familiar with its environment, and finally became an inmate. I submit that the child was not the criminal, but that the father and the proprietor of the resort were the criminals.

A short time ago a young girl was picked up on the streets of the city of Columbus by one of the Juvenile Court officers, in company with a girl who had been before the court twice for immorality, and brought into court. An examination disclosed the fact that her father had, about a month prior, deserted the mother and the daughter, and left them penniless, without food, without coal, and the rent unpaid. A few days before the confinement of the mother, the young girl obtained a position to work in a telephone company in the city. Not being accustomed to morking and many of the disagreeable features of working for somebody else, she was discharged. The Juvenile Court officer succeeded in getting her another position, managing the telephone exchange in one of the large department stores of the city. The state inspector of shops happened around within forty-eight hours after she was employed, and finding her under the age of fifteen years, ordered her discharged. That evening the young girl was picked up on the streets of the city by a man, taken to a

restaurant and given an elaborate dinner, something to drink and from there taken to an illegal resort, where she remained all night. I submit that she was not the criminal. The father was the criminal in the first instance, and the man who took her to the restaurant was the criminal in the second instance, and the proprietress of the resort the criminal in the third instance; and to punish the girl while the father goes free, and the man who took her to the house of assignation and the woman who permitted the child to enter are out of the penitentiary, is a crime against the childhood of the State.

Recently a young girl who had been a waitress in a restaurant in one of the leading department stores in the city was brought in by her mother, a widow. She had been away all night, and the evidence disclosed that she had met a man who had been coming to the restaurant for several days to take his dinner, and he invited her to the theatre. Attracted by the attention and the novelty of the theatre, she went with him. After the theatre he proposed a lunch, and, not knowing anything about the proper places, she consented and was taken to a chop suey joint. They had the lunch and afterward something to drink, and from that time until the following morning, life to her was a blank. Again, I submit she was not the criminal, and ought not to be punished, while the man is out of the penitentiary.

It is not possible to print nor to tell in public of the appalling, far reaching crimes against the childhood of the State. One can but keep on the outskirts of the awful chasm of depravity into which the children, particularly the young girls of the larger cities of the State, are hurled, and yet in every case there is an adult back of the crime of the child, and for courts to sit in judgment upon the child while the adult goes free is but to commit a crime far greater than that committed by the child. Men and women grown are thus making criminals out of the children for the Juvenile Courts of Ohio to form and reform and to punish and eventually to fill the insane asylums, the penitentiaries, work-houses and jails of the State, while the cause is left untouched and unpunished. They are training year by year an army of

recruits for these institutions. The law of Ohio as it is now written makes it easy for them to do so — makes it safe for them to practice their iniquity upon those who are helpless, who do not know what their rights are and have no means whatever of enforcing those rights if they know them.

The United States Government does not hesitate to punish counterfeiters. One who makes and passes counterfeit money of any denomination is punished by the Government. No matter what the expense may be of ferreting out the crime, of capturing and convicting the counterfeiter, the Government does not hesitate. As an illustration, a short time ago a member of the bar of Franklin County, on a trip from the city of Havana, Cuba, to New Orleans, lost a Panama hat, for which he had paid ten dollars in Havana. It was stolen from him on the high seas. He complained to the Government. The Government took up his cause and required him to travel from the city of Columbus, Ohio, to the city of New Orleans four different times, to convict the prisoner charged with stealing the hat. The cost of his conviction amounted to something like three thousand dollars, yet the Government did not hesitate.

But men and women are making counterfeit children, and counterfeit men and women out of children, with impunity, and are not punished. They are day by day making counterfeit men and women and driving children into dependency and delinquency, forcing them to be criminals, condemning them to lives of ostracism, to be shunned by society, while they are yet children, and yet the law of Ohio does not punish them, but rather punishes the children, the victims of their infamy.

If a man were to meet on the streets of any city in Ohio a young girl, rush up to her and grab her pocketbook and run away, the police department would immediately be notified, and they would scour the town to capture the thief. The entire machinery of the police department and the criminal courts of the county would be at once set in operation to convict this man and send him to the penitentiary as a pick-pocket; but the same man might meet the same girl on the street at the same hour in

the evening and entice her to a theatre, from there to the wine parlor, then to a worse place, and destroy her morally, possibly physically, and at least condemn her to a life of shame and ostracism, to be shunned by her kind, and yet the man, in this instance, goes free, and oftentimes retains his social standing in the community. The child suffers. She is punished, but the author of her ruin, her degradation, goes unpunished. I submit that such things are relics of barbarism and have no place in modern civilization, and that the real criminal ought to be sought out and punished, and all care and protection then thrown around the child to save it from further sorrow and affliction.

I submit, in conclusion, that these boys

and girls, many of whom during the tender years of their life when they are immature in judgment, wholly without experience, unsophisticated as to the ways and the temptations of the world, struggling every hour of their lives to keep themselves pure in mind, body and heart, are forced into the busy world to earn a living for themselves, and possibly help support a family, have a right to go to and from their work anywhere, without being subjected to all the temptations that the adult mind can conceive and concoct for their ruin and destruction, and that society and the state owes it to them *as children* to see that they are protected. And I submit that while we are not doing this, we must admit we are cowards.

## THE FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS

By Stanley Lawrence

I'm got a pair of red-top boots,  
But I'm not got 'm on today;  
I'm got blisters on bof foots  
Where I wear'd 'm yesterday.

Bud Smif, he seen me wif 'm on,  
'N he let on to laf 'n laf;  
He frow'd a nubbin ear of corn  
'N called, "Soo-kaf, soo-kaf, soo-kaf."

"I 'spect they sees th' old mother cow,  
So you'd best take your nubbin back;  
She's purty clost, I fink, right now—"  
'N I fling'd it in his own boot track.

I fooled my mamma, tho', I did,  
I tromp'd acrost our back porch floor  
Wif great big steps, 'n knocked so loud  
She's most afraid t' op'n th' door.

She ast, "Is 'at you, Uncle John?" —  
" 'Ats who it is; why, how'd you know?"  
"I fot I know'd your walk;" she says,  
"Jus' come on in" — 'N I done so.

# SNOWBIRD

A NOVEL

By S. N. Cook

## CHAPTER XIII.

**T**HE hearing of the case of Egbert Hawley, Joseph Hawley and Beverly Wade, partners, vs. Elijah Evans, in a suit to eject, came up for hearing before Justice Peters at the time agreed upon.

'Lige was defended by "Bill" Sims, a scavenger of the Williamsburg bar. The deeds were offered in evidence. Sims made no defense, so far as the ownership of the land in question was concerned.

"Nevah mind them papers," he said; we don't keer ter look at them. We air in yuh cote, 'Squire Peters, out o' respect to yuh all as a man an' an officer of the law."

"This feller from the North comes down here puttin' on airs and orderin' citizens of our country from their homes, an' he is seekin' to use the arm of the law ter protect him from the indignation that is risin' in the breast of the men of the South.

"As fer this lan' we air not claimin' it, but as fer livin' on it, we air heah ter say that we mean ter stay as long as it suits us.

"We believe, yuh honor, that yo' will not try ter drive us out o' our home which we built an' in which we air livin' peaceable an' honest lives. We don't believe yuh air goin' ter listen ter the orders of a low-down Yank or a lot of money-grabbers of the North who gits our mountings fer a song an' keeps 'em fer a speculation.

"We don't believe thar is thet kind o' justice or injustice in the cotes o' Tennessee." Sims pounded the table violently as he continued: "We rely on yo' all, 'Squire, to send this fiddle playin' Miss Nancy o' a lawyer back where he belongs an' leave decent people alone."

Sims, as he resumed his seat scowled at

Arthur, but turned his back upon Yancey Everett, who arose to reply.

"I supposed, your honah when we came to-day, it was to try this case. We came to answer any claim the defendant might make regarding his right to live on property he did not own or rent. It seems, however, that this is simply an opportunity for the attorney of 'Lige Evans to vent his spleen at a gentleman. It is seldom he has an opportunity to meet a man of recognized standing at the bar. If the gentleman whose interests I represent had sent anyone here to drive decent people from their homes I should not have been in the case.

"What are the facts in the case, your honah? I believe you are familiar with them, but I will run over the case briefly. A man who owns his home, a man raised in these mountains was written to by a friend in the North in regard to a tract of timber land. They were willing to invest some money in our lands here and develop them. These Northern men did not come and haggle over a few dollars. They said they could pay so much and that amount was \$700 more than the widow who owned the land asked for.

"Jack Fallis was the agent. He could have put that \$700 in his pocket, but did he do it? There was a soldier who wore a gray suit that fell mortally wounded at Peach Tree Creek, and it was a woman who is yet mourning his death that got the \$700. Jack Fallis charged her nothing for his time and trouble. During the days none of us have forgotten he was on one side and the man who fell in the front of Atlanta was on the other.

"It is only fair to all parties that we should know this. If there is one reason why 'Lige Evans should live on that land

we should know it now. Instead of the attorney attempting to show this, he descends to vituperation and abuse. I will go so far as to say that the men owning this land would have permitted even 'Lige Evans to live there unmolested if he had not stolen the timber and sold it. You know only too well, your honah, that the crimes of that man Evans have left a stain upon the record of the people who live in these grand old hills, suh."

"That will do!" yelled Sims springing to his feet; "you are brow-beating your bettahs and you've got to stop."

'Lige was shifting about uneasily and a dark scowl added to the disfigurement of his ugly countenance. Arthur feared there might be a tragedy, all too common in the mountains, when the trial should end. He arose to ask Mr. Everett if he could say a word, when Yancey said:

"One moment, Mr. Hawley, and I will give way to you. My betters, did you say?" turning quickly upon Sims. "When Robert E. Lee offered his sword to the man who triumphed I went home penniless and hungry, but I could look the world in the face. I had never murdered a woman or plundered the homes of the fatherless. Where was you, Bill Sims, when the veterans of a hundred battles stacked their arms? A skulking and hiding in the mountains, so I hear. Where was your client then? I'll tell you; he was hiding with you in the caves and behind rocks, because he had fought for no flag save the black flag of rapine and plunder."

"Yuh lie!" yelled 'Lige.

"Stop!" cried Arthur, for he saw the outlaw draw his weapon.

Jack Fallis reached for his trusty revolver, but it was too late. A shot rang out in the court room and Yancey Everett was wounded unto death. For once in his life brave Jack Fallis had failed to keep watch upon his old foe. Arthur and Jack sprang to the aid of Yancey, who had fallen upon the table. Taking advantage of the confusion, 'Lige dashed from the room.

Malvina had accompanied her husband, and at the moment of the tragedy was standing in an open door looking out upon the road. When she heard the shot she turned to rush to the court room, but caught a glimpse of a swiftly passing

shadow. As she turned she drew the revolver she had carried ever since that day in '64. 'Lige Evans paused a moment at the gate to wrench it open. At that moment she fired. She knew not what had occurred, but remembering the threat—"I'll kill him sure enough"—she acted with that intuition that had never failed her.

When the outlaw fell and did not move she hurried to the room where Yancey lay upon the table, his head supported by Jack Fallis.

As she came in her husband smiled faintly and asked: "Did he get away?"

"I finished him," she answered quietly; "are you much hurt dear?"

"I think I'm done for, wife," he said, with a moan.

"Has anyone gone for a doctor?" she asked.

"Nate is riding like the wind," and Jack Fallis' tears were falling upon the face of the wounded man.

"Caint we lay him somewhere softer than this table?" Malvina asked.

Tenderly he was borne to the spare bed room and tenderly ministered to by the wife who had never loved him as she did that moment when she found him drifting away.

So intersted was everyone in Yancey Everett that no attention was paid to the dead outlaw. When Malvina bent over her husband whispering to him to be brave, as there might be a fighting chance for him to live, Arthur and Fallis silently left the room. They found 'Lige's body where it had fallen when the bullet from Malvina's avenging weapon overtook him. The sun was beating down into the upturned face. The stained lips were not less cruel in death than in life. His life had been hard and unlovely. Bitter and relentless had been his hatreds as was the common trait of his class.

"What shall we do with this body?" asked Arthur.

"Send it to the woman at the cabin."

"But the coroner should view the remains before being moved."

"It's not worth while," Jack answered; "the 'Squire can do that. He knows how it happened and thar won't be anything said about this bein' a mysterious act of Providence. This will be counted a sud-

den act of Malvina Everett; and it will be accounted all right. I'll git somethin' and kiver him up till we move him," said Jack, as he turned away.

Just then Lize, the girl of the cabin, came by, and observing Arthur, approached him, smiling familiarly.

"Wat yuh got a layin' thar?" she asked. Arthur did not reply. He stood regarding her curiously, wondering if all girls of her class were as bold.

"W'y, that is 'Lige; did yuh kill him?"

"I did not," he answered.

Again she glanced indifferently at the dead outlaw, but the smile did not leave her lips. She was wishing this handsome young man would come to the cabin again. "I reckon I'll go and tell my A'nt Liz; she'll think it queer to see 'Lige daid," she said, as she turned slowly away.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

It was almost two hours after the shooting when the doctor arrived. He went at once to the bedside of the dying man, for Yancey Everett was near the end. He knew before the surgeon arrived that he must die.

"But for you, dear," he said, lovingly, "but for you, I would rather it had been on the field of battle, with the cannon a-roarin'. It seems sort o' common like to die at the hands of such a creature as 'Lige Evans. I'm worried some about you, wife. You shot him, you said, and maybe they may make you trouble. I won't be here—"

"Don't worry about me, Yancey," she said, "Ef they send me ter jail fer killin' 'Lige, I'd go feelin' proud—fer I done my duty ter you, my husband."

"You are my brave gal, always, but it grieves me ter think I can't defend you. I always tried to be a gentleman, and a gentleman ain't afeared ter cross the rivah. What was it Stonewall said?" he murmured—"I'm goin' ter cross the rivah to that clump o' trees.' Something like that, was it not, Malvina?"

"I 'low, Yancey, I done fergot exactly what he said," Malvina replied, wearily.

He lay a few moments with closed eyes, and when he opened them she was bending over him lovingly.

"I remember now what he said," Yancey whispered.

"Who?" she asked.

"Stonewall," he answered. "This is what he said: 'Let us cross over the rivah and lie down in the shade of the beautiful trees.'"

"I reckon, Yancey, I'd like ter go weth yuh ef yuh hev to go," she said. A moan like the night wind of winter escaped him as she put her arms about him and kissed him tenderly.

"My brave gal," he whispered. Then arousing himself he said: "Have the 'Squire come in. Write while I am able," he murmured, when the justice sat by the bed.

"Everything goes tre her—I'll tell you what the items are, and then I want to sign it."

When the document was concluded Malvina brought Jack and Arthur to witness it in proper form. Arthur struggled to repress his emotions in the presence of the stricken man, but when he had placed his signature to the will, he fell on his knees by the bed and lifted the big, broad hand to his lips.

"Don't Arthur; don't shed a tear fer me. I'm goin' like a man. I did my duty, that is all. You will tell Beverly Wade, won't you?" His eyes were fixed upon the young man's face appealingly.

"God pity me and forgive me," Arthur cried. "Why did I not drive you out of the case when I feared this?"

"Because I die loving you as a friend. The other way I could not," Yancey replied. "There is one favor I wish to ask of you—you and Jack Fallis."

"What is it Yancey?" Jack asked, eagerly.

"Ef they arrest Malvina, you'll stand by her?"

"Stand by Mrs. Everett? You need not ask that," Arthur was saying, when Jack interrupted—

"Yuh know, Yancey, we wouldn't do nothin' else."

"That is good of you," said the wounded man.

"As soon as"—Arthur paused a second and Yancey smiled faintly, knowing what Arthur had in mind. "As soon as I can send some one, I'll telegraph Wade and

Hawley to come at once. My father, too, will come, and your brave wife shall not suffer if they can prevent."

"Do you think they'd come?"

"I'm promising you this, my friend — they will not let me break a promise," Arthur replied.

"I did not speak kindly of your uncle that night in the Pullman," Yancey said; "but you tell him that away down in my heart I admire a fighter. Come close to me," he murmured; "come close. I want you to hear this. I'm a little queer on some things. I don't believe its such a far journey to the other side. There will be willing hands stretched out to help a man that's tried to do the square thing on earth. I sometimes think we can come back and hear the old songs and kiss the lips of loved ones we kissed on earth. They won't know it. The kiss of the soul leaves no impress but in the heart. Now, what I want is, if they arrest Malvina, and it comes up in court, put a chair for me close to Beverly Wade, fer maybe I can come back."

He closed his eyes wearily, and Malvina smoothed back his hair, which had become damp. Slowly the gray eyes opened, and with a smile so pathetic Arthur sobbed aloud, he said:

"It's good of them to come, dear. I'll go feeling happier and prouder that Arthur's uncle and Mr. Wade will assist him in your defense."

When the surgeon arrived and concluded the examination, he shook his head. He had been a surgeon in the Civil War, and knew when death was coming on.

"Tell me, can I stand it to be moved to Jack Fallis?" Yancey asked.

"You will be easier here," the surgeon replied.

"I'll tell you what I want," and his voice was as vibrant as in the court room when he uttered the philippic that caused his death. "I want to live to reach Jack's home, and rest in that room where the piano is. Then I want my friend — this boy friend of mine — to play Dixie for me once more. I want to hear the drums beating as I go over."

"You'll live to get there, old comrade," the doctor said. "You'll live that long if you've made up your mind to hear that tune a-ringing out."

\* \* \*

It was about the hour that in the war days the bugles were wont to sound "Lights Out," when Yancey whispered:

"Tell Arthur."

Arthur was waiting for the signal, and at once went to the piano. Even though his foot pressed the soft pedal, the marching song of the South rang out, and Malvina lifted her husband that he might see the young man playing his death march. Then he who had marched where Stonewall led, looked into the face of his wife with a proud smile and breathed no more.

As she cried, "O Yancey!" and replaced his head upon the pillow, Arthur shaded from Dixie into that undying hymn:

"Though like the wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

Lina's alto was like the heart-breaking tones of the cello, and Arthur was fighting for his voice.

Fate had sounded taps — the lights were out.

(To be continued.)

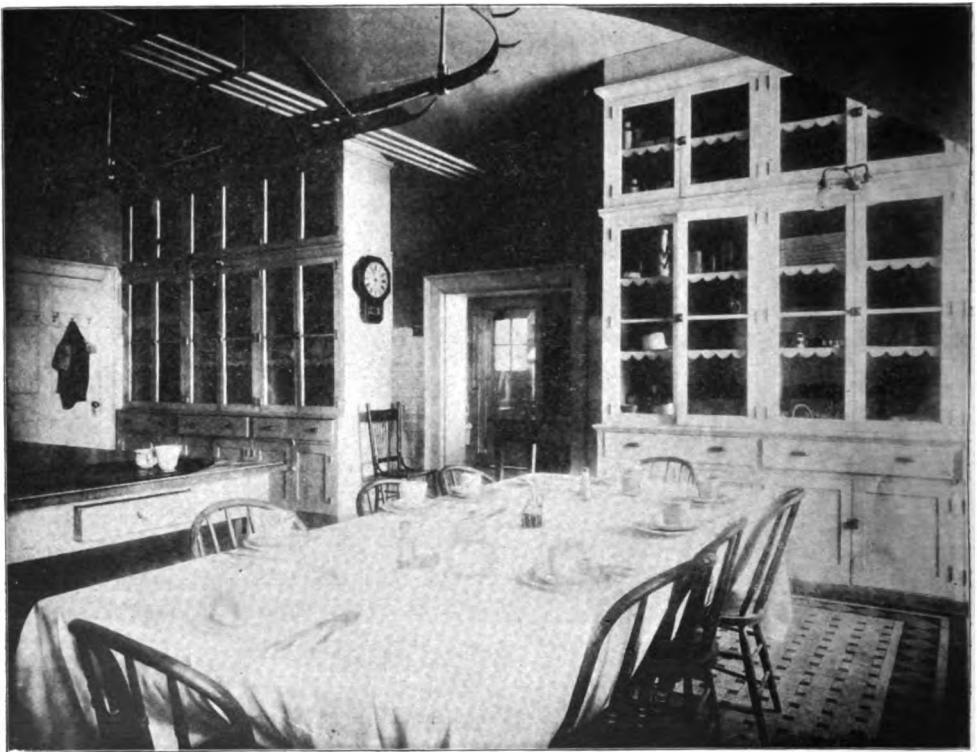


# The White House Kitchen

By Charles James Fox, Ph. D.

**T**O most American women the kitchen is probably the most interesting room in the White House. A careful inspection of its general construction, of its thoroughly modern appointments and of the manner in which cooking utensils are arranged and cared for, is

The White House kitchen is composed of two connecting rooms, located in the rustic basement, under the family and state dining rooms. The main kitchen is forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The smaller apartment, known as the family kitchen, is about half this size. Both rooms are fitted out according to the most



SERVANTS' DINING TABLE AND CHINA CLOSETS.

full of practical suggestions that are helpful to the student of domestic science. It gives, furthermore, an excellent example of how the old spacious kitchen of colonial type can be remodeled so as to conform to the latest ideas of domestic labor-saving devices and of sanitary arrangements.

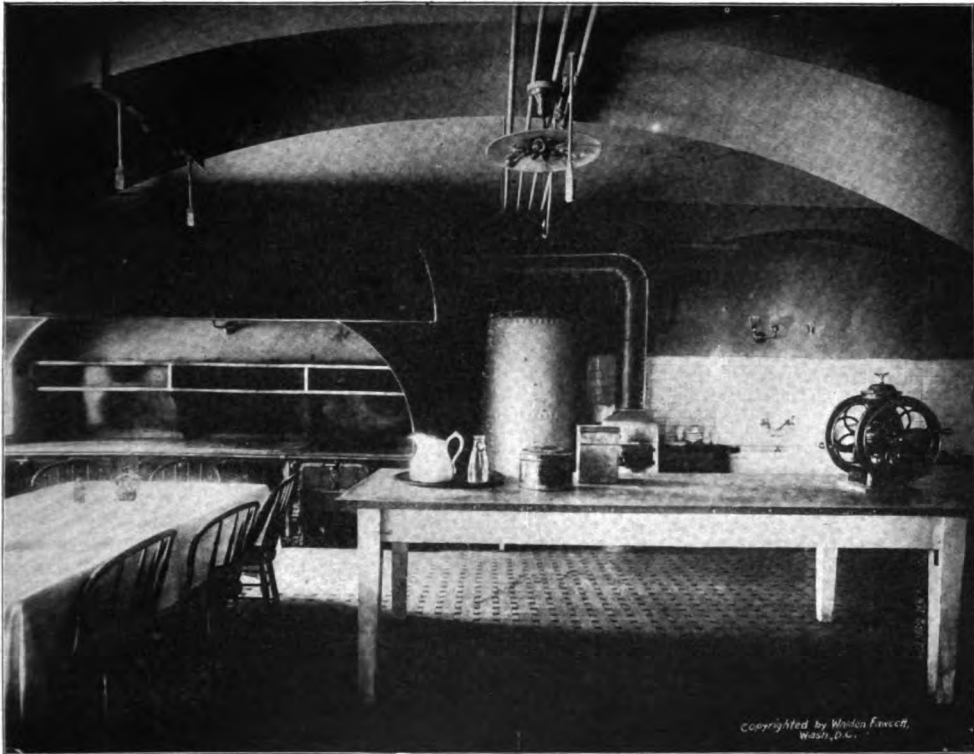
modern ideas of kitchen science. The floors and the wainscoting for seven feet are completely tiled. The rooms are well lighted by large windows and by electric light.

The open plumbing fixtures are of the most modern type and thoroughly sanitary.

In the main kitchen a great hooded range, with its large baking and warming ovens and its huge water boiler, occupies almost an entire side of the room. Next to the water boiler is a long porcelain sink, with up-to-date exposed plumbing for washing dishes. Another side of the room is taken up by two immense cupboards. The upper shelves of these are protected by glass doors and filled with crockery and tinware. The lower portion is divided into bins for

White House chef and his several assistants. After the state dinner has been served, these highly polished copper utensils are shined up again and stored away in their proper cupboards.

The smaller apartment, known as the family kitchen, where the President's "help" take their meals, is fitted up in much the same manner as the larger. This secondary kitchen connects by an iron stairway with the butler's pantry on the



COOKING, SERVING AND ELECTRICAL APPARATUS IN THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN.

flour, meal and cereals, with smaller compartments for sugar, salt and spices. A large circular pronged iron rack is suspended from the ceiling over one of the several large deal tables, that are distributed about the room. On state occasions, when a hundred guests are likely to be seated around the massive mahogany table in the state dining room, this circular iron swing is filled with every variety of cooking utensils, suspended from the prongs, so that they are right at hand for the

floor above, immediately adjoining the official and family dining rooms. Two large dumb waiters, operated by electricity, run to this pantry in a shaft built in the wall between the two kitchens, so as to be accessible from each. The same current of electricity which runs the dumb waiter also heats the large plate warmer in the butler's pantry. All the china and cut glass used on the President's table is stored behind the glass doors in the large closets of this pantry.

In addition to its spaciousness, the two most striking features of the White House kitchen are the tiled floor and wainscoting and the electric appliances. The floor design and the spotless white wainscoting give the rooms an attractive appearance



A KITCHEN CORNER.

and suggest at the same time that careful regard for sanitary considerations, the importance of which is just being appreciated in domestic science. The use of electricity to light the rooms, heat the dish warmers, run the dumb-waiters and for similar pur-

poses, demonstrates that in the domestic arrangements of the President's household the value of labor saving devices is fully realized.

The White House steward is an important person. He has to cater to the simple fare which conduces to the strenuous existence of the Chief Executive, and has also to prepare repasts which will tempt guests from almost every civilized country in the world. One has only to recall the difference between the national dishes of England, China, Russia, Germany, France, Turkey and other countries in order to realize the vast gastronomic problems which confront the White House steward when he prepares a state dinner for the assembled diplomatic corps.

To him there is no "servant problem," because "help" for the White House is always plentiful and easy to obtain. Perhaps the most important lesson to be derived from an inspection of the White House kitchen is a realization of the fact that the best method of solving the servant problem is to make the kitchen so attractive, both in appearance and in labor saving devices, as to appeal to that great number of working women who now regard domestic labor as a drudgery to which other occupation is to be preferred.



# What of the Law?

By Charles F. Pryor



HE paths of the legal profession are not all paved with bricks of gold. The most successful practitioner can recall days of hardship and disappointment.

He would indeed be fortunate who does not meet some obstacles in his pathway, for it is not at all an easy road to travel. Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Abraham Lincoln's struggles in the early days of his legal career. Though a product of the backwoods, he fought his way to the front through adversity and became one of America's greatest lawyers. All over this broad land to-day there are practicing attorneys who are living examples of Abraham Lincoln, who have made a success of the law and whose lives are well worthy of emulation. Some succeed, while others fall by the wayside. But what is worth attaining is worth striving for. Before making any business or professional adventure, however, it is well to know something about what we may expect to meet on our way.

In the United States today there are over one hundred and seventy-five thousand lawyers—more than in any other profession or calling save teaching and medicine. In addition to this number there are thousands of young men in law offices and colleges educating themselves for the law—a mighty army of legal representatives fighting and preparing to fight the battles of life.

In one city alone, there are over ten thousand lawyers, three-fourths of whom are wholly dependent upon the incomes from their practice as a means of livelihood. While from 30 to 50 per cent. are successful practitioners with good incomes and a monopoly upon the better class of law business, it is safe to say that the remaining 50 per cent. make on an average less than \$1,200 per year. In many law

offices in our larger cities you will find a half dozen or more lawyers occupying merely clerical positions and working for others, like insignificant cogwheels in a mighty machine, on salaries of from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per week, and who congratulate themselves that they are able to hold their positions.

A motorman on a street car receives from fifteen to twenty dollars per week for his services, and he is sure of his money. A clerk in a dry goods store, a railroad or insurance office, receives from twenty to twenty-five dollars per week. A bank clerk is paid from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars per month. A skillful mechanic or machinist earns from three to ten dollars per day. Many business men command salaries of from five to twenty-five thousand dollars per year. A traveling salesman sells goods on commission and earns from one to five thousand dollars per year and perhaps more. A reporter on a daily newspaper makes more money than the average lawyer. What does it mean? Wake up, young lawyer, wake up! In the face of these conditions is it not time that you were asking yourself the question, Does it pay to practice law?

Twenty years ago the young man who was industrious and who possessed a fair knowledge of the law had a fair chance of professional success. But he who embarks today in the legal profession will find himself confronted with a condition of affairs which did not then exist. Business conditions have changed since then, and likewise the practice of the law. The process of evolution has been at work, and today we find ourselves, practically speaking, in a new world. As the morning sun lights the purpling fields of the dawn, the sunrise of new ideas, new conditions, new laws has come to enlighten mankind. The

scientist and inventor have brought us in touch with all parts of the world, and every where new fields are being opened up for those who toil.

In the law there is more competition than ever before, and the profession is crowded. The individual lawyer is not recognized so much as a factor in the business world as in the days of old. In accordance with the spirit of the times, law firms, instead of individuals, have come to handle the larger and better class of legal business, and, if the law itself would permit, corporations would be formed for legal practice and it would not be long until a few clients would have a monopoly upon the legal talent of the land. The old time lawyer, with his old time books and his old time ways, has almost disappeared, and his place is being filled with younger men who have been educated in the new school. The general practitioner has been replaced by the specialist, and thus we have corporation lawyers, real estate or commercial lawyers, as the case may be, depending upon what particular branch of the law each is pursuing. In many instances we find lawyers following only a single branch of the law and devoting the most of their time to another and perhaps more lucrative business. From necessity, perhaps, lawyers have taken up other kinds of business in connection with their legal practice, and this has led to the criticism that the hand of commercialism has fastened its grip upon the legal profession and that it is crowded with those whose paramount object in life would seem to be financial gain at any cost; that the law is no longer a dignified and noble profession. But, notwithstanding this, we must not forget that the legal profession still has its Lincolns and Websters, who practice law not alone for its emoluments, but for the sake and glory of the law itself.

The lawyer must represent capital if he expects to make money in his practice. Representing principles alone will not make him rich nor successful. Some of the best lawyers today who have fought for principles all their lives, are poor men. The most fertile field is in the line of corporation law. He who is an expert in the art of combining capital, who devotes his time and energy in the interest of corpora-

tions, has a professional income which in some instances is enormous. There are corporation lawyers today who have incomes of \$50,000 and \$100,000 per year. Some have received fees as high as \$2,000,000. The general solicitor of one of our largest corporations is said to receive a salary of \$250,000 per year—more than any railroad president, banker, or insurance man and four times the salary of the President of the United States. But these are exceptions to the rule, for the average lawyer does well if he receives \$2,000 per annum. He who embarks in the law with the impression that he is on the road to wealth will soon find that the impression is erroneous. "If great and rapid gains be your object," says Walker, "there are many vocations to be chosen before the law. No lawyer in this country can become very rich in the strict pursuit of his profession."

Not all of us were born to follow the learned professions. Some were made to toil in the fields; some in the workshops and factories; some in the marts of trade; some to preach the gospel and others to practice law. Any calling is honorable when honorably pursued. A circus clown who plays well his part is of far more value to the world than an incompetent lawyer. A little knowledge of the law is sometimes worse than none at all.

The choice of a calling in life is sometimes a perplexing problem. To know just what we are best fitted for in life has puzzled us all, and yet it is one of the first lessons we have to learn. A mis-chosen profession has been the cause of many a failure. To start on the right road makes the journey easier. It was Lowell who said that "every man is born with his business or profession in him." If a boy is determined to be a farmer, it would be foolish to try and make a lawyer out of him. On the other hand, if he has a legal mind and is not disposed to do manual labor, he would make a poor farmer. It is a foolish notion in the minds of a great many people, that in order to be respected, a person must belong to one of the learned professions.

There are many vocations in the business and industrial world open to the energetic young man which offer better oppor-

tunities for money making, with less effort and easier hours than the practice of the law. Thousands of young, ambitious lawyers, well educated in their profession, are struggling along endeavoring to get a foothold in the practice, who are scarcely able financially to support themselves and who perhaps would have made successful business men in other occupations of life. What does it mean?

The cost of a legal education in these days would be a valuable asset in the hands of any young man entering the business world. A thorough literary education is a necessary foundation for a professional career. But why should young, ambitious men of education and natural endowments, spend years of valuable time and thousands of dollars preparing to practice law, and continue their energies to an overcrowded profession, and wait for clients to come, rather than go forth into the business world where golden opportunities await them; where mankind may receive the benefit of their knowledge, their genius, their skill, and where fortune may greet them as a reward for their years of toil?

Some one tells the story of Leland Stanford, the great educator, who began the practice of the law in a remote part of Wisconsin. After some years of effort with but little success, he lost by fire his law library and all he possessed. He then moved to California, went into other business, grew rich and became known as one of the world's greatest philanthropists. It was fortunate for Stanford, so the story runs, that he was burned out while trying to practice law. Would it not be fortunate for many young men in these days to

be driven out of mistaken callings, before wasting the best years of their lives? There is a place for every one to fill, but too many of us are trying to fill the other fellow's place. If you are not making any progress on your journey, perhaps you are on the wrong track. If you find that you are on the wrong track and expect to reach your intended destination, you had better change cars. It is true that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but "a change of pasture sometimes makes a fat calf."

Those who are especially well fitted for the law should not be discouraged, though conditions in the practice are not what they might be. You may not make the fortune you have in mind, but you will find no better calling and no work which is so elevating and beneficial. The opportunities are not all gone. There is more law business today than ever before. The greatest difficulty is in getting it. There are better lawyers today than there were in the days gone by. If you succeed in getting your share of legal business, you should be satisfied. The law is the noblest profession of all and no man is more highly respected than the lawyer. He has to do with life, liberty and property and all that mankind holds dear.

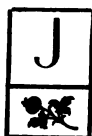
"Success at the bar," says Walker, "does not mean the acquisition of great wealth, nor the achievements of political honors in the halls of fame. But it necessitates a life of constant endeavor with but moderate financial reward. He who at the end of his career has acquired a reasonable independence and an honored name has been a successful lawyer."



# Up the Tuscarawas

By Harry Ferguson

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, by C. M. Hay



JOHN promised to meet us at the corner Main and Fourth streets at 7 A. M. sharp, but we knew that was to avoid contention. Seven A. M. is not on John's day trick. His folks have no knowledge of his ever having seen the sun as early as seven. If he had his way he'd have it rise at 9 instead of 5.

By an extraordinary struggle with the bed covers he managed to turn the corner at 8:15, but not with that dash and exuberance of spirits characteristic of him when a party of the other sex awaits him. His look seemed to say that this thing is going to be mighty monotonous, with nothing but men. And he began to recite his fears as to one of the tires, a leak in the water tank, the weather, the obstinacy of the sparkler and other vicissitudes of autoing; but of no avail, for we insisted on going, at all hazards.

We started up the River road, for West Lafayette. The Hill road is the shorter; but the camera whispered something about the river, the canal and the old locks—the picturesque things.

John held the throttle. Ed. puffed clouds of smoke from his two-fors, with nothing on his mind but a derby, while C. M. and the writer kept a sharp lookout for the pretty spots.

We dashed across the Tuscarawas river bridge into that uncertain triangular piece of land between Coshocton and Roscoe and the Tuscarawas and Walhonding rivers, known as "The Forks." Circling around the mill, we started up the river bottoms along fields of corn, but not without a look back over our shoulders at picturesque Roscoe, holding on to the steep hillside.

Roscoe is the quaint old canal metropolis of Coshocton county, now more of a

residential adjunct to Coshocton. The water power from the Walhonding canal rolls the wheels of two flouring mills and a planing mill only, but is being harnessed by the State for greater things. The Coshocton Electric Light Company will build a mammoth power plant where the water spills over into the river below.

Roscoe always appeals to the artist, with its quaint, old early-canal-day buildings backed up against the canal. Much oil and water color has been spread over its scenes; and being stuck up on a hillside, it affords some remarkable birdseye views of three rivers, two canals, three basins, an aqueduct and a railway trestle, to say nothing of the hills and valleys leading out in various directions, and the busy city of Coshocton across the two rivers.

The Forks is rich in Indian history. Two races met here in early days, but did not always harmonize and go off together as peacefully as the Walhonding and the Tuscarawas into the Muskingum below. Much blood was shed in the primeval forests of this neighborhood.

The Forks is near the site of the capital of the Delawares. Here was the objective point of the Boquet expedition in 1764, the scene of the famous Boquet treaty, and in 1780 of the Broadhead expedition of the War of the Revolution, sometimes known as the Coshocton campaign, while up along the valleys of the Walhonding, Tuscarawas and Muskingum are many other points of interest in Indian history, as well as several evidences of the Mound Builders' time.

A few explosions of gasoline, and we were in Canal Lewisville, a little canal hamlet with enough of the ramshackle to make a good picture.

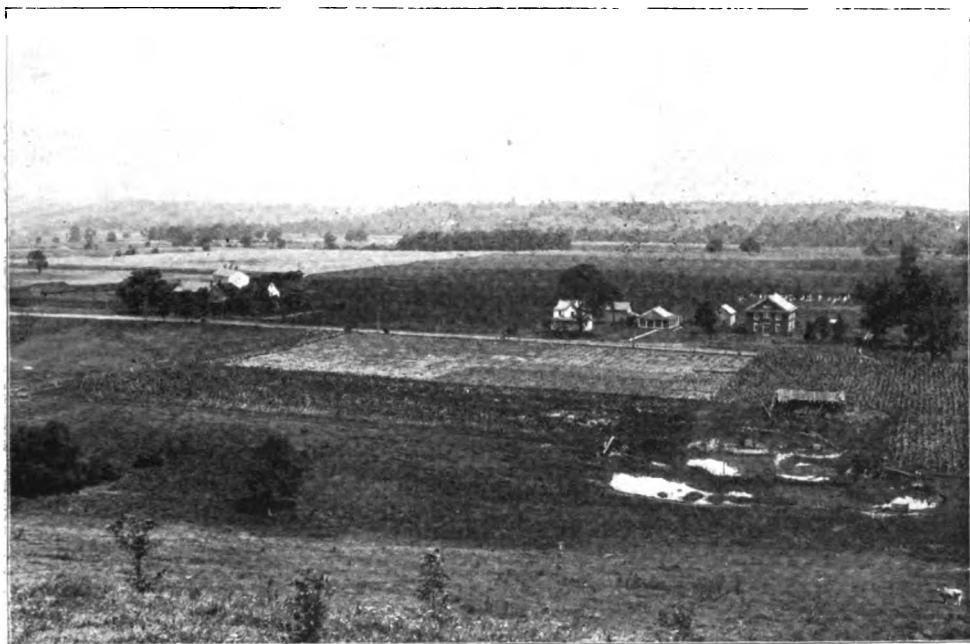
We stopped the automobile just right for a flock of geese on the towing path.

The fowls posed beautifully and kept their eyes on Ed, as they were requested.

The run from Canal Lewisville to the West Lafayette bridge is a delightful one. First it is one side of the canal, and then the other; while the river whips up close one minute and the next shies off around some big bend and disappears among the sycamores. Among the refreshing local names that marked our progress up the canal are McGuire's Grove, Wild Turkey Lock, Rush Island Pond and Shaw's Bottoms.

an eminence set out on the plain like a long mound, from which peculiarity it gets its name.

West Lafayette is a thriving town of a thousand people, and has two enamel and two wooden novelty factories. Besides, it is a college town, the seat of West Lafayette College, a well known but youthful institution of higher learning. West Lafayette has a splendid location — a high gravelly plain, surrounded by a beautiful framework of gentle hills about a mile away, both north and south, and without a



THE TUSCARAWAS VALLEY NEAR WEST LAFAYETTE.

Wild Turkey Lock was once the seat of a flouring mill. The writer remembers in his boyhood some delightful trips to mill, with the "hired hand." The turtles slipped into the water so interestingly, and the canal boats in those days pointed their prows around the bend more majestically than a big ship breaks over the horizon into New York harbor now, from the standpoint of the same observer.

Leaving the canal bank and turning south at the river bridge, near the mouth of White Eyes creek, we made a bee line for West Lafayette, passing Plain Hill —

"wash" or other harsh line on them to mar the landscape. To the writer, it has another charm. It is his home — the effulgence of which does not depend upon rural beauty or commercial progress.

Going directly east from West Lafayette we went through that part of the Tuscarawas valley known as White Eyes Plains, a valley from a mile to nearly two miles wide, fine farm land and thickly settled.

But for the picturesque we turned off at Waggoner's Corner for the river and the canal, and more particularly to the old





LOST: A BOLT.

canal town of Orange, which now has but eight families. In fact it never had a metropolitan population. As a postoffice, the town of Orange was first known as White Eyes Plains, and later Evansburg. But now a rural route has invaded the place and made it unnecessary to dignify some citizen with the title of postmaster. Here at Orange we saw signs of the revival of the old canal, in the building of a new swing bridge. Up the canal farther the improvements are more frequent. The little canal towns expect to see more of the mule again.

The West Lafayette to Orange trip could be made by another route, passing the famous Blue Hole, The Falls, the lock where once stood the Emerson mill and other picturesque delights of the eye along a popular stretch of river for fishermen and campers.

A little east of Orange is the site of a much older town, Evansburg, long since obliterated by old age and a cyclone — once quite a busy place, whither farmers brought their wheat to be shipped on the canal.

From Orange we turned back on The

Plains, passing the old "Rock Fort," a small stone building with rifle portholes through its walls, now very old and crumbling. It has received a good deal of attention in recent years from the photographers and historically inclined. It is said by some to have been built by the Evanses, the first settlers; yet the scions of that family seem to know nothing about it. Its mystery is its charm, and we have no disposition to investigate too far for fear that no Indians were ever shot from its portholes and that its purpose was more milk than blood.

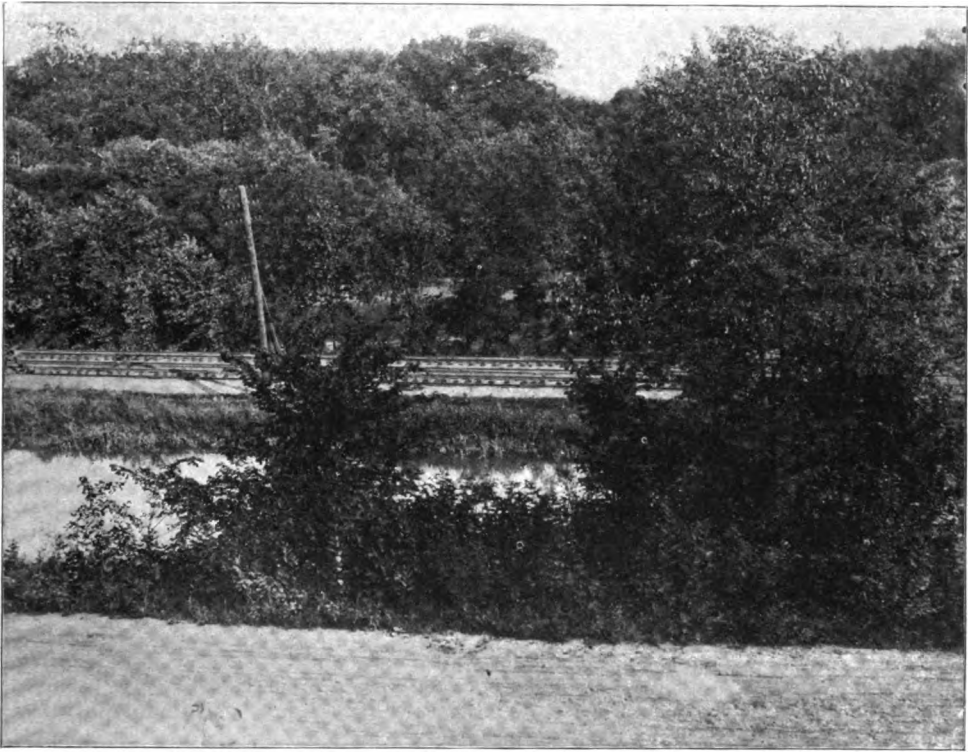
Passing Isleta, a neat one-store hamlet on the Pennsylvania Railroad, we flew up the Plains through clouds of dust toward Newcomerstown.

West of Newcomerstown we struck that Antietam of river destruction known as the Miskimen Bottoms. Here the river has changed its course every time it looked like rain, and keeps the Coshocton county commissioners perplexed almost as much as their second terms. The first mark of it is the long double-barrelled Miskimen wooden bridge, spanning a pasture field. It is a Buckingham truss and was built by

the Hagertys of Nashport, in the fifties. From this bridge we follow a big "fill," where some adjoining farms have been hauled in to put the road above high water. Next we strike the iron bridge, the second built on this spot, the first going down in the flood of 1903. Here the river makes angry swipes at both ends of the bridge and has drained all Central Ohio of piling and sandstone, and is still whipping her tail in her violent demands for more ap-

one of its fickle moods in the Miskimen Bottoms.

Newcomerstown is a growing town of nearly four thousand people. It has one immense factory, the Clow & Company plant, pipe works, which employ several hundred men, and a file factory, some brick factories and other smaller concerns. It has two newspapers, two banks, a new park donated by George Mulvane and many other city airs. This town gets its name



THE FOUR HIGHWAYS NEAR PORT WASHINGTON.

propriations. At this point there are in operation several teams, making a short cut in the river and at the same time making a road above high water for nearly a half mile at the other end of the bridge. And an abutment for another span of the bridge is now being built.

A little farther east we cross a fill through a pool of deep blue water. This marks the spot of another old wooden bridge, which spanned the Tuscarawas in

from a tradition. The old chief of the Indian village at the upper end of the present site of the town brought home from one of his expeditions a white wife, number two, who was called the "newcomer." Wife number one was not pleased with the situation and effectively used a tomahawk on the newcomer, thus establishing a good healthy tradition.

Three or four miles east of Newcomerstown is the site of a depopulated mining

town called Glasgow, a little off the Port Washington road. It was a settlement in connection with an iron mine which was operated there by a Scotch company along in the seventies. The mine proved a failure. It is said the iron cost \$2.50 per ton



A LOCK 17 PLEASURE PARTY NEAR PORT WASHINGTON.

more than it brought. The young men in charge were sons of the rich Scotch owners and spent money lavishly. One of them was a Coates, of the Coates thread manufacturing family of Glasgow. A well known Newcomerstown man tells of them paying him five dollars for holding their horses while they called on some Newcomerstown friends. In time the rich fathers grew tired of the way things were going and stopped the flow of gold, which, it is said, had reached nearly three millions of dollars. At one time this little village of Glasgow had one thousand people.

Just this side of Port Washington, a mile or so, we passed the site of the little Norman settlement of Salem, where some authorities claim was born the first white child in Ohio. There is nothing left to mark the place.

Port Washington is another little Tuscarawas valley town of about five hundred people. It has a nicely shaded one-hundred-foot main street and an open square. It did have two woodwork factories. Both are now in ashes. It is a canal "seaport," but the Pennsylvania Railroad is nowadays getting the most travel.

Leaving Port Washington, we continued up the valley, the road keeping north of the canal, on the opposite side from the river. There is no special mark of indus-

try before reaching Lock 17, except the Buehler Bro.'s tile works, which is as isolated from any town as a sheep barn. The drive is just rural scenery — corn, wheat, canal, river, hills, wild floss, elderberries, cat tails, cattle and pond lilies.

Lock 17 is a hamlet with a mill, a store and a railroad station, and barely enough people to keep the village storekeeper from getting lonesome rainy days and Saturday nights. Here the general farming is varied somewhat to tomatoes and the like, and there is a big glass covered house on the hillside for the early growth of tomato plants and lettuce.

One mile farther we reached our destination, Gnadenhutzen, and dinner, which latter function was delayed because of so much photography en route and an hour and a half's perplexity near Newcomerstown over the loss of a bolt. When one loses a bolt of an automobile he has a much greater respect for horses and other beasts of burden.

Leaving the village hotel we visited the cemetery — the historical mecca of the town — over which hangs a story of massacre that makes the name of Gnadenhutzen known far and wide. A tall, white shaft stands in the well kept cemetery. Its inscription is this: "Here triumphed in death over ninety Christian Indians, March 12, 1782." This monument stands to com-



OLD ORANGE, ON THE OHIO CANAL.

memorate the massacre of the converted Indians of the Moravian Church by Pittsburg militiamen, who, under the pretext of removing them from the dangers of the heathen Indians on the warpath, disarmed and murdered them. A small mound marks

the site of the old mission house, in which the bodies were burned after the murder. Another marks the burial place of the Indians.

After visiting the cemetery we called on the Reverend Wm. H. Rice, D. D., pastor of the Moravian Church. He showed us through his beautiful house of worship,



ROCK FORT NEAR ISLETA.

which is an unusual structure for so small a town. It is a sort of Moravian headquarters in Ohio. Then we were ushered to the pastor's parlor and were told briefly the story of Gnadenhutten and given many mementoes of the place.

Our return trip was almost as refreshing as the first. Up the Tuscarawas and down the Tuscarawas are two different panora-

mas. Either is charming in its variety. You pass the vestibuled train and the weary canal boat. You pass the big steam-heated school building and the little white school house on the hillside, in the edge of the woods. You pass the palatial home and the log cabin, covered with the wild trumpet vine. You ride along broad sweeps of waving corn and you hug some hillside under the shade of the oaks and the projecting coal chutes and berry bushes.

Variety — charming variety, everywhere. No moment do you know the full charm of the scene that will greet you around the turn, as you fly along the Tuscarawas Valley.

As we ran down the Plains it was nearing sunset. The rabbits were bolder, and the lovers, too. The latter sat closer as the sun was going down. Some of the worsted had a continuous effect over the buggy seat, which situation had to be readjusted when the horse began to recognize the automobile, but the love of one young swain near Port Washington was sufficient to hold his horse with only one hand.

As the evening shades were growing deep, we reached "the Experiment Farm," the home of the writer, and John, Ed. and C. M. went on their last eight miles by the hill road to our starting point, Co-shocton.



# A Counterfeit Coin

By James Ball Naylor

## CHAPTER V.



HE detective arrived in Malta upon a Saturday and took up temporary lodging. Sunday was a most beautiful midsummer day, and Raymond — worldly sinner that he was — spent it upon the hilltops back of the village. He had the unexampled temerity and hardihood to turn a deaf ear to the united peals and appeals of the clanging bells and to direct his wayward steps toward by and forbidden paths — paths leading to Nature's secret haunts and God's own trysting places.

Under a spreading beech, in whose branches the birds sang and nested, unmindful of the Scriptural text to keep the day holy, he lay wrapped in calm content and blissful reverie, as one golden hour succeeded another. He was one of those who —

"Jest stretch out an' bat the'r eyes  
At the depths o' summer skies"

and imagine in their sinful ignorance, that they are worshipping the true and living God by admiring and enjoying His handiwork. Of course, according to strict Orthodox belief, they shall be condemned to everlasting punishment for their wilful negligence; but they are a calloused lot and give little heed to the pratings of the elect and have little care for the terrors of a fabulous future, when saturated with the joys and pleasures of an established present.

Monday came; and Raymond, desirous of securing a boarding place nearer to the solitude he craved, made inquiries of his host to that end. The unctuous boniface made answer:

"Let's see — there's a few people who keep boarders here in town. In fact, I could board you quite cheap myself; but

you want to get right out into the country, as I understand you."

Raymond assured him that he did.

"Well, there's a place out on the hills two or three miles, where they sometimes board people. How would that suit you?"

"Not at all. I want a place along the river, where there's boating, fishing and bathing, and all that sort of thing."

"I see. Well, there's only one place close to town; and that's Jake Cassel's."

"How far is it from the village?"

"A mile or so down the river."

"He's a farmer?"

"Yes — and a good one. It's a pleasant place — shady and comfortable and quiet. You'll get good board — fresh milk, vegetables and fruit. They call the place 'Maple Grove Farm;' I know you'd like it."

"Any little children in the family?"

"No; just Jake and his wife, a grown-up son, and the hired help."

"Any other boarders?"

"No — yes, there is; an old maid school teacher. But she won't bother you; she's all the time busy hunting shells and stones and plants and things. It's better than a circus to hear her talk of botany and geology and conchology and so on. She's quiet and lady-like, though, and won't disturb you. You see, Jake sells me milk and butter, so I know all about the place."

Acting on the landlord's information and advice, Raymond called upon the Cassel's, with the result that by the middle of the afternoon he found himself comfortably installed in the commodious farm house. It was a beautiful, shady place, commanding a fine view of the winding river and the broad acres of bottom land surrounding it. The residence stood upon a slight knoll midway between the river and the base of the range of hills skirting the valley, in a grove of magnificent maples. The farm consisted of several hun-

dred acres of rich bottom and hill pasture; and the air of prosperity about it, the condition of orchards, fences, and out-buildings indicated that the Cassels were energetic, well-to-do people.

The house was of gray stone — a quaint, square building with a wide veranda running along two sides of it. The highway followed the bank of the river, and a narrow, tree-bordered lane led from it to the farm house. Back of the residence were the barns and orchard, and at the foot of the lane was the boat landing.

The room assigned to the detective was on the second floor and at the southeast corner of the building. Its low, wide windows opened just above the roof of the veranda, and from them could be caught a glimpse of the tree-fringed river, a full view of the range of hills walling the valley on the east, and — from the southern two — sight of the break in the western range of hills, where the turbulent waters of Douba Run joined the larger stream.

The Cassel farm was composed of what at one time had been several homesteads; but the present owner had, by enterprise and economy, gained possession of them one at a time and amalgamated them into one extensive tract. Of the original dwellings, one or two were occupied by tenants; the others stood empty or were used for the storage of grain or fodder.

The Cassel household — as the village landlord had informed Raymond — consisted of husband and wife; the son, Frank, a young man of twenty-five; the hired man, Jap; the two servant girls, Janey and Ruth; and Miss Myra Haskins, a boarder. The Cassels were simple-minded country folks, neither knowing nor caring much for the twin follies, society and style.

Raymond on his arrival at the farm house immediately unpacked his trunk and bag, donned a suit of gray flannel and a negligé shirt and went out into the grounds to find a place to hang his hammock. It was then that he realized for the first time that there was another pleasure seeker about the place; for he came plump upon another hammock suspended between two of the big maples just in front of the house. He brought up with a jerk, and the expression of childlike gladness faded from his countenance and was replaced by

one of surprise and disgust mingled. He scratched his head in genuine perplexity, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and eyed the swinging nest of fringe and ribbons with frank disapproval.

"I've made another of my innumerable blunders," he growled, with all the fervor of a confirmed bachelor; "and this one is the crowning glory of them all. An old maid, forsooth! a school mistress, bah! I know exactly what she's like — painted cheeks, goggles, false teeth and a wig; forty years old, and trying to look like a miss in her teens; talks science for show, and is all the time dreaming day dreams of love in a cottage. She'll lay systematic siege to the citadel of my susceptible heart, and I'll be forced to act the boor to get rid of her. Curse the fates that sent me here!"

He heaved a lugubrious sigh, shook his fist at the offending hammock, as though he considered it responsible for all of life's ills, present, past and future, and continued his "book of lamentations."

"She's pre-empted the best place in the whole yard, too — of course; and I'll be compelled to go down to the river or back upon the hills, likely, to find a place where I can have a minute's peace. And this is the paradise I dreamed of!"

However, he pased on and selected a spot some twenty yards to the left of the object of his apostrophe. There he made fast his hammock ropes to two of the sturdy maples, dropped into the swinging net, and, pulling his straw hat low over his eys, grumblingly composed himself for a siesta. But just as he was dropping into a doze he heard, or thought he heard, a half-suppressed, rippling peal of laughter, issuing from the open window of the upstairs room in the northeastern corner of the house — the room just across the hall from his own.

"Those giddy little house maids are up there peeping at me," he muttered, irritably, and immediately dropped off to sleep.

He slept two hours and was awakened by the clanging of the big bell that surmounted a tall post near the side gate leading to the barn yard.

"Supper, I suppose," he yawned; and he arose and sauntered around the corner toward the kitchen.

A sight met his gaze that caused him to smile broadly. Clinging to the bell rope with both hands and leaping fully two feet into the air at every swing of the brazen instrument of torture, was Janey, the diminutive and mercurial. Her shock of flaxen hair danced and bobbed about her bony neck and shoulders, and her shoe soles beat a quick tattoo upon the hard-packed earth. She was ringing the bell to call the men from the fields and was all unconscious of the presence of the new boarder. When she became aware she was observed, she clattered along the flagstones and into the kitchen, at a speed little short of a run.

The detective continued to smile as he ascended the stairs and kept on smiling, as he bathed his flushed face and smoothed his tousled hair. Janey's performance and her consequent embarrassment and flight appealed to his sense of the ludicrous, and he was ready to burst out laughing at any moment.

When he again descended the stairs, the men had come in from the fields, had scrubbed their faces and hands, and were ready for supper. The long dining table was spread upon the south veranda, and everything about it looked neat and inviting. The combined odors of rose and honeysuckle made sweet the evening air, and the birds in the tall maples were chirping a musical medley. The soft breeze stole along the wide veranda and dallied with the leaves of the honeysuckle and playfully shook the petals from the full blown roses.

They were just ready to sit down to the table, when Mrs. Cassel exclaimed:

"W'y, Miss Haskins ain't here! Janey — Janey, you run up to her room an' tell her supper's ready. No, you needn't; I hear her comin' down the stairs now."

Raymond turned his head, as light footfalls stole through the door and sounded upon the veranda. Immediately his keen eyes opened wide and his pulse quickened. Where was the old maid he had pictured — the painted cheeks, goggles, and hollow smirk? Surely this vision of female beauty was a delusion and a cheat. Old maid wrapped up in pedagogics and lavender — ah, no! He had a confused consciousness that Mrs. Cassel was presenting Miss Haskins, in a quaint, countrified way; and me-

chanically he acknowledged the introduction and seated himself at the table.

Miss Haskins sat opposite to Raymond. He glanced at her from time to time, as the meal went on and answered the common-place remarks directed to himself; but he was absorbed and distraught and took but little part in the conversation.

Miss Haskins was anything but what the detective had reason to expect from the village landlord's well-meant but misleading description of her. She did not look to be more than twenty-five, he decided, though she may have been; she was one of those women who seem to be blessed with perennial youth. Her dress was of some soft, white, clinging fabric; and her reddish-brown hair lay in natural waves about her broad, fair brow and was gathered into a Psyche knot at the back of her well-poised head. She had the most wondrous eyes Raymond had ever seen — deep violet-blue, fascinating, with an opaline fire in their fathomless depths; and her skin was of that milk-white, satiny kind that defies the sun to produce more damaging effect than a few pin-point freckles. She was of medium height, plump but pliant, with the arched instep and taper fingers of a patrician; and — no mean consideration — her white, even teeth were of nature's handiwork.

"And this is the spinster school-mistress I was dreading to meet!" was Raymond's mental comment. "She's a well-groomed little aristocrat — that's evident; and a consummate flirt, in all probability. She might prove more dangerous to a man's peace of mind than a dry-as-dust old school-marm. Well, I'm immune, thank heaven!"

In answer to some question of Mr. Cassel's, the detective made a humorous rejoinder. Miss Haskins laughed merrily — a silvery, rippling laugh that made Raymond look up quickly. It was so very like the one he had heard issuing from the upstairs window.

"Miss Haskins," he said with mock gravity, "I know now who it was laughing at me awhile ago, when I was putting up my hammock."

For a moment she was slightly embarrassed, apparently. She flushed faintly, and her eyes fell before his steady gaze.

Then she lifted her long lashes and answered, with a tremulous smile:

"I plead guilty, Mr. Raymond. It was very wrong, I know; please pardon me. I offer as an extenuating circumstance, however, the fact that your actions were really amusing."

And she continued to look at him, soberly, pleadingly. It was the detective's turn to be confused — why, he could not tell. He wondered if she was in earnest — if she meant anything of what she said. He could not tell; and he was a little displeased, a little nettled. He possessed an easy-going dignity of which he was justly proud; and it hurt his vanity — it piqued him — to have a young and beautiful woman claim to have discovered something monkey-like in his actions. Then, that she *had* succeeded in irritating him made him downright angry. So he replied rather stiffly:

"I wasn't aware that I was observed, until you laughed, Miss Haskins. I'm truly sorry I presented so ludicrous — so ridiculous a spectacle."

"Now, don't say that," she murmured, genuine distress in her voice; "I didn't mean anything of the kind."

"Well," he persisted, obstinately, "what was there in the simple act of hanging a hammock, to excite your risibilities?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a tone of infinite relief. "You've entirely misunderstood me, Mr. Raymond; it wasn't the hanging of *your* hammock that amused me, but the manner in which you apostrophized *mine*. Your face was a study; and I knew just what you were thinking — that I had pre-empted the best place in the yard, and — and that your vacation was to be spoiled by — by my intrusiveness."

And she smiled at him frankly, her countenance clear of shadows.

Raymond didn't know what to think, and his confusion increased. To add to his irritation, a half-suppressed giggle emanated from the irrepressible Janey, standing in the door. The Cassels grinned broadly, and Miss Haskins bit her lips, evidently struggling with a laugh. The soul-melting influence of her bewitching dimples, of her dancing eyes, was too much for the detective's gravity; and he smiled — a smile that widened, grew, and ended in an out-

burst of merriment. All around the table joined him in the laugh at his own expense; and Janey fled to the kitchen, to inform Ruth of the joke on the new boarder.

When Raymond had retired that night, he lay for a long time thinking of Miss Haskins; and he dropped asleep muttering to himself:

"Haskins — an unusual name; and yet it seems to me I've heard it somewhere — and recently."

## CHAPTER VI.

Raymond thoroughly enjoyed the next few days. The weather was ideal — left nothing to be desired. The air was warm but not sultry; the skies were blue and cloudless. The perfume of flowers and the song of birds lulled his senses into grateful repose and his mind into blissful reverie; and he began to get into intimate touch with his surroundings. The substratum of poetical thought and feeling in his soul was stirred to its most profound depths, and it had lain in a quiescent state for many, many years.

He fished, boated, swam and took long rambles over the hill tops and up and down the rocky ravines, with his gun upon his shoulder. His fishing consisted in setting his pole and line with the baited hook dangling idly in the limpid stream, while he lolled upon the grassy bank, in the shade of the willows, gazing half dreamily, half ecstatically, at the tiny wavelets kissing and caressing the golden sands. He boated—that is, he drifted with the current when he could, and rowed when he must—drinking in the redbird's liquid melody, as that feathered voluptuary swayed upon the topmost bough of a spreading elm and poured forth its tinkling notes in a cataract of song. He went gunning, but his fowl-pie served only to entice him to spend hour after hour in the dark, green forest, soporific with the smell of sassafras and pennyroyal.

He found himself growing poetical — sentimental, almost; and bits of verse and snatches of song came into his mind and fell from his lips, with ever recurring inconsistency. He quoted:

"Those Summer days of long ago —  
I seem to feel and know them still."



He was living his boyhood over again. And yet not so; a new element had crept into his life — a new force — a something he had never known before. What was it? He did not know — he could not say; yet he was conscious of it. It made the skies brighter, the fields greener, the flowers fairer. No doubt it was the legitimate result of the care-free life he was leading, he decided at last; but he was not satisfied with his decision, and continued to let his mind revert to the matter many times each day. In fact, he seemed to have little to do with the thing; his mind acted subconsciously, as it were. He felt the mysterious influence at all times, but felt it most when in the presence of Miss Haskins! What could it be?

The two had become well acquainted in those few days — so he thought, at least. Their acquaintance, in the genial glow of the summer sun, quickly ripened into friendship. The unconventional life they led, their unrestricted intercourse, had the effect of bringing them into closer companionship than a whole season in polite society could have done.

Sitting upon the broad and cool veranda, one evening a week after his advent at the farmhouse, he said to her with a candor foreign to his secretive nature:

"When they told me at the village hotel that an old maid school teacher was boarding here, I pictured to myself a snuffy, scientific, old body who would not accord me a good morning even; and I was satisfied that it should be so. But when I saw your bedecked and bedizzened hammock, I changed my opinion. I was dismayed and feared that my vacation was to be spoiled by the presence of a faded female of uncertain age, with painted cheeks and false hair."

Miss Haskins was sitting upon the edge of the veranda, half leaning against one of the pillars, and she smiled serenely as she made answer:

"There! I told you I read your face that day; and now you confess to just what I said. And you haven't found me a snuffy, scientific old body?"

"No, indeed."

"Nor an old maid school mistress, even?"

"Far from it," he answered, earnestly,

unconsciously expressing with eyes and voice much more than he knew. "I've found you most congenial — most companionable, if I may say so."

"But I *am* a teacher," she laughed; "and an old maid — almost, at any rate — and I am addicted to the study of science."

"Yes," he admitted, "but you know what I mean. You're not at all what I imagined. How long have you been teaching?"

Miss Haskins closed her eyes; and a thoughtful little frown corrugated her brows.

"Let me see," she said; "I think it's about seven years."

"So long?"

"Yes; I began quite young, you see — at the age of eighteen, in fact."

"Eighteen and seven are twenty-five."

"Oh" — with an assumed start — "I didn't mean to tell you my age."

"But you have."

"So it appears."

"Where have you taught, Miss Haskins?"

"In Pittsburg."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, seven consecutive years. This year my health failed me, and I quit at the beginning of the Spring term and came out here for a rest."

"You appear to have fully recovered." And Raymond smiled skeptically, yet admiringly.

"Oh! I wasn't really ill, you know," she explained; "just nervous and worn out from the constant grind and worry of the school room. But this quiet, restful life has done wonders for me. I've been here since the first spring beauties peeped through the half-frozen earth on the sunny hillsides, in April."

"And you added one more to the number — and the fairest of them all," Raymond returned quickly.

Then he stopped suddenly, surprised and embarrassed at his own temerity, and half wishing he had not voiced his admiration so boldly. But Miss Haskins smiled in a gratified, self-possessed way, and said demurely:

"Thank you. You could not pay me a higher compliment. I love those sweet, modest little flowers."

"What have you done all these months,

to put in the time and amuse yourself?" asked Raymond, to relieve his embarrassment. Somehow, he felt like a big, green school boy in her presence, in spite of his eight and thirty years of life's varied experience.

Miss Haskins shifted her position ever so slightly, readjusted her skirts, and replied:

"I've not suffered from *ennui* — I've not wanted for employment, I assure you. I've plead guilty of being addicted to the study of science. Well, out here I've indulged in the pleasurable sides of geology, botany and conchology; and I've found the place a field rich in specimens. This entire section of country is seamed and scarred with marks of the glacial period; I've found the drift on the highest hill-tops. Then, there are fossiliferous and other rocks found here, that are not found in most other localities. As to botany, the flora is rich and varied — especially the Summer and Autumn flowers of the compositae. Besides, I've been making up collections of woods, shells, rocks and flowers, and sending them to my friends. Come up to my room, and I'll show you that I haven't been idle."

Raymond arose with alacrity and preceded her up the broad stairway. Together they entered her apartments. He accepted the chair she proffered him and gazed about the room. It was richly carpeted and curtained and an open door communicated with a sleeping chamber beyond. The furniture consisted of two or three easy chairs, a small table, a bookcase and writing desk combined, an easel and a shelved cabinet with a silken curtain drawn in front of it.

A number of etchings, water colors, and charcoal sketches decorated the walls, and a mandolin lay upon the table in the center of the room.

The detective took it all in and remarked: "You have very cosy quarters here, Miss Haskins. Did you fit them up yourself?"

"Yes — that is, I had it done. You see I expected to stay some time, and I wanted things homelike. I couldn't bear the stiff, old-fashioned furniture and faded carpets, so I furnished the rooms at my own expense and to my own taste. I'm not at all

sorry I did so, either; it has rendered my stay much more pleasant — in fact, I dislike the thought of leaving."

Apparently she did not resent his patient curiosity — seemed to invite it, rather. So he went on:

"Do you expect to stay here long?"

"I can't tell," she answered; "I've engaged no school for the coming year, and I presume I'd enjoy myself here as much as I would anywhere. I have my horse and cart and can come and go as I please, and I like personal freedom; so I may stay another year. However, I can't tell what notion may seize me; I may leave at any time."

"I see you have an easel; of course you draw or paint?"

"I do a very little of both, in a very bad way. You can judge for yourself; that's my work upon the wall."

"Both the water colors and the black and white sketches?"

"Yes."

He arose and walked around the room, examining them one by one. At last he remarked: "I don't pretend to be a critic, but I like your work — I think it shows genius. You did it under the direction of a teacher, of course?"

She showed resentment as she replied: "Indeed, I did *not*!"

"Pardon me," he laughed; "I told you I was no critic. The fact that you did the work unaided renders it the more meritorious. I like the charcoal sketches; there is so much character — so much individuality, in them. And you play the mandolin?"

Without reply she took up the instrument and played a simple air, as she lay back in her chair, with eyes half closed. He silently watched her flying fingers. When she was through he thanked her, and said:

"You brought me here to show me something in particular. What was it?"

She started from the reverie into which she had fallen, saying:

"So I did. But first I desire to show you the picture I've been working on recently. Here it is. What do you think of it?"

As she spoke she went to the easel and turned the picture upon it toward Raymond. It was a bold, unfinished sketch of

his own head, done in charcoal. He did not know what to say; it had come upon him so suddenly. The picture was little more than an outline, but the likeness was plain enough. It was evident that it would be a fair portrait when finished.

"What do you think of it?" she repeated.

"When did you do it?" he countered.

"Yesterday — when you were sitting out under the trees."

"It's a very good beginning," he said, slowly, "considering the subject."

The merest semblance of a sneer was in her voice, as she returned: "Perhaps you think I show a woeful lack of maidenly reserve and womanly discretion, in thus choosing a new-found acquaintance for my subject."

"Not at all," he answered quickly. "You must know I meant nothing of the kind. But surely one has the privilege of speaking disparagingly of oneself."

"And of getting angry, if any one else says the same things of him."

"I shouldn't."

"Yes, you would; you're but human. Come over to the cabinet, and I'll show you some of the specimens I've been collecting. Draw your chair over here."

He complied with her request. She drew back the curtain of the cabinet, revealing a number of shelves laden with specimens of various kinds that she had collected in her rambles about the neighborhood. There were pressed flowers and leaves, pieces of woods and barks, bits of stone and odd-looking pebbles, shells, flint arrow heads and stone axes. All were correctly labeled and neatly arranged in the cabinet.

"Am I not an industrious body?" she smiled. "I gather these things for my own information and amusement; then, when I'm tired of looking at them, I box them up and ship them off to some of my city friends — thus earning the infinite pleasure of collecting more."

"I know little of science as a study — as a pursuit," Raymond remarked, musingly. Then, picking up a bit of rock. "What's this?"

"That's a piece of fossiliferous limestone," she replied readily. "See the minute shells embedded in it? And this is a piece of red granite from the glacial drift. I

found it upon the hilltop back of the house."

"Do you know all these woods and barks when you see them in the forest?"

"Of course."

"And you learned it all from books?"

"Yes."

"I know the names — that is, their common names — of most of them, too; but I got my lore from the book of Nature. You have no specimen of the black dogwood."

"No. Does it grow about here?"

"Yes; I saw a clump of it down the river, yesterday. I'll go with you to get a specimen any time you desire. That is, if my company and services are acceptable."

"I'll be only too much pleased," she replied, unassumed pleasure in her voice and manner. "We can go in the cart."

They went on examining the specimens. In handing them to him, her white and delicate fingers occasionally fluttered into his brawny palm; and at such times his whole being thrilled in a manner inexpressibly sweet.

At last she said: "There, that's all." Then smiling archly, "Now, I mean to turn inquisitor. You have quizzed me to your heart's content; and I thirst for revenge."

The detective started guiltily. Had he been acting the boor — making an intolerable nuisance of himself? His profession had fixed upon him the habit of exacting, as a right, the privilege of putting direct questions to those with whom he came in contact. He was not used to associating with refined and sensitive women — he cared so little for society; and he had not realized until now that his conduct had been audaciously rude. No doubt he had grievously offended her. What should he do?

She appeared to read his thoughts; for she went on hastily:

"There — don't be worried. I really enjoyed your transparent curiosity and frank questions. You haven't offended me in the least; I like inquisitive people — I'm rather inquisitive myself, as you'll find. And now I want to know all about you. You are a lawyer or physician."

Her eyes danced as she smilingly awaited his reply. He smiled in turn, and answered:

"No."

"Neither?"

"Neither. What led you to think so?"

"Because you are so dignified — so self-passessed," — he wondered if she meant it, or if she were laughing at him — "and, above all, because you are so fond of interrogative forms of expression."

"You're mistaken," he replied stiffly.

"You're not a business man?" she continued.

"I'm not."

"Nor a minister?"

"By no means!" and he laughed outright.

"What are you?"

"I'm a Government employe."

"At Washington?"

"Yes."

"Which department?"

"Secret Service."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and I'm thirty-eight years old. I was born in this valley and I've been in the employ of the Government quite a number

of years. And, like yourself, I'm still enjoying single blessedness."

"How do you know I'm unmarried?"

He bit his lips, and was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"You told me you're single, didn't you?"

"It's my turn to ask questions," she answered, with provoking coolness.

"Very well — go on."

His voice showed irritation, and she was quick to notice it.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked.

Her beautiful eyes had a grieved look in them and her voice was vibrant with emotion.

"That's not the question you meant to ask," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"N-o; but are you angry with me?"

"Not in the least. Will you answer me one question, though?"

"Perhaps. Let me hear the question."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single."

Then they went down to supper.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE LOSIN' GAME

What if you do play a losin' game,  
If you keep a goin' just the same,  
An' don't let your head go sinkin' down,  
An' your face git all balled up with frown;  
If you jes' keep a hittin' hard the line  
An' git up agin and say its fine  
To feel your grit and nerve all tinglin'  
Though you're all beat up, and your head a jinglin'—  
Well, I'll tell you, if that's your kind o' stuff  
You don't have to put up no bluff,  
But keep 'er hangin to the game,  
An' you'll git thar, jist th' same!

— S. L. STRONG.

## Why Santa Claus Cried

**T**HERE'S a queer little story I scarce understand.  
It comes from the region of Goodfairyland;  
For its hero is one whom you know very well,  
But I doubt that you ever heard any one tell  
This curious yarn—bless his innocent soul!—  
Showing Santa Claus in a most singular role.  
You have heard of his goodness, his gifts and his jokes,  
As, when we were younger, heard we older folks;  
But here is related how, one Christmastide,  
Instead of rejoicing, poor Santa Claus cried!  
All because of a little one like unto you,  
Who never imagined what Santa would do,  
And was quite unprepared for tears and a kiss.  
(When confided to me the tale was like this:)

The jolly old man had reined up his deer  
Just before a small cottage, whose inmates, I fear,  
Had ever been strangers to all the good things  
That his visit to earth ordinarily brings.  
For the children within hardly knew what it meant  
To have Christmas at all, but had to content  
Their sad little eyes with peeps on the sly  
At the beautiful gifts they never could buy.  
But yet they dared hope that St. Nick on his tour  
Would not overlook them, although they were poor.

Their faith was well grounded; for on the same night  
When this story begins, he was seen to alight  
On the topmost roof of their lowly abode.  
Then, chuckling a bit, to the chimney he strode.  
Down its dark entrance he cleverly crept,  
Into the room where the little ones slept.

The stockings were filled with the choicest of toys  
And candy and sweets for girls and for boys.  
Then he turned to remount, but paused on his way  
To glance at a cot in the corner, where lay  
A scared little girl, who—what do you think?—  
With wide-open eyes had slept not a wink!  
She dared not to move, lest Santa should know,  
Yet hardly could tell what made her feel so;  
But ere she could wonder what next would betide,  
Lo! Santa Claus stood at the bed by her side.

He stooped o'er the little one, frail and so meek,  
And pressed a light kiss on her pale, tiny cheek.  
He was gone in an instant, again on his flight,  
And the sound of his bells rang clear on the night;  
But something he left he never has missed,  
On the gentle young face he had tenderly kissed.  
What was it? The little one, trembling with fear,  
Raised her hand to her cheek, and found there—a tear!

Then she thought to herself, "Why does Santa Claus cry?  
"Has somebody scolded him? Surely, not I!"  
But with all of her guessing she ne'er could find out  
What Santa Claus' crying was ever about;  
Till one day—the thought must have come from above—  
"I know why he cried," whispered she, "*it was love!*"

W. P. H.

# The City of Columbus

Illustrations from Photographs for  
The Ohio Magazine  
By Baker's Art Gallery



TYPICAL CHURCHES OF COLUMBUS.

# The Beginnings of Columbus

## PRIMEVAL AND CAPITAL

By E. O. Randall

Secretary of the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society

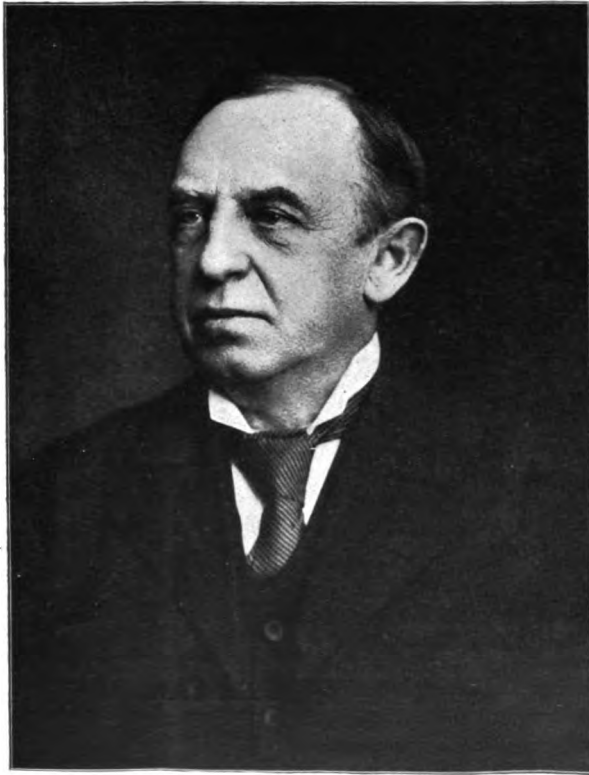
Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE by Baker's Art Gallery



THEMISTOCLES, one of the hustling promoters of the growth, prosperity and adornment of ancient Athens, was finally banished by his ungrateful and jealous fellow citizens.

While in his Persian exile he was asked if

know how to play upon a lute, but he did know how to make a large city out of a small village. That was a more useful acquisition. The early western pioneers were poorly versed in the nicitiës of polished society, but they knew how to make a barren wilderness blossom as the rose and where



E. O. RANDALL.

he could play upon the lute, that being one of the conventional accomplishments of the well-bred Athenian. He replied he did not

to plant settlements that were sure to become the commercial citadels of a great country. The incidents of the initial in-



vasion of the white man into the picturesque and fertile valleys of the to-be Buckeye State are dim with the mists of years; obscured by the lapse of time as the dense shadows of the impenetrable forest that hid the trails and tepees of the wandering and wily savages.

Columbus was uniquely founded. It sprang a full fledged city and capital from the heart of the western solitude "where wild in woods the noble savage ran." Wise men — they must have been that for they



LUCAS SULLIVANT,

Founder of Franklinton, afterwards Columbus. Photo for THE OHIO MAGAZINE from a medallion in the possession of the Sullivant Family.

were legislators — chose its birthplace in the center of the State upon the banks of the Scioto, the Tiber of Ohio — for the Scioto is not only as muddy and as majestic as the time-honored river that washes the feet of the Seven Hills, but it is moreover the historic river of Ohio, for along its course clustered, as nowhere else in the West, the cities and fortifications of the lost empire of the Mound Builders, while later the banks of this selfsame stream were the scenes of many of the most graphic and potent events in the career of

the red race; for the Scioto, whose headwaters united by "portage" with those of the Sandusky, was portion of the most direct waterway — the central "air line" — for travel and transportation between the Great Lakes and *La Belle Riviere*.

It was in the year 1750, that the first Englishman, to leave a definite account of a tour through Ohio, crossed the State overland. It was Christopher Gist, friend of and often a companion and guide for Washington, the advance agent of the first Ohio Company. With his companions, George Croghan and Andrew Montour, Gist followed the Indian trail from the forks of the Ohio (Fort Duquesne) to the Indian towns on the Miami. He crossed the Scioto at, or near, the mouth of the Keen-hong-she-con-sepung — as the Indians then called the Whetstone — now the Olentangy. He probably passed through the present site of Columbus, and where in the state house yard the school bay to-day feeds peanuts to the tame squirrel, Gist might have encountered the buffalo, the bear, the elk, the deer, the panther and the wolf, for all these were on that very spot when Gist passed and for many years thereafter. The next white man who, to our knowledge, certainly visited this locality was James Smith. He left a very complete and graphic account of his experiences. He was captive among the Indians and in 1757 hunted, trapped and fished along the Scioto and the Darby, the latter being then known as the Olentangy.\* Smith found in this vicinity all the game above mentioned in great plenty.

But we must not tarry in the primeval forest, we must hurry out of the woods to found Columbus. In the French and Indian War (1756-1763) the Wyandot, Delaware and Shawnee Indians who inhabited the center of Ohio allied themselves for the most part with the French, but the

\* The names of the rivers about Columbus have been badly jumbled. The Darby was originally called by the Indians Olentangy; and the eastern river as above given — the Keen-hong-she-con-sepung. Later it was called the Whetstone. In 1833 the legislature undertook to restore the Indian names of many Ohio rivers, got wrong and restored the Olentangy to the Whetstone instead of to the Darby as should have been done.

defeat of the intrepid Montcalm by the invincible Wolf on the heights of Abraham gave the Ohio country to England. The British government then set aside this



JOHN KERR,  
One of the Four Founders of Columbus.

LUCAS SULLIVANT AND FRANKLINTON.

Though not strictly speaking the founder of Columbus proper, the central and initial character about which the beginnings of the city cluster is Lucas Sullivant. He was a typical product of the best blood and brawn and brain of the pushing, plucky pioneer people. He was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, in 1765. His education was mostly derived in the university of frontier experience; his course of study was the forest path; his teachers were struggle and self-dependence, and he graduated with the highest honors in the class of success. While in his teens he learned the method of Indian warfare, participating in an expedition to repel an Indian invasion of his native State. Like Washington and Lincoln he began his career as a land surveyor. It was a vocation offering the widest opportunities to his industry and environment. Bourbon and Washington counties, Kentucky, were the scenes of Sullivant's activities and land acquisition. It will be recalled that when Virginia yielded to the new federal government her claims to the Ohio country she reserved the land lying between the Little Miami and the Scioto rivers, to be known as the Virginia Military Tract, to be apportioned among the Virginia vet-

promised land as an Indian reservation and orders were issued prohibiting the colonists to settle therein. Then followed what might be called the Thirty Years' War, from the conspiracy of Pontiac (1763) to the Battle of Fallen Timber (1794) during which time Ohio was the battle ground of the contest between the Redman and the Paleface. It was in the heart of the Ohio country that the savage took his final stand to repel the advance of the Anglo-Saxon civilization. For ten years before the Revolution, the center of Ohio was the Redman's domain—he was monarch of all he surveyed and his right he had none to dispute. This exclusion policy of England was one of the causes of the American Revolution, but the shot at Concord that "echoed 'round the world" was the death knell to the Indian occupancy of the Ohio valley no less than to the supremacy of Great Britain. The Ohio Indian fought bravely and brutally for his choicest hunting ground. But he could not resist the invasion of the indomitable heroes who came across the Alleghanies, along the shores of Erie and adown Ohio's current. In the valleys of the Muskingum the Miamis, the Cuyahoga, the Tuscarawas, the Sandusky and the Scioto, the veterans of the victories from Lexington to Yorktown were to establish their new homes.

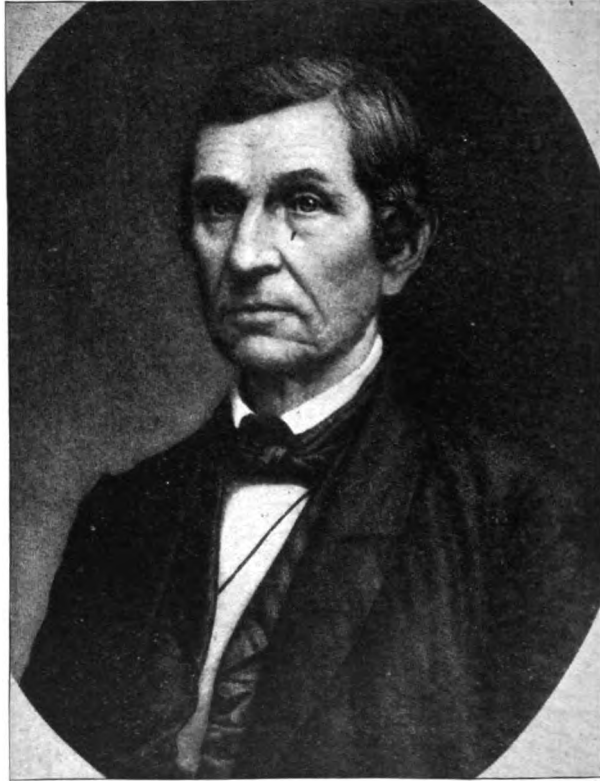


LYNE STARLING,  
One of the Four Founders of Columbus.

crans of the American Revolution as a reward for their patriotic and self-sacrificing services. The Virginia soldiers chose as their surveyor of these bounty lands Col-

onel Richard C. Anderson, a distinguished officer of the Continental army and the father of Major Robert Anderson, hero of Fort Sumter, and of Charles Anderson, Governor of Ohio. Among the deputy surveyors appointed by Colonel Anderson was Lucas Sullivant. Mr. Sullivant's field of work was located in the northern portion of the military district.

treaty wherein they ceded to the white man the dominion and possession of the eastern and southern portions of Ohio. But many Indians of the interior were not subdued but remained on the warpath and the Sullivant party had not only to blaze its way through the trackless forest but it had to cope with the wild beasts and still wilder savages. The adventures, encounters, and



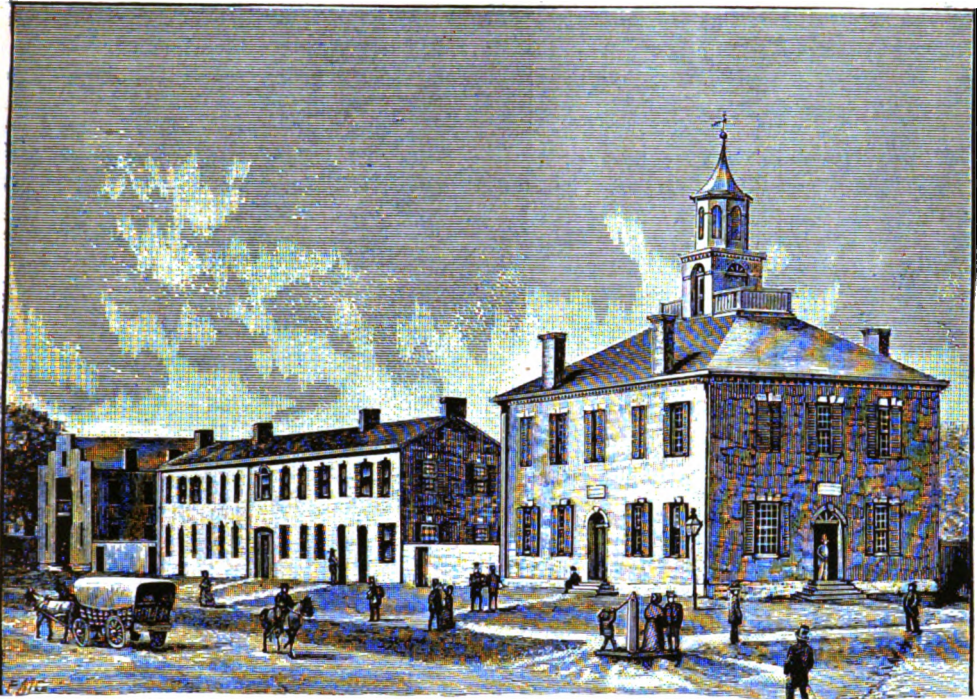
THE REV. JAMES HOGE, D. D.

Pioneer Missionary to the Wilderness of Virginia and Ohio; fifty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus.

*Photo for THE OHIO MAGAZINE from the portrait in possession of P. W. Huntington.*

It was in the Spring of 1795 that the Sullivant surveying party, twenty in number, comprising chain-carriers, markers, and most important of all, scouts, arrived in the wild, untrodden sources of Deer creek in what is now Madison county. The Indian tribes at that very time were gathering at Greenville to make with Mad Anthony Wayne, their conqueror, that famous

escapes of the surveyors read like the tales of a yellow back novelette. Their provisions often ran low, and at one time the commissary was so completely exhausted that the cook surreptitiously served them with soup made from "the bodies of two young skunks which he had captured 'without damage to himself,' in a hollow log." The nature of this strong diet was



OLD STATE CAPITOL AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS 1846).

*From an Old Print.*

discovered before the meal was over. The denouement we leave to the imagination of the reader.

The surveying operations of Mr. Sullivan led him to the banks of the Scioto and the Whetstone (now Olentangy). The junction of these two rivers was known then as "the Forks of the Scioto." We have shown how it was on the main route from Lake Erie to the Ohio river. Mr. Sullivan with the "prophetic eye" saw the advantage of the location, the fertility of the soil and the luxuriance of the forest. It had long been a favorite field for the Indian villages; the river afforded them transportation and the rich bottom lands easily produced their maize. And here on the bend of the Scioto, just north of the Forks, "in a grove of stately walnut trees" in August, 1797, Lucas Sullivan located the town of Franklinton.

Just one year before, Nathaniel Massie, another deputy surveyor under Colonel Anderson, had inaugurated the town of Chillicothe, some forty miles down the Scioto near its juncture with Paint creek.

Up to this period the settlements of the eastern colonists west of the Ohio had been limited almost entirely to the banks of the river down which the emigrants and explorers could easily drift in their flat boats and pirogues. Thus were first settled Marietta, Gallipolis and Cincinnati.\* The second tide of immigration was along the shores of Lake Erie, by raft and boat from the east. Such were the foundings at the mouth of Conneaut creek and Cuyahoga river by Moses Cleveland in the summer of 1796. Central Ohio was naturally the last section to be sought by colonial civilization. Chillicothe and Franklinton were among the most conspicuous of these interior settlements.

The first plat of Franklinton fronted the Scioto opposite the Forks; the lots were numerous and the sale announced for a certain day. Before that day arrived,

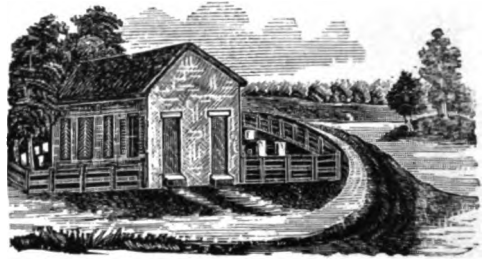
\* The first settlement in the Virginia Military District was established at Manchester, on the Ohio river, in 1791, by Colonel Nathaniel Massie.

the Scioto "got on a rampage," a habit in which it still indulges, and Nile-like, overran its banks and inundated Sullivant's village site. His first efforts therefore may be said to have been a "water haul." The town founder, undismayed, then moved his village and "took higher ground" in his plans. As extra inducement to new comers, Mr. Sullivant offered to donate the lots on a certain street to recipients who would agree to erect homes thereon. He called it Gift street. It is still so known. This Gift street scheme, however, was somewhat questionable in its results. At that time as good land could be bought from the government at two dollars per acre, these lots were really not worth more than fifty cents a piece, and by the time the fees incidental to securing title were expended, one facetious authority suggests the donee must have been "out of pocket." But the town was planted and settlers began to arrive.

The Indian population was largely in the ascendent. They were friendly, however, "being principally of the Wyandot tribe, some Delawares, and a few Mingoes." Within a radius of two or three miles they had several encampments. We should like to dwell upon the romance and stern reality of those early days, but space forbids. Straggling, struggling and more or less intermittent settlements appeared on the Big Darby, Alum creek and the Gahannah—then known as the Big Belly.\*

In 1798 Ross county was formed by proclamation of Governor St. Clair, it being the sixth county created in the Northwest Territory; Chillicothe was selected as the seat of justice, Franklinton was in the new county. Chillicothe was therefore the center of political importance and commercial prominence. For several years there was no mill or considerable settlement in this section of the state except one at the county seat. In Franklinton the "first meal making establishment" for the infant community was constructed by

burning a hole in a stump and adding "a sweep so fixed that two men could pound corn into meal." A sifter was added to this equipment by stretching a deer skin over a hoop and burning holes in it with a heated wire. Those who could not afford to patronize this public "mill" made hominey of their corn by pounding it in a log "mortar," or a stump hollowed out by fire. A horse mill was the next stage in the



FIRST REGULAR CHURCH IN FRANKLINTON.  
(1811).

The Gift of Lucas Sullivant.

*From an Old Print.*

curious milling progress. For trading purposes the Franklintonians had to resort to Chillicothe by boat on the Scioto, or by horseback over a road harder to travel than the Jordan, or follow the trail to the Lancaster settlement, located on Zane's trace.

#### OHIO MADE A STATE.

Chillicothe was advancing in importance, for political events connected therewith were rapidly transpiring. The elected representatives of the first legislature of the Northwest Territory met at Cincinnati in February, 1799. In the following September the General Assembly, comprising the Governor, the council of five and the twenty-two representatives convened (at Cincinnati) and besides passing many acts chose William Henry Harrison as territorial delegate to Congress. In May, 1800, Congress divided the Northwest Territory into two territories — (1) Ohio, with Chillicothe as the seat of government and General Arthur St. Clair as governor; (2) Indiana, with Vincennes as seat of government and General William Henry Harrison as governor. The Ohio territorial legislature held sessions at Chillicothe in the Fall of 1800 and the Fall of 1801. On April 30, 1802, Con-

\* Also known as the Fig Walnut. It is said that the name Gahannah is only applicable to that stream below the junction of the three creeks—Blacklick Walnut and Alum creeks and that the Indian word Gahannah means "three united in one."

gress passed an act enabling the people of Ohio territory to organize a state government. In pursuance of that authority the people elected members to a constitutional convention which met at Chillicothe, November 1, 1802. The convention in a few weeks formulated the first Ohio constitution, defining the boundaries of the State and establishing the capital at Chillicothe. This constitution, though never submitted to the vote of the people of Ohio, was approved by Congress February 19, 1803. The State legislature met and organized, and declared Edwin Tiffin elected governor on March 1, 1803, on which date therefore Ohio became the seventeenth State of the Union.\*

Among the first acts passed by the first Ohio Legislature was one creating Franklin county. It was mostly sliced from Ross; the boundaries were rather vaguely defined, but reduced to easy comprehension meant "bounded on the east by nearly our present line, south by a line near the middle of what is now Pickaway county, on the west by Greene county and on the north by Lake Erie." This took in the entire length of Sandusky river.† Franklinton was designated as the seat of justice, and the legislature named as the county judges, John Dill, David Jamison and Joseph Foos; Lucas Sullivant was made clerk.

On June 21, 1803, Ohio elected Jeremiah Morrow as her first representative in Congress, and the total vote of Franklin county at that election was 130. Among the first acts of the county judges were those issuing tavern licenses to William Domigan and Joseph Foos, at the rate of four dollars a year; authorizing the surveying of roads to Lancaster, Newark, Springfield and Worthington; and the of-

fering a reward of one dollar for the scalp of any wolf and panther "under six months old," and two dollars for scalps of any wolf and panther "above six months old." Then a contract was entered into for the erection of a county jail, to be built of logs, with two windows to be secured by "two bars of iron one inch square in each window." This jail, the first public building, cost eighty dollars.

But these wilderness settlements drew to them men strong and enduring in constitution, sturdy and noble in character. The frontier line of civilization was no place for "mollycoddles." Among the early comers were many deserving of notice — such as Isaac and Jeremiah Miner, Samuel Parsons, Gustavus Swan, John Kerr, Lincoln Goodale, Lyne Starling, William Merion and a score of other immortals who



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN COLUMBUS.

Spring Street, Near Third.

*From an Old Print.*

in those "brave days of old" builded better than they knew. Nor was the parson absent. He merits special attention for his memory is blessed by many still living — Reverend James Hoge, a missionary preacher, delegated by the Presbyterian Church of the United States to "the State of Ohio and the parts adjacent thereto." With his arrival in Franklinton (1805) the first church was organized in the Upper Scioto valley. The charter members were thirteen in number. The court room was his church, until Lucas Sullivant presented the congregation with a brick edifice. For half a century was Rev. Hoge pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, which was transferred in 1821 to Columbus.

Franklinton in those days "was at best a raw, ungainly frontier village." Judge

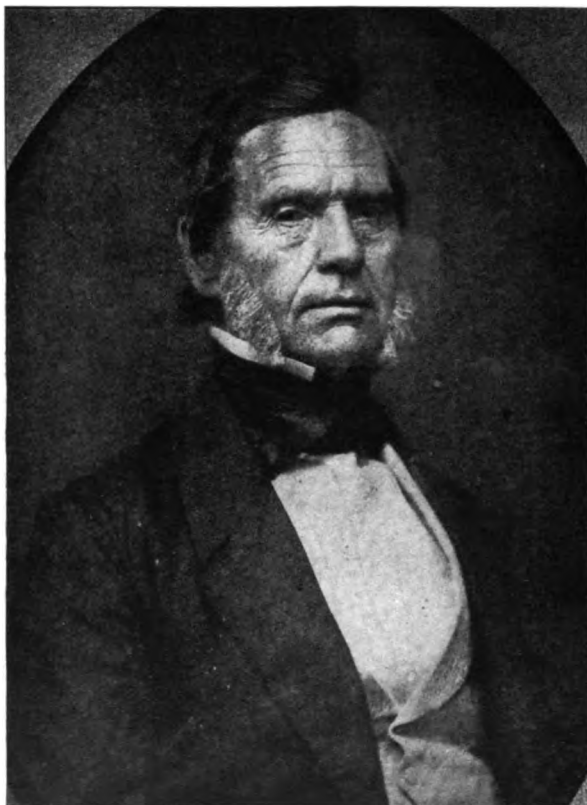
\* Much dispute arose as to the exact time when Ohio became a state, for besides the approving act of February 19, (1803), Congress passed another amended approving act March 3, (1803). After much subsequent controversy Congress finally settled this question by an act of February 21, 1806, which directed that the salaries of the Ohio Territorial officers be allowed and paid by the Treasury until March 1, 1803. On that day the territory ended and Ohio became a state.

† In 1808 Franklin county was reduced on the north by the creation of Delaware county.



Swan relates that when he opened his law-office, "there was neither church, nor school house, nor pleasure carriage in the county, nor was there a bridge over any stream within the compass of an hundred miles. The roads at all seasons were nearly impassable. Goods were imported, principally from Philadelphia in wagons; and our exports consisting of horses, cattle

of excessive freight rates and unequal rebates. Competition was untrammelled. The primitive facilities of commerce in those days seem impossible compared with the rapidity and convenience of to-day. Merchants would build flatboats, load them with the products for sale and float with them from the Forks of the Scioto to the great market at New Orleans; there they



DAVID W. DESHLER.

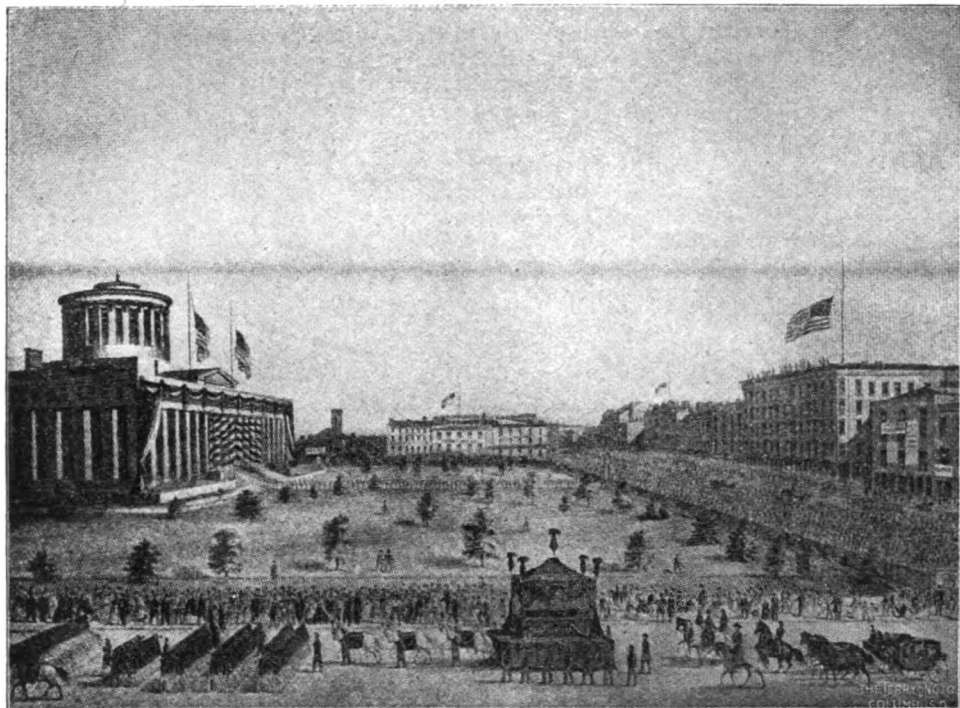
Early Columbus Banker and Capitalist.

*Photo for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, from the Portrait in Possession of Wm. G. Deshler.*

and hogs, carried themselves to market. The mails were brought to us once a week on horseback (from Chillicothe) if not prevented by high water. I feel safe in asserting that there was not in the county a chair for every two persons, nor a knife and fork for every four." A journey to Philadelphia or New York required three or four months. In those days they were not troubled with economical incongruities

would sell their merchandise, break up their transports, sell the lumber, buy horses and ride back through the country to Franklinton. The trip would take several — often as many as six — months.

The village was a collection of log huts, with outside chimneys, daubed with clay. Not a nail was used in the entire building, and greased paper served as panes of glass in the windows. A ladder was the stair-



THE LINCOLN FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSING THE STATE CAPITOL.

*From a Lithograph in the Possession of E. O. Randall.*

way to the "loft" or second story. The floor was laid with puncheons and benches were of slabs supported by wooden pins driven into the walls. The clothes were mostly hand-made. A buckskin suit over a flax shirt was a full dress for a man. The trousers were of heavy cloth or deer skin. Those surely were the days of "simple life." But Franklinton was not always the peaceful village of a forest solitude, for during the War of 1812 it was an important point, being one of the chief places for military rendezvous and deporting of supplies. Hundreds of troops quartered there and General Harrison was frequently at the Franklinton post, and from there issued many of his important orders. It bustled with warlike activity as did Columbus fifty years later in the Great Rebellion. The *Freeman's Chronicle*, published in those days at Franklinton, is filled with war news, and the exciting part the little town took therein. On June 21, 1813, a notable conference was held on the grounds of Lucas Sullivant between Gen-

eral Harrison and fifty chiefs and warriors of the Delaware, Shawnee, Wyandot and Seneca tribes. Tarhe, the famous Wyandot chief, spoke for his people and declared they would befriend the settlers and stand as a barrier on their exposed borders.

#### COLUMBUS, THE CAPITAL.

Columbus, as has been intimated, was born to the purple. Its origin dates from the hour when the general assembly of the State passed an act making it the seat of government. The State constitution of 1802 fixed the seat of government at Chillicothe until 1808, and expressly forbade the expenditure of any money for public buildings till 1809. The sessions of the legislature were held in the town named until 1810; when the general assembly migrated to Zanesville for two sessions, thence returning to Chillicothe, and there abiding until 1816, when the sessions began in Columbus. In February, 1810, the Legislature, then in Zanesville, appointed



a commission of five members to inspect localities, and recommend a site for the permanent State Capital. Franklinton, Delaware, Worthington, Zanesville, Lancaster, Chillicothe and Newark were ardent suitors.

The Site Committee passed them all up and reported in favor of a "tract" of land owned by John and Peter Sells, situated on the west bank of the Scioto river, four miles and three-quarters west of the town of Worthington." Thus Dublin was awarded the prize, but "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The Legislature took no further action in the matter for two years, when by a decided majority it ignored the report of the Site



FIRST OHIO PENITENTIARY.

From the Original Sketch made by C. E. Thrall in 1840.  
From an Old Print.

Committee and established the temporary and permanent seat of government at "High Bank," on the east side of the Scioto river opposite the town of Franklinton, the legislative sessions to be there held until 1840, "and from thence until otherwise directed by law." Thus this capital valentine — the act was passed February 14, 1812 — went to a dark horse, for the site chosen was then an Indian hunting ground covered with the primeval forest. The only cleared place within the plat proposed was "a small spot" with a cabin on Front street near State street, and a "small spot and cabin on the bank of the river" (Scioto) at the foot of Rich street.

A week later the Legislature named the infant town "Columbus." It is said to be the first city in America named after the

great Genoese discoverer. John Greiner, the eccentric poet of Columbus, cleverly rhymed the beginnings of the capital city:

Once Columbus was a paw-paw patch, no capitol stood here;  
No public institutions were there dreamed of, thought of, near;  
The people in log cabins dwelt, the latchstring in the door,  
Open to the jolly neighbors, dancing on the puncheon floor.

A clearing in the wildwood, and a section square of land,  
An axe upon his shoulder, and a rifle in his hand;  
A wife and towhead children and an honest heart, sincere,  
Were all the worldly riches of the early pioneer.

Game bounding through the forest, and game whirring on the wing;  
The perch, the trout, the salmon from the silver waters spring;  
Wild honey in the beegum — boiling sugar into cake,  
With beauty in the wilderness, life wasn't hard to take.

The inducement leading to the selection made, aside from the advantages of location, was the proposal of a Franklinton syndicate, consisting of Lyne Starling, James Johnston, Alexander McLaughlin and John Kerr. They owned in separate tracts the site designated. They combined — the first Ohio trust — and proposed to the Legislature that they would lay out the town according to a plat submitted and would give to the State two separate batches of land of ten acres each — one lot for the State house and one lot for the penitentiary — realizing that quarters for the law makers and for the law breakers would be simultaneously required. In addition they agreed to build (at their expense) the state house and penitentiary, and such other buildings as should be directed by the State Legislature, all to be done at a cost not to exceed \$50,000.

On June 18 (1812), the same day that Congress declared war on Great Britain, the sale of lots began, and the native untrodden soil awoke to its first real estate boom. The town was platted with streets running at right angles and nearly due north and south and east and west. High street was made 100 feet wide; Broad 120,

all others  $82\frac{1}{2}$ , and all alleys 33. The town lots were  $62\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide by  $187\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. The announcement of the sale sent broadcast by the syndicate was a model of advertising art. It set forth the beauty of the location, fertility of soil and especially dwelt upon the river navigation facilities to Lake Erie and to the Ohio. The purchasers came on horseback through

were 300 inhabitants. Front street was expected to be "the residence street," and was such for many years, the "tony" houses of the social swimmers — log frames with split clapboards — being erected thereon. The taverns first opened seemed to chiefly attract the attention of the early "reporters on the spot." There were at least four of these hostelrys at the start; one called the



GEORGE NASHEE,

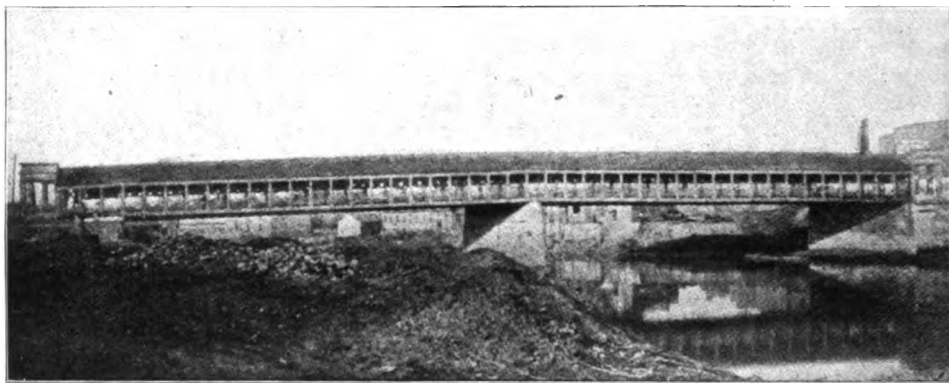
Pioneer Ohio Journalist and One of the Founders of the "Ohio State Journal." — Photo for THE OHIO MAGAZINE from the original painting in the possession of Mrs. Robert E. Sheldon.

the wilderness and in canoes on the river, and stopped at the Franklinton tavern. The lots sold were mostly on Broad and High streets, and brought from \$200 to \$1,000 each.

Necessarily Columbus, with its political promise and commercial outlook, was "a go" from the start. Settlers came, cut down the trees and with the logs built their cabins. At the end of the first year there

"Black Bear" on the corner of Front and Pread; another called the "Grocery," corner Rich and High, was the rendezvous of the boatmen who came up the Scioto or down the Sandusky. So frequent were the broils between the citizens and Scioto sailors that the house was called "The War Office."

On some occasions as many as ten or fifteen men might be seen at a time in front



THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE ACROSS THE SCIOTO RIVER AT BROAD STREET.

*From an Old Photograph.*

of the "tavern," stripped of all clothing but pants and a girt around the waist, preparing for a regular "set to." The officers, when it was safe for them to do so, would arrest the pugilists and take them before Squire Shields, who with two constables was known as "Pontius Pilate and his two bull dogs." Shields was a bricklayer on week days and a preacher on Sunday — also a poet, and wrote his own hymns. Evidently primitive Columbus was "wide open." Those were days before the "lid" was invented. But the little capital city moved on apace; a market house was built, a subscription school "was kept in a log cabin on the public square." An open bridge was built to span the Scioto and unite Columbus and Franklinton; it was owned by a private company, but we should imagine from the excessive toll rates that all who could either waded or swam; foot passengers paid three cents; every head of meat cattle two cents; horse four cents; horse and rider twelve and a half cents; two-wheeled vehicle (one horse) eighteen and a half cents; two horses or pair of oxen thirty-seven and a half cents; four-wheeled vehicles (two horses) fifty cents, (four horses) seventy-five cents; people going to and from church, members of the Legislature and funeral processions passed free.

By 1815 the population of the new city was 700, with six stores, one printing office and four lawyers to "stir up strife." The Starling syndicate more than made good in their contract with the State. The

penitentiary was duly built. In 1816 the state house was ready according to agreement. It was for those times an imposing structure, built of red brick made from clay taken from a large prehistoric mound that stood at the corner of High and the street named from the earthen relic. The building was described as being a "lofty" one, two-stories high, seventy-five feet front north and south and fifty feet deep east and west. The roof was hipped and surmounted by a balcony and a steeple in which hung a "first rate, well toned bell." From the balcony "a spectator might view the whole town as upon a map, and also had a fine view of the winding Scioto." Over three of the entrances were polished stone slabs bearing carved inscriptions of poetical and patriotic sentiments. One of these is significant as revealing that in those dear old days of primitive equality there was fear of and animosity to trusts, for it read:

"GENERAL GOOD THE OBJECT OF LEGIS-  
LATION.  
PERPETUATED BY A KNOWLEDGE OF MAN'S  
WANTS,  
AND NATURE'S ABUNDING MEANS  
APPLIED,  
ESTABLISHING PRINCIPLES OPPOSED TO  
MONOPOLY."

That was the demand a century ago for an anti-trust law.

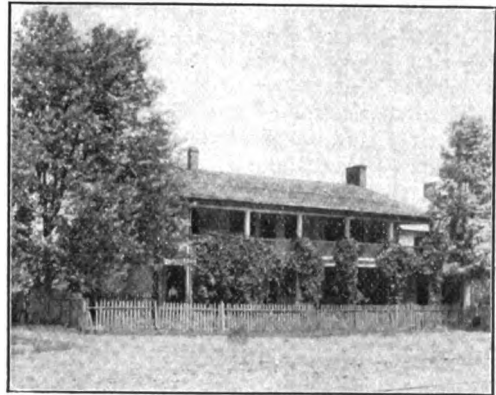
In connection with this state house we catch many glimpses of the social life of

the capital city. There was no money for a carpet for the halls of legislation, so Governor Worthington convened a dozen or more of the ladies of the town in the Hall of the House, where they spent the day making a carpet to soften the tread of the solemn solons. The genial governor favored the "fair seamsters" with his presence, regaling them with fine apples from his Adena orchard and "in the evening they partook of a cup of tea with the necessary accompaniments served up at Mr. John Martin's just across the street from the State House."

This same year (1816) was a red letter one in the city's annals, for previous to the convening of the Legislature, which then took up its abode in the new capital, and doubtless with the laudable purpose of impressing the coming members with the "beauty" of the capital thoroughfares, the citizens raised by subscription \$200 for the "removing of the stumps from High street." But many of the trees must have been left standing, for it is related that when fuel was needed to replenish the state house fires, it was obtained by chopping down a tree on High street, and the legislative loquacity would be interrupted when the sergeant-at-arms found it necessary to dump an armful of wood on the fire. Quaint days those — there was no gas, natural or artificial, no electric lights, and for an evening session each member brought his own tallow candle and sat it on his desk, and the proceedings "were not blasted with an excess of light." The legislators came mostly, as Jefferson is said to have gone to Washington, on horseback, turning their horses out for the winter or selling them with the intent to return home in skiffs on the Scioto. It was in this year, also, that the town was incorporated into the "Borough of Columbus," with nine prominent citizens as a board of councilmen. Those councilmen were true to the instincts of conventional city fathers, for they proceeded without delay to plunge the town into debt, one of their first acts being to authorize the corporation to issue money in the shape of small bills to the amount of \$555.75, in the following quantities and denominations: 120 bills of seventy-five cents, 464 of fifty cents, 464 of twenty-five cents, 836 of twelve and a half

cents, 212 of six and one-quarter cents. That was the first bonded indebtedness of the city — about fifty cents per capita. Their successors have gone them many better, for the present debt of the city averages about sixty dollars per capita.

In August, 1817, the capital city was honored with a visit from President Monroe. He and his retinue arrived at Worthington from Detroit, where the party continued on horse back, "generally in a canter," to Columbus, escorted by the Franklinton Dragoons. In reply to the welcome



OLD FOUR MILE HOUSE,  
On the Old National Road.

address by the State Treasurer, Hiram M. Curry, the president paid a graceful compliment to the "infant city."

Columbus flourished until 1819, when it met its first backset — the panic resulting from the inflated business conditions following the War of 1812. War always booms things, then the boom bursts. So it was in Columbus. The depression lasted six or seven years. Money was scarce, values shrank, the bottom dropped out of real estate. The choicest lots around the state house square went begging at \$300 apiece. Other adjacent lots which had originally brought \$200 or \$300 were now sold by the sheriff as low as twenty, ten, even seven dollars. The Columbus syndicate were heavily struck. Starling and Kerr weathered the storm, but McLaughlin and Johnston were driven to the wall. Columbus was not only distressed by her financial panic, but during it, in the year 1822, she and the adjacent country were over-

whelmed by hordes of squirrels that did irreparable damage to the crops. A great hunt lasting three days was inaugurated and participated in by some hundred hunters. At the final round-up 19,660 squirrel scalps were produced, while many hundreds more were killed but unreported.

In 1824, the county seat of Franklin county was transferred to Columbus from Franklinton, which was never incorporated, but was ten years later (1834) merged into the corporation of the capital city, which then elected its first mayor, one John Brooks, there being 449 votes cast by a population of 4,000. The period of public improvements had already begun. On July 4, 1825, was commenced the Ohio canal, 307 miles long, from Cleveland to Portsmouth, connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio river. It was finished in 1838. The Columbus outlet, known as the "feeder," leading from Columbus to Lockbourne, a distance of eleven miles, was opened in September, 1831, when the first canal boat, *Gov. Brown*, arrived from Circleville and was received with peals of artillery, martial music and the huzzas of the delighted citizens. Then began the period of profitable outlet for the farm and factory, the products of a rich state. Nor must we omit the luxurious and picturesque travel by the canal packet:

A life on the raging canawl,  
A home on the raging deep,  
Where through summer, spring and fall,  
The frogs their revel keep.

Like a fish on a hook I pine,  
On this dull unchan'ging shore;  
Oh! give me the packet line  
And the raging canawls dread roar.

Once more on the deck I stand,  
On my own swift gliding craft;  
The hosses trot off on the land  
And the boat follows close abaft.

We shoot through the turbid foam,  
Like a bullfrog in a squall,  
And like the frogs, our home  
We'll find in the raging canawl.

The famous National Road the via Appia of our capital — a magnificent piece of engineering and construction, a graded surface, with stone bed, reaching from Wheeling, W. Va., to Indianapolis, Ind., passed

through Columbus, entering from the east on Broad street, to High, thence south to Friend on which it resumed, like the star of empire, its western way. It was the great stage route, connecting the east and



THE FAMOUS OLD AMERICAN HOUSE.  
Corner High and State Streets.  
*From an Old Lithograph.*

west. This mode of travel also elicited poetical effusion. We give two stanzas of a sample one:

Jolting through the valley,  
Winding up the hill,  
Splashing through the "branches,"  
Rumbling by the mill;  
Putting nervous "gemmen"  
In a towering rage;  
What is so provoking  
As riding in 'a stage.

Feet are interlacing,  
Heads severely bumped,  
Friend and foe together  
Get their noses thumped;  
Dresses act as carpets —  
Listen to the sage —  
"Life's a rugged journey  
Taken in 'a stage."

Then came the age of railroads and telegraphs. The steam horse outran the stage coach and put to shame the ambling mule upon the tow path. The chained lightning flashed its invisible and instantaneous messages along the wires and the era of magical inventions was inaugurated. The first telegraph office was opened in Columbus in August, 1846. The first railroad in Ohio was built in 1841, and on February 20, 1850, the first passenger train thundered into the capital city on the Colum-

bus & Xenia Railway. The snail paced packet and the rumbling canastoga were passed in the race for rapid transit, and the rhymster now wrote:

Singing through the forest,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges,  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale,—  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on the rail.

In the year when Columbus was united with the outer world by the "ties" of railway enterprise it had a population of 18,000, and Dickens' prediction began to realize beyond the fondest anticipations of the Capital citizens. The great English novelist passed through the promising city in 1842 by stage on his way from Cincinnati to Sandusky, and while many other cities elicited his warmest "roasts," he paid, in his *American Notes*, this neat little compliment to our city:

"We reached Columbus shortly before seven o'clock, and stayed there, to refresh, that day and night: having excellent apartments in a very large unfinished hotel called the Neil House, which were richly fitted with the polished wood of the black walnut, and opened on a handsome portico and stone verandah, like rooms in some Italian mansion. The town is clean and pretty, and of course is "going to be" much larger. It is the seat of the State legislature of Ohio, and lays claim, in consequence, to some consideration and importance."

We have gotten Columbus founded and "Capital"-ized and well upon her successful career. It is not the province of this article to tell of the marvelous march of progress and prosperity of our city during the last half century of its history; of the spreading of its spacious, residence-adorned and crowded business avenues till it has an area of over twenty square miles, embracing a hundred and fifty miles of paved streets; its eighteen steam railroads that usher in and send forth two hundred passenger trains each day; its unsurpassed electric car system and its eight interurban lines; its beautiful parks and score or more of public buildings and institutions unequalled in number and appointment by any other inland American city; its schools and colleges and libraries; its churches and societies for charity, art, literature and all that makes for a thriving, wholesome, contented, cultured population of two hundred thousand.

If our memory does not mislead, it was also Dickens who wrote of his beloved home—"Lunnon town"—"Dear, damned, distracted town; with all thy faults, I love thee still." So the writer of this inadequate sketch would say of the thriving city on the Scioto, which has been his home since it was little more than a village; dear, honored, happy, healthy, handsome Columbus, unto me—

"she hath a spell beyond her name in story."



# INDUSTRIAL COLUMBUS

By W. B. Jackson

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, by Baker's Art Gallery



COLUMBUS occupies almost a unique position among the capital cities of the United States. With one or two exceptions, it is the only capital city that also is an industrial center. In addition to being the seat of government of

factories go into every state of the United States and into almost all the countries of the globe. The gold mines of the Rand, the treasure house of Africa, are worked by Columbus made machinery. The railroads of Asia and Africa are constructed with tools from her shops, shoes from her fac-



W. B. JACKSON.

one of the greatest states of the Union, Columbus holds a place well in the front rank of the manufacturing cities of the country. The products of her shops and

tories are worn in Australia, photographers in every land use the paper made in one of her plants, her manufacturers helped to create a new Baltimore and a new San

Francisco, and even in the rebuilding of Valparaiso the products of Columbus were required.

There is scarcely a manufacturing industry which exists in the United States that is not represented in the roster of her more than six hundred industrial plants. The prosperity of Columbus does not depend on any one industry. The city's factories turn out thousands of pairs of shoes

built on a foundation as solid as the everlasting hills, which have a history of honest growth and fair dealing running back for many years.

Columbus has long been a manufacturing city. Back in the days when the town covered but a small section of the banks of the Scioto, the beginnings of some of the factories, the fame of which now extends over the country, could have been



F. O. SCHOEDINGER,  
President of the Columbus Board of Trade.

a day, yet shoe making is but one of the many industries in which the city is strong. The iron mills and furnaces are busy places, yet they produce but a fraction of the manufactured output of the city. There are many woodworking establishments within the city's limits, yet its business prosperity does not depend on these alone. The list of the industries which find a profitable home in Columbus is long, and in it will be found many which are

seen. Few of the great industrial enterprises of Columbus sprang forth full fledged into industrial life, but practically all of them have grown from humble estate. This is one of the many features which make for the strength of the industrial situation in Columbus.

Lockouts and strikes are rare in the factories. In all the plants are men who have grown gray in the service of the companies for which they work. They have come up



with the business, and to them it is almost like life itself. To strike at that business is to strike at them, and they soon instill the same loyalty into new comers.

In the dark days of the first years of the present century, when manufacturers all over the country were feeling the pressing need of money which was almost impossible to obtain, the president of one of the leading industrial plants of the city re-

employees. This association had a large sum of money, representing the savings of the employes for years, and the committee freely tendered the entire sum to the company, to help tide over the stringency in the market. The money was not needed, yet that act of his employes gave the manufacturer the greatest pleasure of his life, in the knowledge that they loved and trusted him and were willing to give up



JOHN Y. BASSELL,

Secretary of the Columbus Board of Trade.

ceived a call from a committee representing the workers in his factory. When they were ushered into his office, he feared he knew not what. If it was a demand for higher wages, he could not grant it, as already he was running his big plant at a loss to keep his men employed. But it was not a demand for greater wages or shorter hours. The committee came on behalf of the men in the factory who belonged to a savings association organized among the

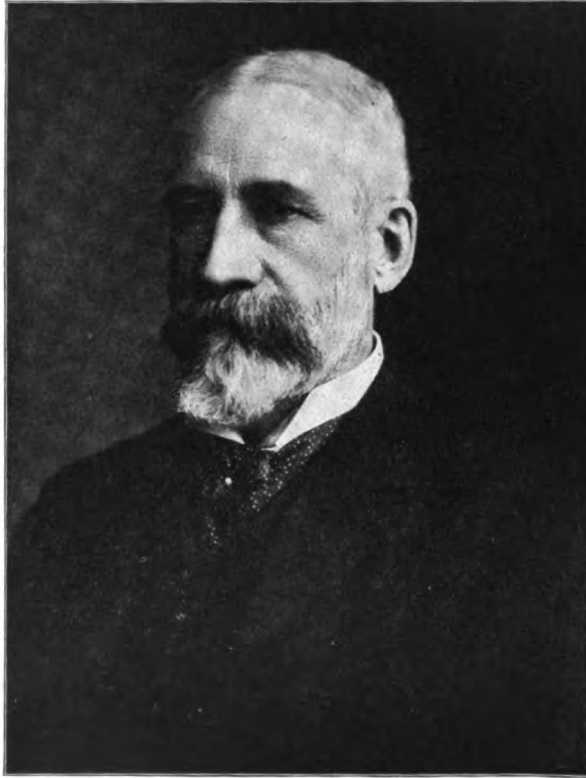
the savings of a lifetime to help the company over a rough place.

And the same spirit may be found in other of the big factories of Columbus today.

The city has been remarkably free from industrial disturbances of every kind. As in every manufacturing center, there are times when friction takes place between employer and employe, but it has been the fortune of Columbus to have had but few

conflicts between capital and labor, and these have usually been settled by agreements satisfactory to both sides. Columbus is a city of workers. There are few drones among its citizens. The sons of the city's largest manufacturers are taking up the burdens of their fathers and are active in industrial life. The idle class among the wealthier residents is small or entirely lacking, and the city has never been a fa-

east and west trunk lines of railways, with other roads to the lakes and the great timber and mining regions of the south, the location of the capital city of Ohio is unrivaled. One-fourth of the population of the entire United States is within a five hours ride of the city. There is not a point of importance in Ohio, to or from which shipments can not be made within a day's time, either by express or freight.



NICHOLAS MONSARRAT,  
President of the Hocking Valley Railway.

vorite resting place for the idle poor, who can work but will not. The germ of industry has a firmly fixed habitation in the city and inoculates all who come within its gates.

The location of Columbus is one of the great reasons for the position of the city in the industrial life of the Central West. Situated almost in the geographical center of the State, on the main lines of the great

This central location has been the means of attracting to the city the Ohio and western distributing offices of many of the large corporations of the country. Letters, containing orders, mailed in any part of Ohio one evening, will be received in Columbus offices the next morning, and shipments can be made that same day. It was this fact which brought the Ohio offices of the Standard Oil Company to Columbus

and which also made Columbus the western distributing and manufacturing point for the Welsbach Company.

There are few cities in the country which have the transportation facilities of Columbus. Being an inland city, Columbus is denied the advantages which may exist by reason of tide water or a great river, but the eighteen railway lines which enter and leave the city make certain the

Louis Railway of the New York Central system to eastern, western and southwestern points, and the Baltimore and Ohio is another of the great systems of the country which counts Columbus as one of the principal freight originating stations on its lines.

To the south the Norfolk and Western Railway brings to the doors of Columbus a rapidly developing country and opens to



C. D. FIRESTONE,  
President of the Columbus Buggy Company.

rapid distribution of her products to every part of the country. Three of the great trunk lines of the country pass through the city. The Pennsylvania has two lines to the west, one to the Ohio river at Cincinnati, another to Pittsburg, one to Lake Erie at Sandusky and still another to Cleveland.

Columbus is on the direct line of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St.

the manufacturers and jobbers the great coal and timber districts of Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia. Columbus manufacturers look to this southern territory for much of their future trade, and already it is one of the best markets for their products.

The Hocking Valley Railway and its allied lines, the Toledo and Ohio Central, the Kanawha and Michigan and the Zanes-

ville and Western, serve the great bituminous coal districts of Southern Ohio and West Virginia. The great Hocking Valley coal field, with its production of over 10,000,000 tons of coal annually, draws practically all its supplies from Columbus, and the same is true of the Kanawha coal fields of West Virginia. The Hocking Valley and Toledo and Ohio Central also give the city two additional lines to Lake

ing one of the best shipping points to the south and west is well founded.

In addition to the railroads, Columbus manufacturers are well served by eight electric traction lines, which carry light freight to many points within a radius of fifty miles. Frequent service is maintained on these roads, and one of them operates a through express service in connection with one of the great express companies.



EDWARD K. STEWART,

First Vice President and General Manager of the Columbus Railway and Light Company.

Erie and one into the rich agricultural districts of Western Ohio.

Columbus manufacturers enjoy as low freight rates as those of any city in the country. With its many competing railway lines, Columbus-made goods are carried cheaply and quickly all over the country. An examination of the tariff sheets of any of the railroads serving Columbus will show that the claim of the city as be-

To the south and southeast the Scioto Valley Traction Company covers a wide territory. To the west and east and south-west the Ohio Electric Traction Company has three lines, while to the north the Columbus, Delaware and Marion Railway operates through a rich agricultural country. The Ohio and Southern Traction Company to the south, the Columbus, New Albany and Johnstown Traction Company

to the east, and the Columbus, Urbana and Western Electric Railway Company to the northwest, also serve well populated sections.

Natural advantages of Columbus as an industrial center are as great as those which her artificial means of transportation give. To the south, hardly sixty miles away, are the greatest bituminous coal deposits in the Central West — the Hocking

northeast and the southeast, lie great fields of natural gas. The Sugar Grove field of Fairfield county is known all over the country, and the fields of Licking and Knox counties are even of larger extent, with greater producing wells. Five great pipe lines of three companies bring this gas to Columbus, and it is used in many of the shops of the city as a substitute for coal. While the necessity of husbanding the sup-



HARRY P. WOLFE,

With Robert F. Wolfe, Leading Newspaper Publisher and Manufacturer.

Valley coal district, which includes Hocking, Perry, Athens and Vinton counties. This supplies at the very door of the city an abundance of cheap fuel. Direct rail transportation assures an ample supply of fuel at all times, and Columbus has never yet suffered from a scarcity of coal. A great tonnage of coal from the Kanawha and Pocahontas districts of West Virginia also passes through Columbus.

Less than fifty miles to the east, the

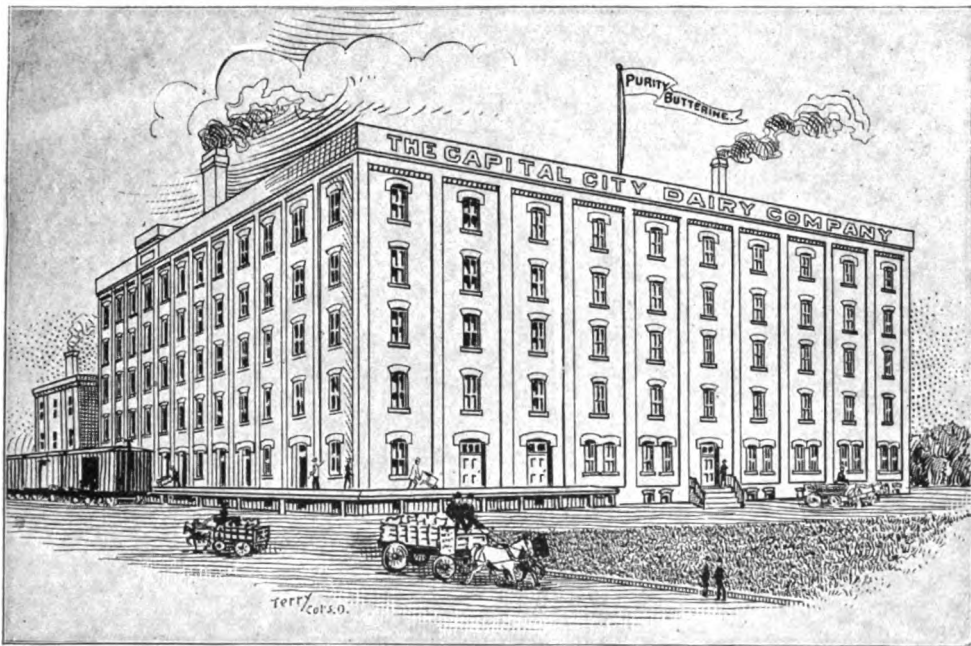
ply of natural gas for domestic use is becoming apparent, many of the factories of the city prefer to pay the increased price now asked for the gas to going back to the use of coal. For some industries, such as the manufacture of glass and some lines of tools, the use of gas is almost indispensable, and these continue to take all which the companies will supply for manufacturing purposes.

Iron ore from the great northern ore

fields of the Superior region is within easy reach of Columbus. Each year millions of tons of coal are transported from the Hocking Valley to the docks at Lake Erie, for trans-shipment to northern points by vessel. Many of these vessels bring down cargoes of iron ore, and the coal cars must be loaded with this ore or be returned empty to the mines. For this reason the Columbus furnaces are given a light rate on iron ore and always are certain of an abundant supply. The coke districts of West Virginia are within easy reach, and

into the millions having their headquarters here.

Far beneath the surface of Columbus are great ledges of limestone. A few miles up the Scioto river these ledges outcrop, and here are great quarries and immense stone crushers. These quarries have long been worked. The state capitol is built of stone from them, as are many others of the early structures of the city. The Casparis Stone Company is the greatest handler of crushed limestone in the country, and the product of its quarries



PLANT OF THE CAPITAL CITY DAIRY COMPANY.

on them the Columbus manufacturers of iron and steel depend for a sure and cheap supply of this fuel.

In the varied industries of the lumber trade, the natural advantages of Columbus are no less than in those of iron and steel. With two lines of railroad tapping the great timber districts of West Virginia, the manufacturers of Columbus have at their doors supplies of the principal hardwoods as well as poplar, yellow and white pine. The city is one of the greatest lumber distributing points in the United States, several companies employing capital running

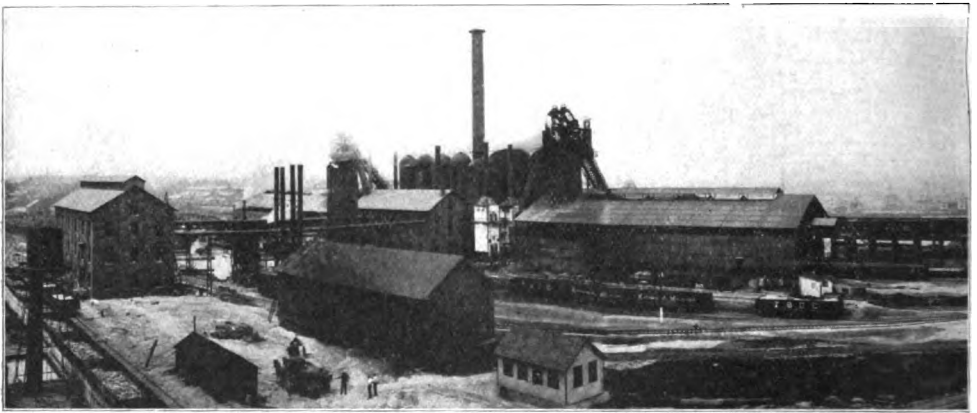
and mills is sought for by iron smelters all over the west and east. Large quantities of the stone are used for railroad ballast and for bridge and foundation work. There are a dozen flourishing stone companies operating on these great ledges of limestone, and the supply is inexhaustible.

From this it can be seen that it is not strange that Columbus since its settlement has been an industrial center. The first manufacturing plants were small and crude, not to be compared with those of which the city is so proud to-day, but they blazed the way for the immense industrial

establishments which have made the fame of the capital world wide. In the early days were laid the foundations of the principal manufacturing industries of the city. The railway car shops of Columbus were among the earliest in the west. In them were built the first cars for the transportation of a circus, and here also the first refrigerator cars ever used in the world were constructed. They were built for a Cincinnati brewer and used in the southern trade. No patents were taken out on them, and when they had proved their value in the transportation of perishable products it was not long until they were being turned out by the hundreds in other shops.

Columbus now has over 600 industrial

ducing almost \$6,000,000 in shoes last year. The carriage and wagon industry is third in point of production, and it would take over \$5,000,000 to purchase the vehicles sent out from Columbus shops in a year. The production of malt liquors also runs close to the \$4,000,000 mark. Almost \$4,000,000 is received cash each year by the car shops of the city for new cars and repair work, and the lumber and planing mills of the city annually produce more than \$4,000,000 worth of finished materials. Proprietary remedies and medical compounds made, run into the millions, and the book publishing and other printing business also far exceeds the two million dollar mark each year. In the past year



PLANT OF THE COLUMBUS IRON AND STEEL WORKS.

establishments, manufacturing hundreds of different products, using over \$40,000,000 of capital, employing 20,000 men and paying out each year \$12,000,000 in salaries and wages.

Using approximately \$20,000,000 worth of raw material in a year, completing almost \$50,000,000 worth of finished products, the industrial plants of Columbus compare in facilities and equipment with any of the country. The most important industry in point of value of output is that of foundry and machine shop products, and the twenty factories in this class made and sold over \$8,000,000 worth of goods last year. The shoe industry of Columbus is practically equal to the foundry products, the eight shoe companies pro-

there have been few idle days at any of the plants, and all of them have made the record production of their history.

There is room for many more industrial establishments in Columbus, and any manufacturer knocking at the door of the city for a location will find a warm welcome. All around Columbus are ideal factory sites. There are ample railroad facilities in every section of the city and suburbs, and practically every section is equally well served. There is no congested factory district in Columbus, all her industrial plants being in the open, surrounded by light airy spaces, with plenty of room for the handling of material. There is nothing to limit the growth of her manufacturing districts in any direction, and room

can be found in any district for the largest industrial establishment which may seek location here.

It would take much more space than can be allotted to this article to give a roster of even the more important industrial establishments of Columbus. The Jeffrey Manufacturing Company, of which Joseph A. Jeffrey is president and general manager, is known in every part of the world where electrical mining machinery is used or where hoisting and elevating apparatus is needed. Like the majority of the large establishments of Columbus its beginning was humble, but it has grown to mammoth proportions.

The Kilbourne and Jacobs Manufacturing Company, of which Colonel James Kilbourne is the executive head, is another Columbus industrial establishment with a reputation which extends around the world. The wheel barrows made in Columbus carry the diamond sprinkled clay of the Transvaal and the golden sands of the Rand, help to build the railroads of Asia and are exported by the shipload to the Orient. Sugar plantations all over the world use the cars made in the local shops, and the many products of the big establishments are being sent to half a hundred countries.

The Buckeye Steel Casting Company, of which Frank Rockefeller is president and S. P. Bush general manager, is one of the largest makers in the country of couplers for railway cars and also heavy steel castings. The plant of the company in South Columbus covers many acres of ground and has recently been almost doubled in size. The Columbus plants of the Carnegie Steel Company also are in this section, and the United States Steel Corporation operates two blast furnaces and a modern billet mill here. In this locality the Columbus Iron and Steel Company, of which Colonel J. G. Battelle is president, has erected two immense blast furnaces, and from Lake Superior ore, Hocking Valley coal, West Virginia coke and Columbus limestone a superior quality of pig iron is produced.

The Ralston Steel Car Company has immense car shops in East Columbus, and every working day turns out twenty-five freight cars, in addition to doing much re-

pair work and manufacturing a patent steel car underframe which is being used by many of the greatest railroad systems of the country. The Case Manufacturing Company makes hundreds of electric cranes every year, and the Ohio Elevator and Machine Company has a wide territory which it supplies with its products.

The United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Company has a large plant in Columbus, and the Standard Chain Company, the Hayden-Corbett Chain Company and the Columbus Chain Company have a production which is among the largest in the country in the manufacture of chains of all kinds. The Kinnear and Gager Company's steel ceilings are known in all building trades, and the steel shutters, doors, curtains and partitions made by the Kinnear Manufacturing Company have a reputation which is not bounded by the confines of the United States.

The M. C. Lilley and Company plant for the manufacture of regalia, military and secret society goods is the largest in the country of its kind and employs hundreds of hands. The Columbus Piano Company has a large factory and supplies a wide trade territory, its different styles of instruments being sold all over the west.

Columbus has long been one of the principal points in the country for the manufacture of fine vehicles, and among the city's plants is the largest in the country of its kind. The Columbus Buggy Company makes thousands of high grade vehicles each year, sending them all over this country and into foreign lands. The company has recently added the manufacture of electric automobiles, and this is growing to be an important branch of its business. Other leading makers of vehicles are the Poste Brothers Buggy Company, the Ohio Carriage Manufacturing Company, the Peters Buggy Company, the Scioto Buggy Company, the United States Carriage Company and almost a dozen other plants making vehicles and vehicle supplies.

The John W. Brown Manufacturing Company is the largest maker of carriage and electric automobile lamps in the world, and its product is sold in every state of the Union. The Midgely Manufacturing Company has one of the largest factories



in the country for the manufacture of automobile wheels and rims, and it has been recently doubled in size, that it may care for the orders for next year.

Columbus has no large manufactory of automobiles, but there are several that are making machines in a small way and give promise of growing into important manufacturing establishments. There are a number of plants making various automobile accessories, and the products of several of these have a large demand among leading automobile manufacturers.

In the manufacture of shoes Columbus is rapidly taking front rank among the cities of the country. Probably no line of industry in the city has had the growth which has been characteristic of shoe making. Practically all of this increase has been made in the last ten years. With fine shipping facilities, a good class of labor and in the center of the greatest trade territory of the country, the situation of Columbus is ideal for a shoe manufacturing center. There are seven large shoe manufacturing plants in Columbus, two of which are among the largest in the country. The H. C. Godman Company, the Wolfe Brothers Shoe Company, the C. and E. Shoe Company, the Wolfe-Bradford Shoe Company, the Jones Shoe Manufacturing Company, the Riley Shoe Manufacturing Company and the Starner-Copeland Shoe Company annually produce millions of pairs of shoes.

The glass industry within the last few years has gained quite a foothold in Columbus, and the companies have been successful. The Federal Glass Company, which makes all styles of pressed glass, has a large factory in the southern section of the city, and the Winslow Glass Company, manufacturer of various styles of bottles, has a plant in the same section. The Capital Glass Company has a factory in the northeastern part of the city. All of the factories have an abundant supply of natural gas drawn from the Knox-Licking fields.

While it is sixty miles to the coal fields of the Hocking district and farther to those of West Virginia, the coal companies operating in these districts must be counted as among the industrial enterprises of Columbus, as the headquarters of almost all

of them are in the city and much Columbus capital is employed in these mines. The second largest bituminous coal corporation in the country, the Sunday Creek Company, has its general offices in Columbus, and buys all its supplies here. The Ohio subsidiary of the largest bituminous coal company in the world, also has headquarters in Columbus. The New Pittsburg Coal Company is one of the largest producers of the Hocking district, and its general offices are in Columbus. There are probably half a hundred other companies operating in the two states in which Columbus capital is interested.

The brick industry is another line in which Columbus capital is heavily invested. The clays and shales of the Hocking Valley are famed over the United States, and the Columbus Brick and Terra Cotta Company, the Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron Company, the Iron Clay Brick Company, the Devonshire Brick and Ceramic Company, the Columbus Clay Products Company and a number of other corporations have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in brick plants in the district. In addition there are a number of companies which are engaged in the building brick industry in the near vicinity of Columbus.

Columbus has several large stove and range plants, and the manufacture of gas and oil stoves is a flourishing industry. The Lattimer - Williams Manufacturing Company sends its stoves and ranges all over the country, and the output of all the stove plants of the city amounts to a large sum each year.

The manufacture of fertilizer is another branch of industry in which Columbus is well to the front, and the product made by the three large fertilizer plants of the city is used by farmers in every state of the Union, and a heavy demand for the Columbus made goods has recently come from Cuba and Porto Rico.

The largest flouring mill in the State is now nearing completion in the eastern part of the city, and, with the four other mills now in operation, Columbus will become one of the important flour grinding points of the State.

The great shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are in Columbus, em-

ploying thousands of men, giving them steady and profitable work. The shops are among the largest of the system, equipped with all the latest machinery. Other railroads entering the city have repair shops here, and the pay rolls of the railroad industrial establishments are among the heaviest in the city.

There are many other lines of industry represented by the factories of Columbus. The industries of the city are so varied that space forbids the mentioning of all of them. Prosperous and growing institutions are found all over the city, and the men at the head of the firms and companies are aggressive, pushing, hustling business men.

They are eager to co-operate in the securing of new industries, and have a welcoming hand for all who come to joint the industrial life of the city.

With fine factory sites, low taxes, pure air, pure water, good labor supply, freedom from strikes and lockouts, the best shipping facilities of any city in the country, cheap fuel, nearness to raw material of all kinds, a good street car system and active co-operation among all its business men, there is no reason why Columbus will not continue to grow greater and greater each year of its industrial life and become one of the principal manufacturing centers of the entire country, as it now is of Ohio.



# The Mercantile Interests of Columbus

By William G. Benham

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE, by Baker's Art Gallery



THE evolution of the retail business of Columbus starts with zero — a primeval forest on the west bank of the Scioto river, and culminates in the metropolitan city of today, which has spread itself over a territory covering forty

will, the beginning of Columbus was in Franklinton, now called the "West Side," in August, 1797; for from this settlement sprang the demand for the greater settlement afterward named Columbus, which reared itself on the east bank of the Scioto river in June, 1812.



WILLIAM G. BENHAM.

square miles. If history repeats itself, we shall see the evolution continue until Columbus takes rank as one of the largest inland cities of the world. Say what we

Concerning ourselves in this article solely with the evolution of the business life and conditions of Columbus, we find that about one year after the founding of

Franklinton, or approximately August, 1798, one James Scott opened in a cabin in Franklinton a small general store, which has been described as "adding much to the

articles of household use to which we give no attention today were the greatest luxuries, and such as these — calico, shoes, hats, medicine and the like — were the stock in



WEST SIDE OF HIGH STREET, BETWEEN STATE STREET AND SUGAR ALLEY.

*From the Original Sketch made by G. E. Thrall in 1846.*

convenience of the settlers." Here he bartered his wares for skins, tallow, cord wood, or any article of use or value.

For the sake of proper understanding, let us try and imagine this first store which paved the way for Columbus' future mercantile greatness. Situated in the midst of a small settlement, it was a diminutive cabin about twelve by fifteen feet square, constructed of hewn logs, and surrounding it were other cabins and a clearing. Contained in this cabin store was a stock, cost-

trade of James Scott, the merchant prince of Franklinton in 1798. Working on his clearing by day, the store was open mostly at night, when, lighted by a tallow dip, the trading was done. One man was the executive, sales, shipping and every other force of this institution, and this store and man were the Genesis of the present structure of Columbus, that has taken on such great proportions in the metropolis of today.

It is not the intention to deal too much



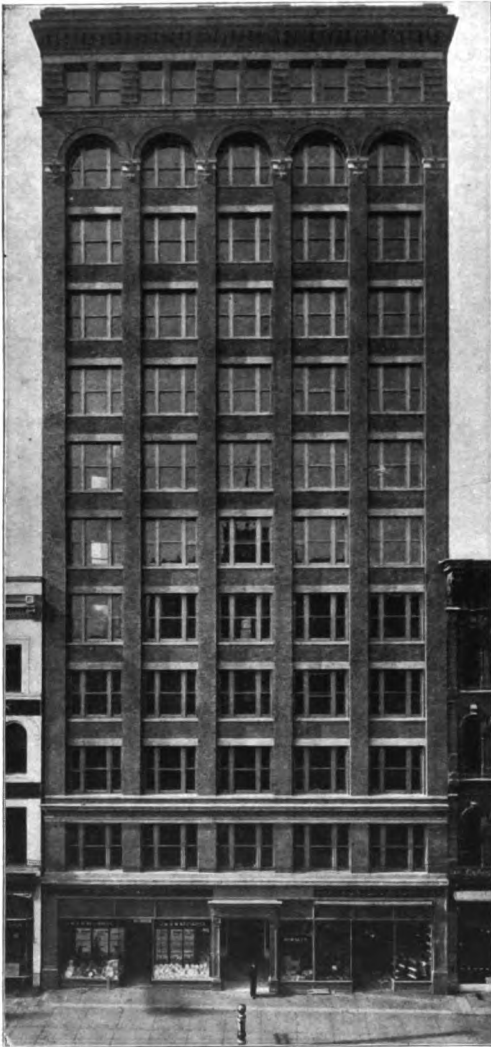
WEST SIDE OF HIGH STREET, BETWEEN WALNUT ALLEY AND TOWN STREET.

*From the Original Sketch made by G. E. Thrall in 1846.*

ing all told, a few hundred dollars and composed of the absolute necessities of life. There were no luxuries of any kind as we know them, but to these early pioneers the

in ancient history; so, after fixing absolutely upon the beginning of retail business with the advent of James Scott, we pass rapidly to February, 1812, the next

important milestone, when John Kerr, James Johnston, A. McLaughlin and Lync Starling met at Zanesville and completed and signed articles of partnership for the purpose of laying out Columbus. The lower boundary was what is now known as



A CONTRAST OF THESE TIMES.

Livingston avenue, the northern boundary a line just south of the penitentiary, the east boundary what is now known as Fourth street and the west boundary the Scioto river. Lots were sold at public sale, June 18, 1812.

High street from the first was the prin-

cipal business thoroughfare, that is, that section of it in the neighborhood of Main and High streets, or the Worthington road, as it was then called, and for years all the improvements and changes in business were in a territory extending from Main street on the south to State street, the extreme northern limit. It was not until 1852 that John Butler built a warehouse on the corner of what is now known as Gay street, and he was considered foolish for going so far north.

The first store started in Columbus was the Worthington Manufacturing Company, of which Joel Buttles was manager. This was in a little brick house on a lot afterward covered by the Broadway Exchange building. At the same time a dry goods store was opened in a cabin by McLene & Green, of Lancaster, on the south side of Rich street east of the old Mechanic's Hall, which stood on the corner of Rich and High streets. These two stores were the beginning of the retail business in Columbus proper, and both were opened in the spring of 1814. Hence, for the first two years of its history, Columbus went to Franklinton to do her buying, and the inhabitants devoted themselves exclusively to clearing the thick forest that grew where our State Capitol and skyscrapers now stand.

In fact, High street was full of stumps of trees until 1816, when a fund of \$200 was raised by private subscription to clear them away. In the meantime shoppers wended their way around these obstructions by day, and by night guided by a tallow dip or lantern. It is well to remember in comparing the Columbus of this period with that of today that no means of communication existed with any surrounding country. There were only by-paths through the forests, and no interurban trade came to patronize our business ancestors. Columbus in the spring of 1815 had a population of 700, and this furnished the market for the shopkeepers. There were no show windows, and what they called stores were stocks of merchandise piled in promiscuous fashion inside of cabins or small houses.

Among the leading merchants of this period were Henry Brown & Company, Richard Courtney & Company, J. & R.

McCoy, L. Goodale & Company, Starling & DeLashmutt and J. Buttles & Company, many of whose descendants are still to be found in Columbus today.

It would be interesting, could we sketch the years of the thirties and forties, for many events crowded themselves into these periods for the business men of Columbus.



WEST SIDE OF HIGH STREET BETWEEN RICH AND TOWN STREETS.

*From the Original Sketch made by G. E. Thrall in 1846.*

To those who live in Columbus in 1907 the problems confronting these early merchants seem appalling, and probably the greatest of all was isolation. There was absolutely no means of communication with the rest of the world. No speeding trains steamed into a station and no interurbans came and went every half hour. The only roads were paths made through trackless forests by deer, bear and Indians, and all merchandise was transported on the backs of mules and horses, many weeks and months being consumed in getting through from Baltimore or Philadelphia, the cities of supply.

Columbus business enterprise made no apparent progress until the building of the National Road, which was constructed by the Government, starting at Philadelphia and reaching Columbus in 1830, from which point it was continued in the same year. The Ohio Canal was the other dominant factor in the rapid progress of Columbus, and from the time that these means of communication with the outside world were established the development of the retail business was rapid.

The population of Columbus in 1829 was 2,014. Among the prominent merchants of this period were W. T. Sullivant, miller, William A. Platt & Company, jewelers, William A. Gill & Company, stoves, Samuel McClelland, merchant tailor, Buttles & Matthews, dry goods — all of which names are still to be seen among business houses of the present day.

There was a reaction after the War of 1812, when business declined to the lowest point, wheat to fifty cents per bushel, butter to seven cents per pound, ham, five cents a pound and whiskey to six dollars and seventy-five cents per barrel. This period of depression lasted seven or eight years. During this time lots on High street opposite the State House could find no purchasers at three hundred dollars, and others that seven years previous had sold for one hundred and fifty dollars were sacrificed at from seven to ten dollars. The



FIRST RAILWAY STATION, BUILT 1850.

currency of the time was badly inflated and insecure, and trade was seriously hampered by this vital defect. Yet, in spite of it all,

Columbus survived and even made some advance, as the history of the times will show.

And now the business world began to have dreams of a railroad; and, just as is done today, the old inhabitants, instead of lying idle and permitting the road to go somewhere else, took immediate steps to get Columbus on the map. As early as February 8, 1832, the first railway touching

and Xenia railroad, which was needed to connect this city with the Little Miami, and on February 22, 1850, the first railroad touching Columbus was opened for use and a trip made from Columbus to Xenia in three hours and five minutes.

With the coming of this railroad the business interests of the city flourished amazingly. Freight could now be brought into the city without the long delays that



HON. C. A. BOND,  
Mayor-Elect of Columbus; Head of the Merchandise Firm of C. A. Bond & Co.

Columbus was incorporated, and many followed in rapid succession. The Little Miami was the first road actually completed and came as near as Xenia. On August 19, 1845, the first daylight ride was made between Columbus and Cincinnati, the trip to Xenia by stage coach, and from there to Cincinnati by rail.

The fighting spirit of our forbears, ever with an eye single to Columbus' best interests, set about to build the Columbus

had formerly retarded the merchant, better stocks were carried and more pretentious stores were the order of the day. P. Hayden, William Richards, Kelton & Bancroft, B. E. Smith, P. Bain, Stage & Frisbie, Buttles, Comstock & Company, Rufus Main, P. Conrad, George McDonald, J. M. McCune & Company, F. C. Sessions & Company, Kilbourne & Jones and J. D. Osborne & Company were among the leaders at this time.

Columbus. Dec. 21. 1813

Mr. Matthews Sir

As I am made to depend upon  
upon the bounty for the purchase of supplies  
for the store, it is necessary for me to apply to  
to you in May. (K. absence). We are <sup>out</sup> or nearly  
out of salt, and without that we should have, but  
poor business, for scarce any one comes to trade at  
all, but wants more or less & when 'tis necessary for  
them to go to Franklinton for one article & a  
principal one too, they will not call here, for  
where one thing must be obtained, and all other can be,  
few, but that will deal wholly there. I know  
that you are hurried more immediately about him  
but some one must go or send to Chillicothe

Although we make nothing perhaps, on  
salt, it must be kept, beside many other things  
I find great inconvenience in not having. Nails  
in particular, iron & steel too are much wanted.  
I thought I had some time ago told every man  
in this country, that we had no nails, but still  
the "cry is heard". Whiskey too must be obtained.  
I have money here sufficient for one load of salt.

Business finds increases & I want to keep  
it sails up, when the wind is in the right way.  
You must let me know something on this subject for  
it can't be neglected. I have been waiting for some to  
come up, as has been frequent at along till lately. I must go  
and myself if you cannot but depend on you. J. Buttles  
Yours &c.

LETTER OF JOEL BUTTLES, FIRST LOG CABIN STORE KEEPER IN COLUMBUS, TO  
MATTHEW MATTHEWS, WORTHINGTON, O., DEC. 21, 1813.

For elucidation, see next page.



**T**HE letter reproduced in fac simile on the preceding page was addressed by Joel Buttles, of Columbus, to one Matthew Matthews, of Worthington, December 21, 1813. The photographic reproduction for THE OHIO MAGAZINE is from the original letter now in the possession of Mrs. F. B. Sheldon, of Columbus. Mr. Buttles was the first store keeper in Columbus, and this quaint letter affords the first evidence of the dawn of the mercantile enterprise which has since characterized the city. It will be noted that Mr. Buttles proposes to secure h's salt, whiskey and other supplies by some means or other, if they are not to be obtained in Worthington, even though he should be obliged to fetch them overland from Chillicothe. This was the first business competition of Columbus against the prior settlement of Franklinton. The "Maj. K." referred to in the letter was Major Kilbourne, of Worthington, founder of the present Columbus Kilbourne family. The address of the letter appears with the seal on the back fold and is countersigned by the sender. The text of the letter, which was evidently forwarded by private messenger, is as follows:

COLUMBUS, Dec. 21, 1813.

MR. MATTHEWS,

Sir:

As I am made to depend upon the Comp'y for the purchase of supplies for the store, it is necessary for me to apply to you in Maj. K's absence. We are out or nearly out of salt, and without that we should have but poor business, for scarce anyone comes to trade at all but wants more or less, & when 'tis necessary for them to go to Franklinton for one article & a principal one, too, they will not call here, for where one thing *must* be obtained, and all other things *can* be, few, but that will deal wholly there. I know that you are hurried more immediately about home but some one must go or send to Chillicothe.

Although we make nothing perhaps, on salt, it must be kept, beside many other things I find great inconvenience in not having. Nails in particular, iron & steel too are much wanted. I thought I had some time ago told every man in this country that we had no nails, but still the "cry is heard." Whiskey too must be obtained. I have money here sufficient for one load of salt.

Business I find increases & I want to keep all sails up, when the wind sets the right way. You must let me know something on this subject for it can't be neglected. I have been watching for some to come up, as has been frequent all along til lately. I must go or send myself if you cannot but depend on you.

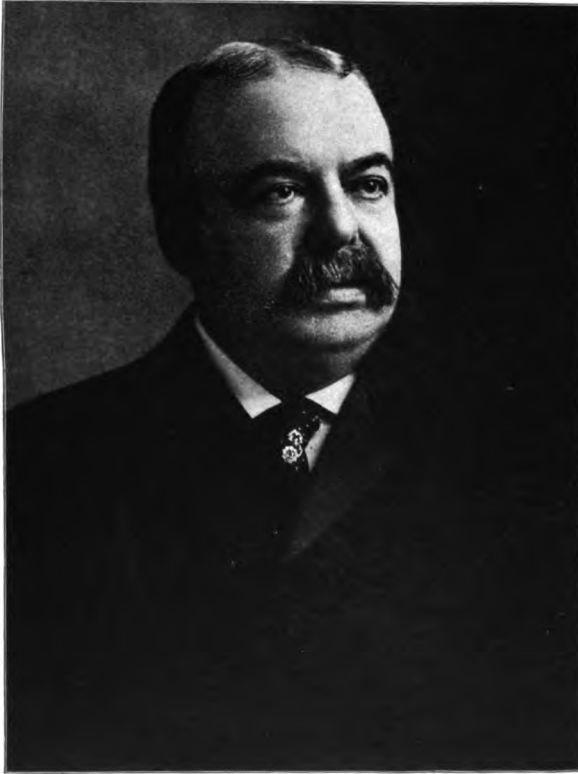
Yours etc.,

J. BUTTLES.

Let us pass rapidly forward through the fifties, the Civil War, the panics and all the contingencies that come to the average business community, and we have only a record of progress. Each blow has always been countered, and Columbus has risen a little better than before. In every period of her history her citizens have shown the "never say die" spirit, and no enterprise or project favorable to the city's

tering to a population within their own borders of 50,000 souls.

Then came a number of years when progress seemed slow, but this was only a resting time, when the lateral forces were being stored for the tremendous expansion that was soon to come. The city now extended for miles in every direction, and hundreds of new streets were laid out through countless new additions. At this



FRED LAZARUS,  
Head of the Firm of F. & R. Lazarus & Co.

growth has been allowed to go to other places. New railroads have been attracted to this central city, and not one of all of them has been suffered to pass us by. With every addition of this character new merchants came to fit out new stores, fresh ideas were injected into the commercial fabric, all the new discoveries of science have been adopted as fast as perfected, and in 1880 we find Columbus merchants ca-

point the Taylor street paving law was passed, and new and old streets were quickly paved. From this time Columbus has made great strides; her vacant spaces have filled with homes, and new citizens have come hither from all parts of the state and country, realizing that this was a goodly place in which to live.

The mercantile expansion of the city has been tremendous, the year 1890 probably

marking the turning point for all that is modern and up to date in this branch of industrial progress. Since that time countless new fronts have come into being, and no modern method of store improvement has seemed too new or too good for us.

It is intensely interesting to study the city of Columbus by the aid of the railway map of Ohio. We have seen that in the past every rapid improvement in the mercantile condition of the city has followed some means of communication and outlet that has extended to us, and, remembering this, the railway map shows why we have grown so prodigiously. From every direction railroad lines center here, and to all this has been added in recent years the enormous chain of traction lines that now touch every hamlet and farm house within a radius of one hundred miles. Literally, Columbus merchants are in direct touch with millions of residents of this rich and prosperous State. All the great trunk lines come through Columbus, and there is no quarter of this country that her citizens cannot reach in a direct line. This wonderful network of communication has made Columbus the undisputed hub of Central Ohio, her business houses now commanding a trade in a vast outlying territory, rich, fertile and populous.

Thus have Columbus merchants been called upon to cater to the wants of an enormous clientele. They have had to put off the things of the village and put on the ways of the metropolis. That they have been equal to the task allotted to them, witness the metropolitan stores of today. High street is still the principal business thoroughfare, and the prospect of its becoming anything else seems as remote as in the first days of the city. Large department stores now dot High street from Town to Chestnut and in these stores are sold a varied stock that compares most favorably with the goods carried by the largest houses of the East. Hundreds of exclusive stores still cater to their individual specialties, and smaller ones extend along the cross streets for squares on either side of High street, so that now the retail district alone covers far larger area than the entire city as originally laid out.

Added to this, we must not forget the important business centers that have sprung up in various sections—notably the Hub, the West Side, the corner of Mt. Vernon avenue and Twentieth street, the section at Steelton and many others. North of the viaduct is a most important center, with large and metropolitan stores. In fact, business extends nearly to North Columbus, a distance of five miles from the earlier business section. These stores cater to a population as large as the entire city in 1880, and this all lying north of the Union Depot. Truly, the projectors of Columbus never in their wildest dreams imagined a tithe of the greatness and glory that was destined to center here. Imagine the surprise, wonder, awe of James Scott, could he see our retail district today. That Columbus has outstripped every city in Ohio except Cleveland and Cincinnati, no one can deny, and that this is a great achievement no one will dispute. It cannot be said that the city was better located than Worthington, which had eight years start of it, nor can it be said that it was better located than the many surrounding villages which came into existence about the same time. All these places had the same chance to obtain the National Road, the Ohio canal and the first railroad that Columbus secured, but Columbus induced all these improvements to come her way, and they did not. To these three transportation outlets Columbus owes the various impetus which, with each succeeding year, lifted her upward and past all her competitors. Had one of the other nearby cities been touched by them and Columbus not, the story I am writing could not have been told.

To what, then, must be ascribed Columbus' growth and supremacy over the neighboring villages? Certainly to but one thing—the character of her citizens. These ancestors of ours did not from the first day sit idly by and wait for things to "come their way," but went out and took hold of everything in sight and induced these various enterprises to choose Columbus rather than some other place. Witness the State Capitol, the National Road, the canals and the railways. When the Little Miami built only to Xenia, Columbus did not repine and say, "Too bad it did

not come here." The city built a road to Xenia and made the connection, and this spirit of enterprise has gone through its entire history. It has always been alive to opportunities and always inducing them to come this way.

In a mercantile sense the city has done likewise. Did it need a store which sold a certain kind of merchandise, some good merchant was induced to come here from another place. There has been little jealousy and friction. Columbus business men have worked for the good of the city, and many personal sacrifices have been made to forward its interests. This has always been the idea uppermost, to make Columbus a city goodly to live in. There has been "team play," which always wins in any game. Consequently, Columbus today presents as fine an aggregation of retail stores as any city in the land, prices have always been tempting and merchants honorable.

This is well known outside the city, for it is exceedingly difficult to secure competitive bidding, once Columbus is known to be in the contest. The same spirit that in the early days manifested itself in the first local successes, is present with increasing force today. The retail contingent is just as eager that Columbus shall be the best shopping center in the State, as were those who secured the railroad and other benefits hard to obtain. The slogan is always "If it's good, bring it to Columbus," and this cry is now heard in every market of the world. Daily through our own custom house are being cleared from every foreign nation their best products for the use of Columbus consumers. Every market of

this and every other country is secured, that Columbus stores may contain the best there is to be obtained. So Columbus is now recognized by the people of the vast territory forming a circle of a hundred miles in every direction as the best city to visit, no matter what they want, and by the strength of the real inducements offered is drawing a mighty volume of trade that is increasing with every year.

Thus we have briefly traced the evolution of retail business in Columbus, from its beginning to the present day. We have seen how it has always been forward and upward. We have seen it when there was one store, selling probably a few thousand dollars' worth of goods a year. We see it today, when there are approximately four thousand business institutions, doing a total annual business of, shall we say \$300,000,000? Certainly not less.

Do not these facts cause us to think that the Columbus of today contains the same terrific latent force in her citizens that lifted her from the obscurity of 1797 to a great success in 1907? Do they not cause us to know that the record of the past will be only the achievement of the future, and that eventually this same force of her citizen's "grit" will lift her to double proportions? Why may we not hope to see 500,000 people dwelling within our borders within this generation?

Truly this will be, and when it comes, you will surely find Columbus retailers doing their full share. They will expand with every stride the city makes. Columbus is and always will be the best retail market in all this section of the great Middle West.



# Columbus as a City of Homes and Health

By Webster P. Huntington

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE by Baker's Art Gallery



THE prosperity of the individual and the material welfare of the family may be, as a rule, the primary objects of life in this commercial age, but they are not the only considerations to be pondered over by the average American in search of a home. We have scriptural authority for the assertion that where a man's treasure is there will his heart be also, but the fact remains that the real happiness derived from the heart throbs may be seriously affected by the location of the treasure. Prosperity in itself is not the thing to be desired. Its real value to the individual in all the relations of his life must depend upon the environment in which he achieves it.

Central Ohio is a good location for the development of character, as well as thrift and brawn. The climatic conditions are such as to make the struggle for existence sufficiently strenuous to prevent mental or physical lethargy, but mild enough to invite needed relaxation. Nowhere is there a more healthful climate, as the vital statistics will prove. The region round about Columbus is a rich argicultural section, and from its cultivation the first society was established here. This was the bedrock of social and business beginnings in the early times, and the fact still has a modifying influence on the temperament of the people. There will not be found in Central Ohio the hurry and scurry of an Eastern metropolis, nor the leisurely methods of our neighbors of the Southland. The people who comprise the population of Ohio's capital city represent no extreme of thought or conduct. They suggest the best type of American citizenship,

without exaggerating any of its special phases.

The Columbus of today is pre-eminently a city of home owners, and it is claimed for it by those who ought to know that it has no other equal in this respect on this continent. Whether that be true or not matters little, for if there be any American community which rejoices in a greater number of homes owned by its citizens than can be credited to Columbus, it should be set upon a pedestal, like Rome on her seven hills, for the approval and emulation of the world. Columbus is also one of the wealthiest cities per capita in all civilization, but with all its wealth it boasts but few millionaires and contains not one in the class now regarded as extraordinarily opulent. Nowhere else, however, will there be found, in proportion to population, so many home owners possessing fortunes as modest as in the vicinity of \$20,000 and from that up to \$200,000. The distribution of the city's wealth among the people thereof is one of the strongest factors in favor of its claim as a place of residence.

Columbus is a cosmopolitan but strictly an American city. It is not tinctured with an overdose of any form of objectionable native population. There is no foreign class in the city, as such a class is understood where it prevails to the detriment of general education and business. There are a large number of negroes in the city, but not out of proportion to the rule in Ohio, and they constitute one of the most useful elements of its civilization. The average type of citizen is fortunately affected by the early blending here of the human characteristics brought hither by immigration from New England, Pennsylv-



VISTA IN EAST BROAD STREET.

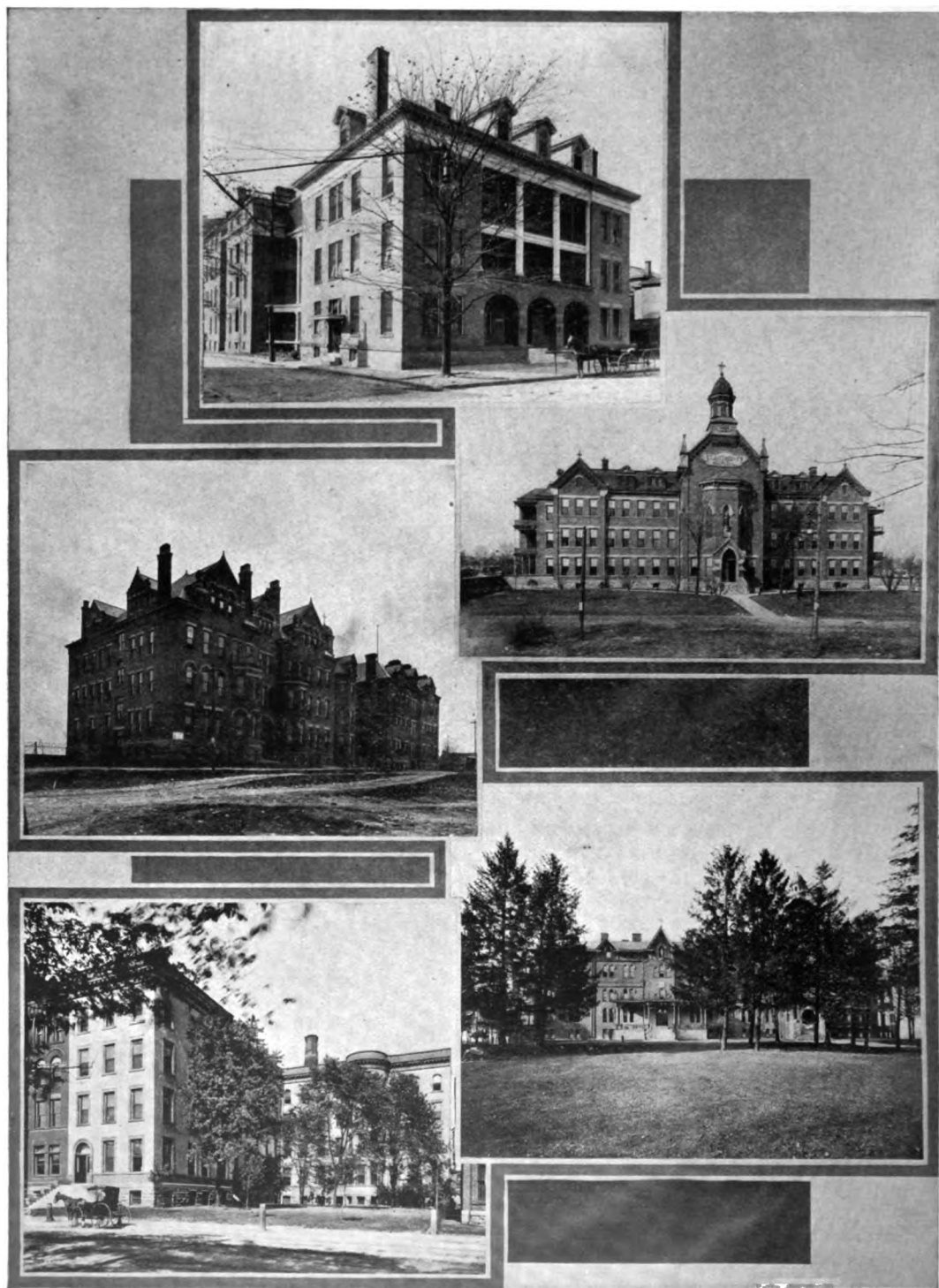
vania and Virginia in the early days. The coming of the German, with his reverence for personal liberty and his rugged philosophy, happily leavened the loaf thus formed, resulting in the cosmopolitan life of today, which is as intelligently directed, as earnest and as democratic as any that may be specially observed in studying the characteristics of the most favored communities distinguished in modern civilization.

Columbus occupies a territory of only sixteen square miles within the limits of the technical city, but in fact it extends far beyond these boundaries in all directions, so that, notwithstanding one may be outside the city limits, there is no evidence of it from the general appearance of the streets and buildings. Annexation of contiguous territory is already absolutely necessary, in order that the census figures may do approximate justice to the city's steady increase. The opportunities for ex-

pansion are also limitless. Nowhere is there any physical barrier to them, and there is not a spot equal to the city's area in any direction within ten miles of it that has not every reason to witness the same metropolitan growth that Columbus



MORTUARY CHAPEL, GREEN LAWN CEMETERY.

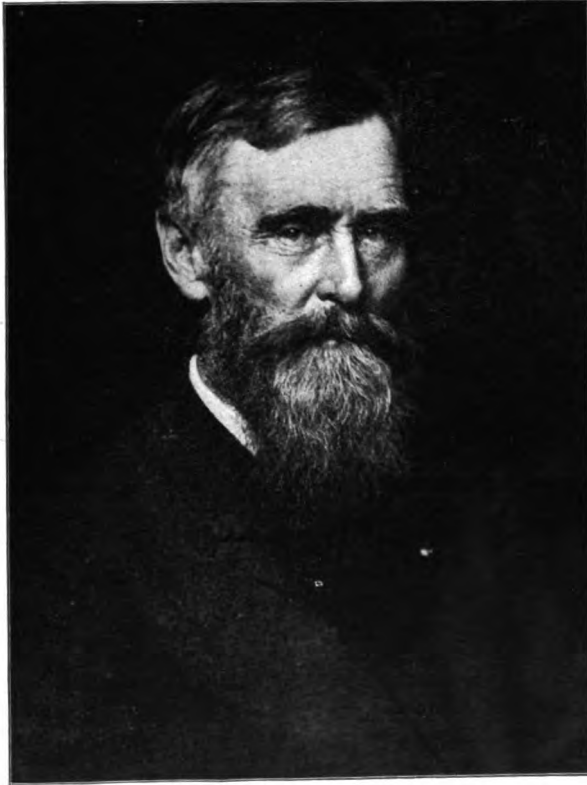


REPRESENTATIVE COLUMBUS HOSPITALS.

has undergone. There is, therefore, every occasion to anticipate a population of a half million or more in the comparatively not distant future.

Respecting the fundamentals governing the health of a city, Columbus has more than a salubrious, though at times rigorous climate, to promote the physical well being of its people. In its new water supply, achieved by the construction of

and there will never be an unhealthful congestion of human life in the most populous districts. The admirable sewage system has entirely disposed of the malaria which originally afflicted this region, and there is no spot within the city limits where a cellar may not be dug with full confidence in the dryness of its atmosphere. This system can be indefinitely extended, on account of the natural drainage



DR. STARLING LOVING,  
Nestor of the Columbus Medical Profession.

the Scioto river storage dam, it has solved the problem of the quantity required for generations to come, and the quality will be assured by the new filtration system, on an elaborate and scientifically accurate scale, now nearing completion. The typhoid germ which has heretofore made serious inroads, will presently be conspicuous by its absence. The streets are broad and level, following the generous proportions laid out by the city's founders,

of the Scioto valley, while science takes due care of the refuse which would otherwise prove disastrous.

The city is one of the great coal marts of the United States and stands as the gateway to the immense traffic between the coal fields of the Hocking Valley, West Virginia and other Southern territory and the harbors of the Great Lakes. Fuel is therefore reasonably cheap for domestic as well as manufacturing purposes, but,





FAMOUS SPRING IN STATE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.

with regard to the former, life is made much more worth the living by the abundant supply of natural gas from adjacent fields which have no rivals in the quantity and quality of their production. The city has been exceptionally fortunate in the fact that this great fund of natural gas has never been wastefully utilized. The exhaustion common to other fields, where waste has been the exception and not the rule, is not even threatened in the territory surrounding Columbus. For the most part the supply of gas has been conserved for domestic purposes as a blessing to the housekeeper, and this policy promises to be indefinitely extended. Under these circumstances natural gas comes more nearly being a fixture in Columbus than in any city of the United States not supplied by wells in the same field.

These are, in brief, the fundamental considerations which make the capital of Ohio particularly desirable as a place of resi-

dence. First among such conditions as those to be acquired rather than inherited, the opportunities for education may be entitled to rank. The common schools of Columbus have long borne a high reputation among educators throughout the world. From the primary grades to the



TYPICAL COLUMBUS PUBLIC SCHOOL.



**HAYDEN HOMESTEAD, E. STATE STREET.**  
Former Residence of Governor Salmon P. Chase.



**RESIDENCE OF E. K. STEWART,**  
East Broad Street.



**RESIDENCE OF MRS. ANNE PARROTT,**  
Franklin Park, South West.



**RESIDENCE OF CHARLES L. KURTZ,**  
East Broad Street.



**RESIDENCE OF F. W. SCHUMACHER,**  
E. Broad Street.



**RESIDENCE OF HARRY P. WOLFE,**  
East Broad Street.



RESIDENCE OF FRED LAZARUS, BRYDEN ROAD.

high schools, the latter of which offer a completed, substantial education for all of the ordinary purposes of life, the thoroughness of the Columbus public school system has been successfully tested from its inception to the present time. Beyond this stands the Ohio State University, now one of the foremost institutions of learning in the United States, which offers to the student, young man or woman, the advantages of a full university course and the most advanced special training according to the ethics of higher education adopted as standard by the most liberal educational systems in this country and abroad. The problem of a substantial school education, supplemented by a college course, may be solved in Columbus with as little difficulty to the parent or guardian as anywhere in America, and under the unusual advantage of surrounding the student with the activities of life, the desirable associations of a thriving community and the personal contacts which do more than textbooks to afford

those subject to them abundant access to the real tree of knowledge.

For special educational training Columbus also offers the additional advantages implied by the location here of the State library, the State law library, the new Carnegie library and the special opportunities for research afforded by the



THE COLUMBUS CLUB.

several departments of the State University.

The churches of Columbus represent all Christian denominations, with attendance upon each above the average in other cities, unsurpassed facilities for worship in respect to church edifices and a devoted membership that must be regarded as a prime factor in the social as well as the religious life of the community. The

of Christian endeavor that lies invitingly in every direction from this central point.

Thousands of Columbus people find pleasure and profit in their identification with the various fraternal societies of the city. They represent all the great orders and as a rule have excellent facilities for the promotion of their work. The Masonic Temple, on north Fourth street, is one of the best specimens of the fraternal home in

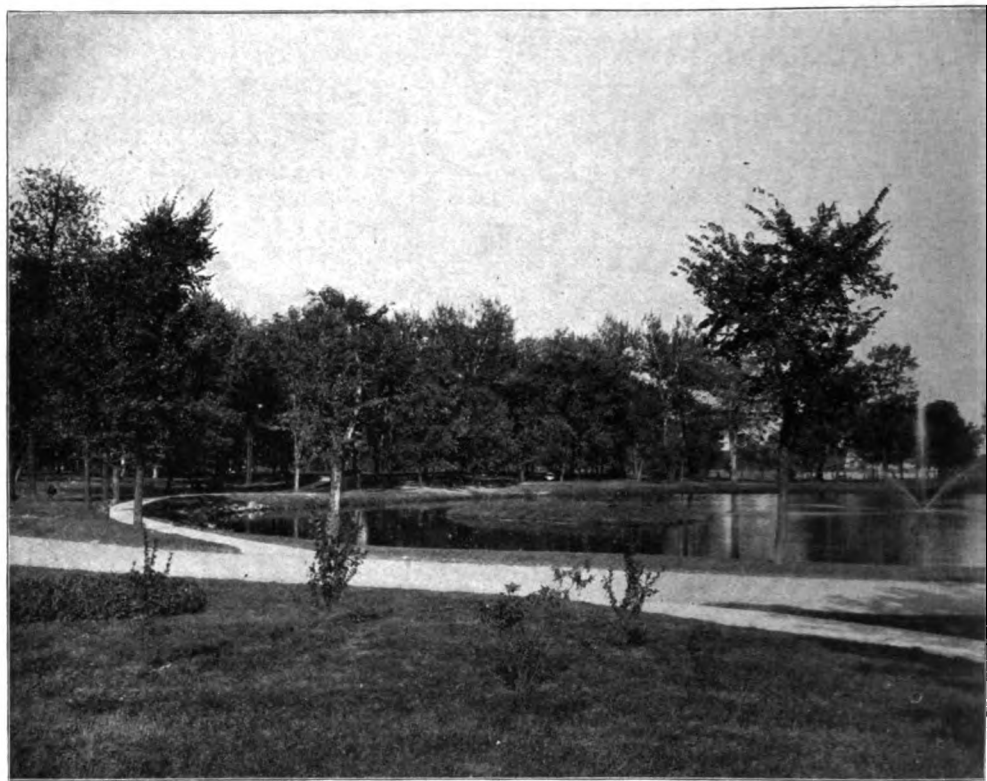


WILLIAM OXLEY THOMPSON,  
President of the Ohio State University.

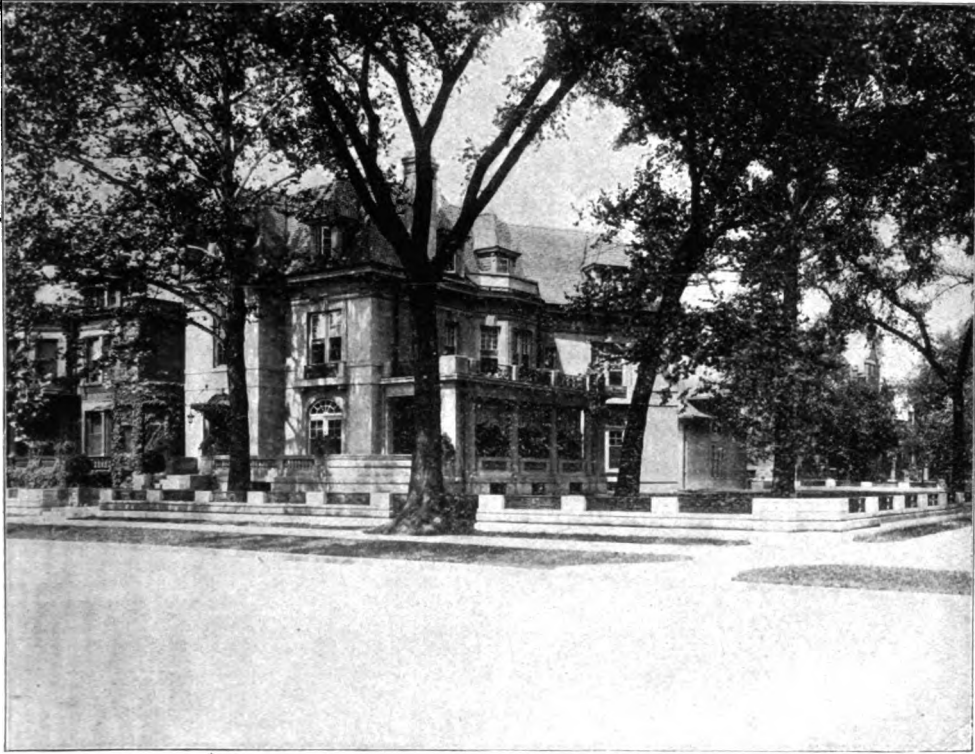
clergy of Columbus have contributed many distinguished names to the Christian roll of honor, not a few of whose owners still survive and do valiant work for high religious ideals among the charges entrusted to their care. No pagan can deny the broad and beneficial influence which the church has exercised, and still exercises, upon the life of Ohio's capital and, extending beyond that, upon the great field

the United States. Other societies, however, are not far behind in this respect, the tendency in regard to which has always been to keep pace with the reasonable demands of social and fraternal objects.

The press of the city bears an important relation to the welfare of the community. Comparisons may be invidious, but in this case it may be a pardonable offense to relate that Columbus has better newspapers



VIEWS IN GOODALE AND FRANKLIN PARKS.



RESIDENCE OF ROBERT F. WOLFE,  
East Broad Street.

than any city of the same population in the United States, which means in the world. Indeed, if a comparison be instituted between the newspapers of Columbus and those of any city twice its size, it will soon be found to favor the product of the Buckeye capital. This fact may not always be apparent to Columbus people, but it is almost invariably remarked by those who come here from abroad. The city's dailies are the *Ohio State Journal*, one of the most widely known of American newspapers, and the *Ohio Sun*, a newcomer but rapidly developing elements of deserved popularity, both of which are in the morning field; the *Press-Post*, representing the Democratic constituency of Central Ohio, and the *Evening Dispatch* and *The Citizen*, both independent in politics and with news gathering as the primary object of their management. German readers are represented by *The Westbote* and *The Courier*, and there is a

host of weekly and monthly periodicals occupying special fields. The family life of the city is creditably reflected in the columns of its newspapers, and the world's intelligence which they disseminate every day in the year is a factor not to be over-



VERANDA OF THE ARLINGTON COUNTRY CLUB.



looked in viewing the local educational situation.

The superior service and equipment and the unequalled low fares of the Columbus Street Railway afford rapid transit to and from all points in Columbus. The street railway system of the capital city has been described by experts as the most competent and cheapest in the world. The present rate of fare is seven tickets for a

available for emergencies renders possible the comfortable handling of a vast number of people on special occasions, as well as under ordinary circumstances. The operating company is a profit-sharing corporation, each employe receiving an annual dividend on his salary. In all respects the company pursues the most liberal policy toward its employes and the public, so that the street railway system of Columbus



RT. REV. JAMES B. HARTLEY, .  
Bishop of Columbus.

quarter, and the franchise provides that eight tickets shall be sold for the same price whenever the gross receipts reach a million and a quarter dollars annually. It is estimated that this will be within the next year. Universal transfers are given to and from all points. The equipment, both in regard to tracks and rolling stock, is of the best. The most modern type of cars is used for both winter and summer traffic, and the large number of cars

is one of the main factors justifying the claims of the city as being among the most favored in America as a place of residence.

Columbus is also the center of a vast interurban electric railway traffic, which reaches out from the city in all directions. The accessibility of the country districts by this means is one of the material advantages of living in this metropolis of Central Ohio. Among the interurban systems the Scioto Valley Traction Com-



A VISTA ON NEIL AVENUE.

pany is perhaps the most notable, in view of its use of the third rail and its progressive methods in reference to maintaining commodious and substantial passenger stations and a roadbed and equipment second to none in the country. This company is the only one in Ohio employing the third rail system, and its time schedules are probably also the speediest in the State.

Electric lighting in Columbus, for street illumination, business and domestic purposes is on an elaborate scale, but based upon prices consistent with economy. The illumination of High Street by electric arches at the intersection of other streets is believed to be the most attractive and brilliant in the world. This, at least, was the judgment of Sara Bernhardt on the occasion of her last visit to the city, and the great French actress will be conceded to have some grounds for speaking intelligently on the subject. Electric lighting is very general in the homes of

Columbus and shows steady increase, from year to year, as compared with the increase of the city's population.

The park breathing spots of Columbus are not only a great aid to the city's health, but in recent years have become



CLUB HOUSE, COLUMBUS LODGE OF ELKS.



attractive even to the most indifferent. They are invaluable to the families of the laboring men and a source of special pleasure to the more well-to-do who resort to them in carriages and automobiles. Indeed, the abundance of shade trees in Columbus makes larger sections of the city in the residence districts not unlike a park. The surrounding country is picturesque and affords numberless opportunities for

near the city and are liberally maintained by an exclusive patronage.

The social life of Columbus is, for the most part, dominated by a democratic spirit. It would be useless to deny that it has its inconsistencies and its snobbery, but a concession of this kind would be required in any truthful recitation of the facts regarding metropolitan life anywhere in the world. Yet all is not vanity in this

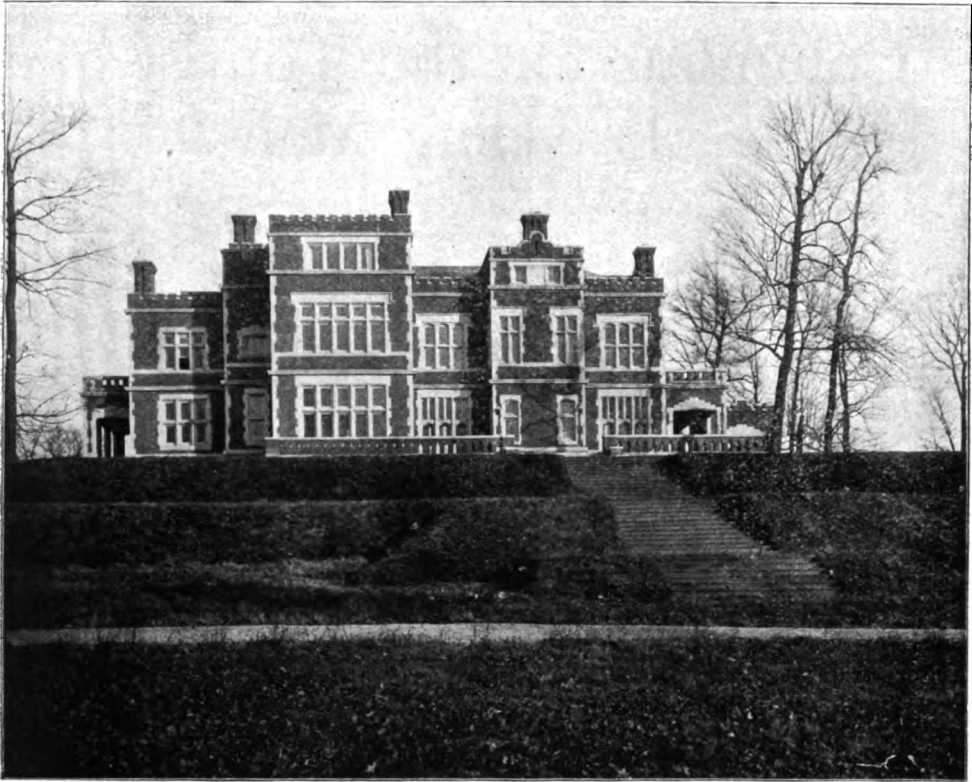


THE REV. S. S. PALMER, D. D.,  
Pastor of Broad Street Presbyterian Church.

pleasurable recreation in the woods and fields. There has been, in late years, a marked tendency toward suburban home making among the wealthier people, and such suburbs as Arlington and Bullitt Park will eventually, and at no distant period, rival the most attractive in America. This tendency is perhaps evidenced in another direction by the popularity of the country clubs which flourish

particular community, notwithstanding the scriptural assertion of the preacher to the contrary.

There is a real aristocracy in Columbus, the doors of whose mansions do not require a golden key to unlock them. The aristocracy of wealth also has some redeeming qualities — more, indeed, than in many other exclusive circles where the dollar reigns supreme. But there is in



SUBURBAN RESIDENCE OF ROBERT H. JEFFREY.

Columbus a broad democratic, beneficent social life whose distinguishing characteristics are hospitality, good will and unswerving loyalty to the city and its institutions. This life will be readily felt by any intelligent man or woman who may come hither and scratch beneath the surface. It is daily manifested in the homes of the city, around the firesides as well as at the mis-named "functions" of more formal occasions, within the walls of the many excellent clubs that flourish as retreats for business men, in the many organizations especially adapted to the needs of womankind, in the churches, the places of amusement, the schools and even on the streets.

It is the life of a cosmopolitan people, all energetic and for the most part honest, striving to assert themselves for the good

of the community and posterity, in an inland metropolis abundantly able on all occasions to substantiate its rightful distinction of being in the best and highest sense a city of homes.



COLUMBUS COUNTRY CLUB.

# Columbus for the Tourist and Traveling Man

By Henry C. Pirrung

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE by Baker's Art Gallery



FIRST impressions are always lasting when fortified by substantiality, and the greatest disappointment comes to the individual when he realizes that his original impressions subsequently prove to be only those of a gilded

of its tinsel, although its outward impression of metropolitan merit is justly the subject of modest pride among those who daily witness and contribute to it. But the substantiality of this metropolis is not given too great verbal evidence, when heralded abroad through a megaphone.



HENRY C. PIRRUNG.

exterior, when the interior was in fact shoddy and elusive.

The city of Columbus does not boast

Perhaps the first favorable impression that greets the tourist, the traveling man or the delegate to one of the hun-

dreds of conventions which annually hold their sessions in Columbus, upon arriving in the city, is that created by the spacious train shed of the Union Station, with its modern facilities for handling great crowds without inconvenience. The Union Station itself is an imposing and artistic structure, ranking with the best half dozen buildings of its kind in the United States, and well up to the fore front of them. There is a broad esplanade between the High street entrance and the station proper, affording ample accommo-

if the traveler arrives in Columbus at night, he will be astounded and charmed by the most dazzling system of electric street lighting in the world, for as far as his gaze can penetrate he will discover myriads of electric bulbs flashing from the arches at the intersection of all streets with High street, and the result of this scene will electrify his appreciation of the most attractive and useful street illumination that the ingenuity of modern inventive genius has yet discovered.



HIGH STREET AT NIGHT.

Most Brilliant Street Electric Lighting System in the World.

dations for carriages and automobiles. At the entrance, the admirable street railway system is at once in evidence to the tourist, for here is available rapid transit to all parts of the city in every direction. All hotels, public buildings, parks and places of amusement are thus immediately accessible to the pleasure seeker, and the business man finds himself equally fortunate in his ability to place himself in touch with the great world of commerce.

The hotels of a city are considerations of primary importance to the tourist and traveling man, and in Columbus they are leading features of the city's life. It is a safe assertion that no other city of its size can boast of hotels approximating the variety and excellence of the Capital City's hostelryes. In the order named, as related to their proximity to the Union Station, the principal hotels are the Chittenden, Neil House, Southern and Hartman. Here is every conceivable con-



**TYPICAL COLUMBUS HOTELS:**  
The Chittenden, Hartman, Great Southern and Neil House.

venience, comfort and luxury, at a cost to satisfy moderate or extravagant tastes. Among minor hotels the Northern enjoys an enviable patronage. Columbus hotels are as a rule fire proof and modern in every respect. The splendid hotel facilities of the city are largely responsible for its being the greatest convention city in America. The hotel argument is always a winning one with organizations looking about for a city capable of ac-

Fifth Avenue in New York and the Willard in Washington, and this can be applied to the political history of the Nation as well as of the State.

The great Memorial Hall on East Broad street, with its admirable auditorium, having a seating capacity of more than five thousand, together with the auditorium of the Board of Trade building and four spacious theaters, offers still further evidence of Columbus' superior merit

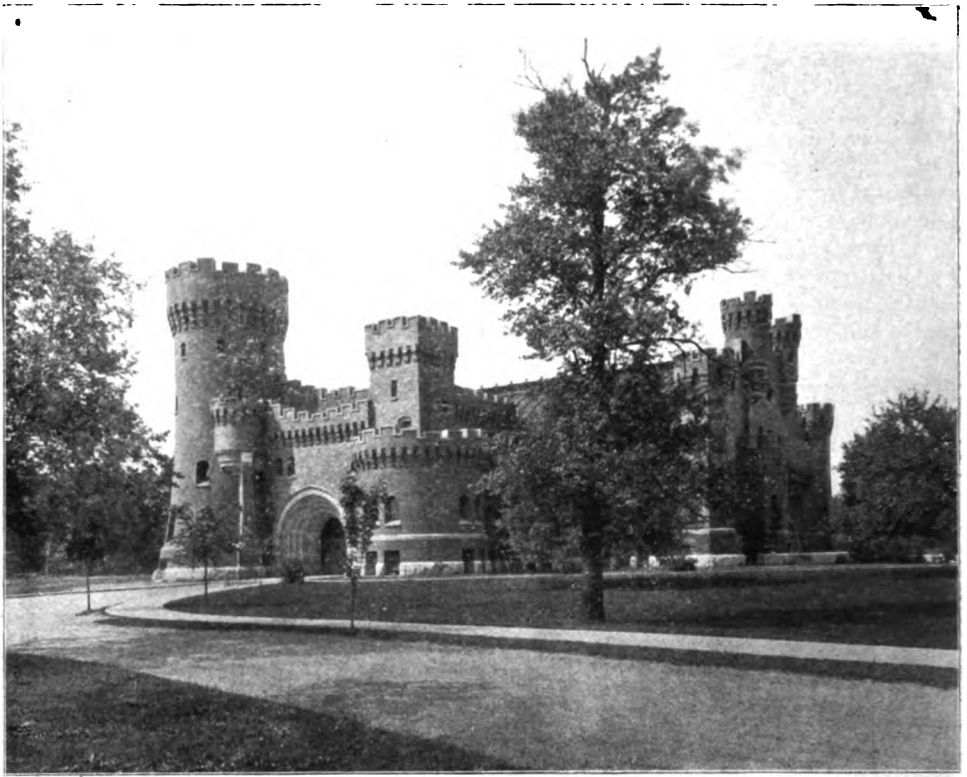


OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

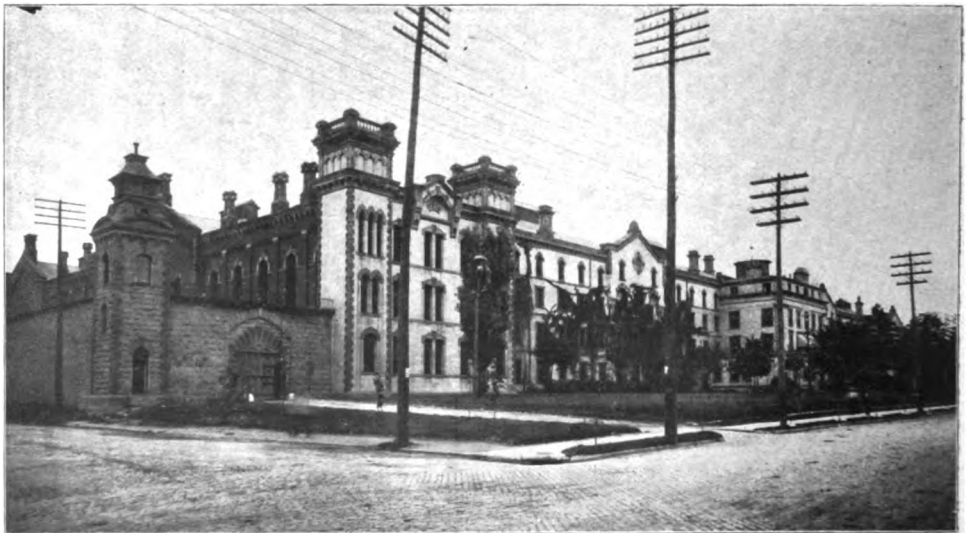
comodating large bodies of men or women, and this argument can always be put forward in behalf of Columbus with the greatest emphasis. The historical interest of the Neil House is in itself a peculiar and leading attraction of the Capital City. It has been said by one who ought to know, that more political history has been made in the Neil House than in any other hotel in the United States, with the possible exception of the

as a convention city. Indeed, several conventions that would tax the powers of entertainment of most towns the size of Columbus, can be held in the Capital City at the same time. There are also in the leading hotels smaller assembly rooms for less notable gatherings, and they are frequently brought into requisition.

The city's official character as the seat of government makes it especially interesting to its visitors who come



ARMORY AND GYMNASIUM OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.



THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.



hither on business, as well as to the vast throngs which annually pour through its gates on sight-seeing expeditions. The more famous public institutions are the State Capitol, whose grassy square forms the hub of the metropolitan life of Columbus, the Ohio Penitentiary, the Institution for the Feeble Minded, the State Hospital for Insane, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Blind Asylum, the Ohio State University, the United States Mil-

The Columbus Board of Trade has a standing committee on conventions, whose duty it is to secure and care for them. Therefore all representations made by this committee in soliciting conventions are indorsed by the Board of Trade, thus guaranteeing the fulfillment of all promises as to halls, entertainment, music, decorations and other details, as well as preventing any extortionate rates by hotels or restaurants. Columbus merchants have

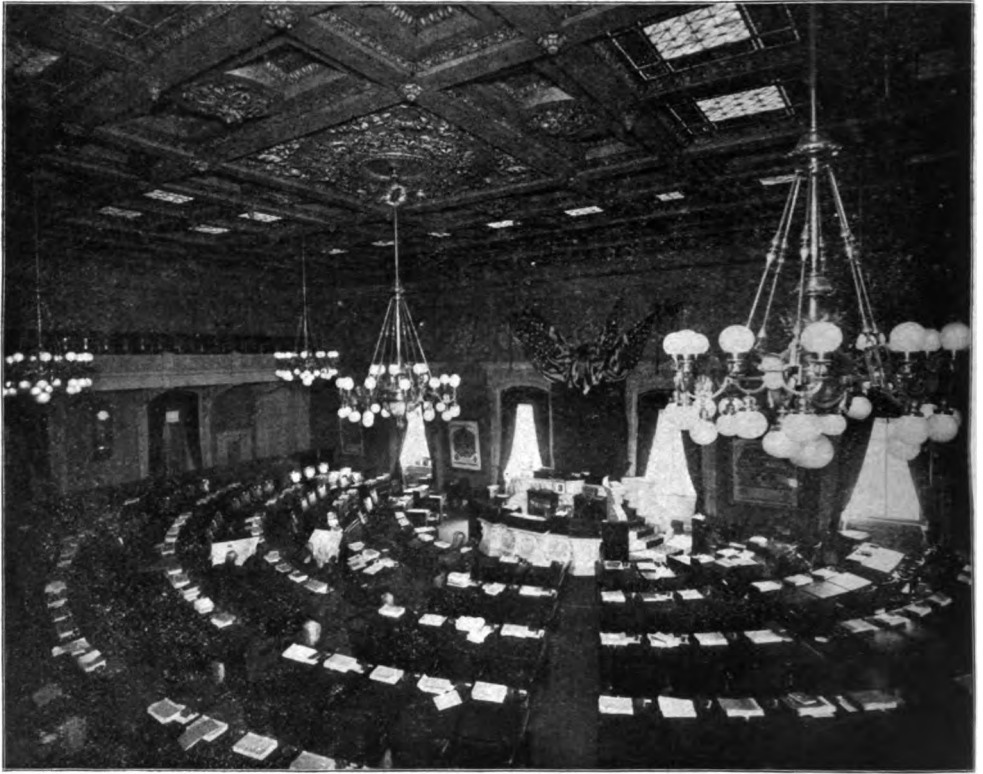


OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

itary Garrison, the Ohio State Fair Grounds and the Carnegie Library. Of course many of these involve sub-divisions of the greatest interest, too numerous to be even mentioned in the scope of the present article. These institutions and their subordinate interests are strong factors in making Columbus a convention city, for the great majority of delegates who comprise conventions are also interested as sightseers.

long since learned the value of convention patronage, and the convention visitor to this city may rely upon it in advance that he will not be victimized by high prices. The successful business man of Columbus, who is almost invariably a member of the Board of Trade, recognizes the badge of the visiting delegate as a personal introduction to him, requiring all the hospitality and courtesy at his command, which is freely bestowed in the





HALL OF THE OHIO HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

way of marked attention. In this way the pledge of the Board of Trade, made through its committee, is fulfilled, and it may well be imagined that the Capital City loses nothing by its record for hospitality thus established.

The public and private parks of Columbus attract an annual attendance of hundreds of thousands from abroad, in less formal gatherings than those of conventions. In the Summer these parks are ideal recreation grounds, entirely suitable for excursion purposes and attractive to a very large number of people who would not otherwise be drawn here merely on pleasure bent. Public automobiles, as well as the unequalled street car system of the city, afford ready access to all sections, from the beautiful residence districts to scenes among the shops and factories. In fact, there is an education, either industrial, scientific, or general, awaiting anyone who will make Colum-

bus the objective point of research and investigation. Incidentally there is delight for the tourist, because of the pleasures everywhere available in the city and the hospitable manner in which he is sure to be received.

STARLING MEDICAL COLLEGE AND  
ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL.



NEW MEMORIAL HALL AND AUDITORIUM, EAST BROAD STREET.

It is quite probable that the advantages of Columbus in these respects are more thoroughly known abroad than at home. The average citizen of Columbus is often too much engrossed with business and other interests to familiarize himself with the many sources of pleasure and mental profit that lie directly around him. It must be confessed that this average citizen might learn a good deal regarding the capital of Ohio from consulting with many sightseers who have only temporarily sojourned here.

From all over the world experts come to Columbus to note the progress made in the public institutions of the State, with especial reference to society's dealings with its unfortunate wards. Here are worked out many of the greatest problems in connection with the care and education of those afflicted, and probably nowhere else in the world is there such a comprehensive exhibit of modern methods in dealing with them. A visit to these institutions is calculated to make the aver-

age Ohioan proud of his State, and is certain to enlist the admiration of every foreigner who takes special interest in the branches of science and investigation here represented in the long struggle for the uplifting of unfortunate humanity.

The grounds of the public institutions here mentioned are, from the standpoint



FOYER OF MEMORIAL HALL.



**"OUR JEWELS."**  
Statue In Capitol Grounds.



**MONUMENT IN CONFEDERATE BURYING  
GROUND, CAMP CHASE.**

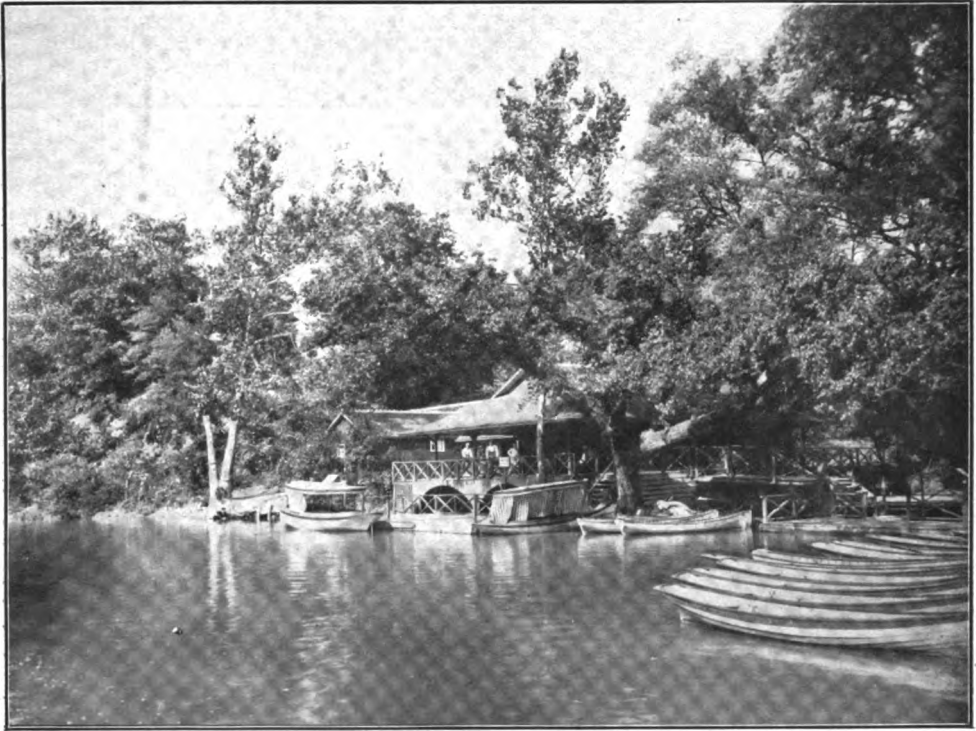


**RUSTIC BRIDGE IN CITY PARK.**

of the tourist, only secondary in interest to the institutions themselves. Those of the two great hospitals for mental disorders located on West Broad street, are particularly spacious and abounding in natural beauties. The large conservatories of these institutions are drawn upon liberally for artificial adornment. The State Hospital for the Insane is the largest brick building in the world and the Mecca for many tourists. The Institution for the Feeble Minded practically adjoins it and

vision of Dr. Edson J. Emerick and his helpful wife, whose attitude toward the wards of the State is one of almost parental solicitude. The grounds of the State Hospital for the Insane consist of three hundred and fifty acres, part of which are farmed and tilled by the inmates. There are 1,700 patients within the great walls, which also accommodate every known facility for their proper care.

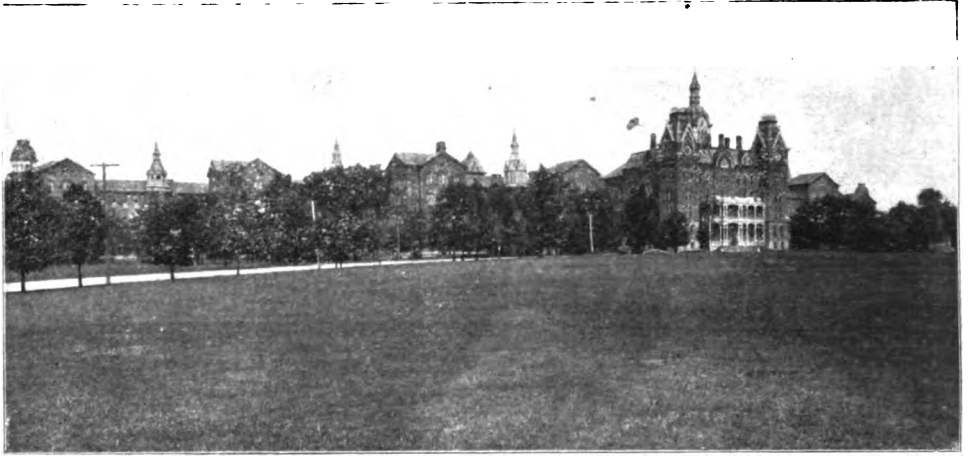
In recent years the sightseer has not failed to include the Ohio State University



BOATLANDING AT OLENTANGY PARK.

stands in the midst of two hundred acres of beautiful farm and wood land. The buildings are extensive and sub-divided into wings, in order to insure the best fire protection. This institution boasts of a complete mechanical plant, consisting not only of the necessary steam power but a thorough refrigerating and cold storage system, as well as a complete electric lighting plant. All of this immense establishment and acreage, and the care of 1,500 unfortunates, is under the direct super-

among the features of the city's life with which he is desirous of familiarizing himself. The arrangement of the buildings of this institution has assumed symmetrical grandeur gratifying to the eye and valuable to the practical purposes for which these temples of learning were erected. The spacious grounds of the University are the largest owned by the State, and the innumerable attractions of its magnificent buildings might well hold the attention of the tourist for many days at a



OHIO STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.  
Largest Brick Building in the World.

time. A volume might be dedicated to the Ohio State University alone, in any adequate review of Columbus. The number of students now enrolled approximates three thousand.

Not far from the university grounds, and watered by the same stream that flows through them to the Scioto, is Olentangy park, so-called for the picturesque river of that name. It is a combination of amusement park and summer resort, and includes most of the leading features of both, except hotel facilities. The park theater is liberally patronized in the summer, and the grounds constitute a Mecca for excursionists, whose patronage has undergone a marked increase every season during recent years. Indianola park, in the northeastern section of the city, is another spacious and attractive resort and boasts the largest artificial swimming pool in the United States.

More sedate, but equally interesting in their attractions, are the grounds of the United States garrison, where open air concerts are given in the Summer, Spring and Autumn, and the military atmosphere of the place throws its peculiar charm over the surroundings. The garrison is a popular destination among sightseers and affords the people of the city one of their most enjoyable breathing spots. In the eastern section is Franklin park, the largest and most pretentious in the city;

on the south side, Schiller park, and almost in the center of population (so rapidly has the growth of the city extended northward) is Goodale park. The Ohio State Fair grounds, annually the scene of the largest gatherings held in Ohio, are in the northeastern section, and the Columbus Driving park, where the grand circuit trotting and pacing races are held every year, is in the southeastern part of the city. Both of these large grounds are the very best of their type in America. A notable feature in connection with all of these parks and resorts is the fact that they are easily accessible from all parts of the city by means of the excellent street railway system which conveys passengers to or



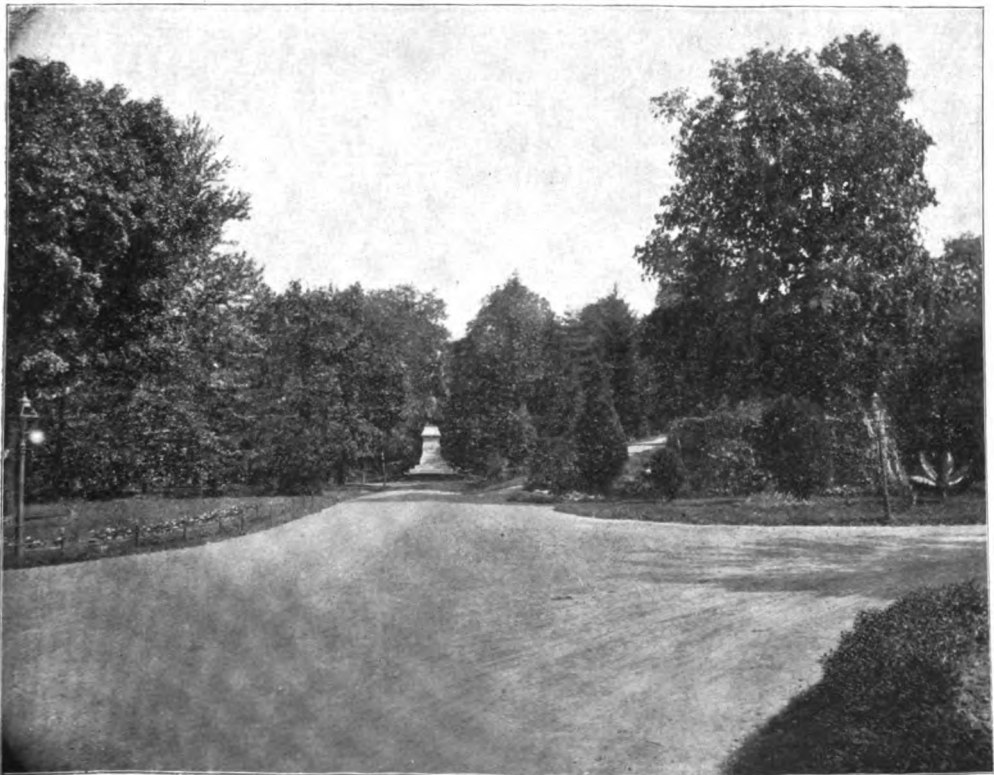
FRANKLIN COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

from every one of them, from and to any point in the city, for one fare. Among perhaps the largest element of the sport-loving population of the United States, Columbus is probably best known for its championship baseball record, made in a baseball park which is one of the finest in America.

For every attribute of Columbus that appeals to the sightseer and tourist, the city has another more directly concerning the commercial traveller. Among this fraternity throughout the country there is no city more cordially indorsed for superior excellence in all the many important details of special interest and value to the traveling salesmen. It is characteristic of the latter's visits to Columbus that they come as often as they can and stay as long as they can, and that when the

course of business finds them within reasonable access of the city, even though there may be no prospect of immediate business here, they come, nevertheless, attracted by the city's unequalled advantages from the point of view of the man "on the road."

Summing up, we find Columbus constructed like a wheel whose hub is the Board of Trade, each spoke substantially imbedded therein and representing a mercantile or manufacturing industry or the professional eminence of some man or woman, the whole banded together with the rim of good-"fellow"-ship and never "tiring" in the progress that reveals boundless hospitality and unsurpassed advantages to every welcome stranger who comes this way.



APPROACH TO SCHILLER MONUMENT, CITY PARK.

# The Financial Interests of Columbus

By Herbert Brooks

Illustrations from Photographs for THE OHIO MAGAZINE by Baker's Art Gallery



WHEN space is limited and the subject so pregnant with facts, an article bearing on the financial institutions of Columbus and its many growing interests will necessarily in a measure be brief. Consequently one must confine himself to a summary statement and cover as much ground as the conditions imposed will permit.

One of the characteristics of the people of Columbus is their willingness to take hold of any business proposition that presents merit. Of course a possibility of future financial returns is included in the undertaking. Years ago, when a location for the capital of the State was being agitated, the citizens of that period took hold of the business side of the proposition and by gifts of land and money considerations succeeded in "landing" the capital in this, our then growing village. Columbus, the capital city of today, with its wonderful growth in population is rapidly pushing to the front in all things that go to make up a large and prosperous city. We are now third in rank as to population and in proportion to material wealth equal to any city in the State. Our citizens are energetic and progressive, confining their business in no sense to local conditions, but reaching out in all directions to the markets beyond the borders of the State and even into foreign countries. The products of Columbus mills and factories find ready sale in South Africa, Japan, Russia, in fact, in nearly all the markets of the world.

There the name of Columbus, Ohio will be found on implements, mining machines, scrapers, wheelbarrows, carriages, boots

and shoes, and numerous other articles which add to the help and comfort of the people.

What is true of our products is also true of the individual, for the names of Columbus business men are found prominently mentioned in large organizations of capital in the field of mining development, where brains and money are the prime motive factors for such work.

Under their skillful and intelligent management, we find Missouri giving up its zinc and lead; Mexico, Canada and the Western states, their silver, gold and copper; Ohio and West Virginia, their coal and oil, and Kentucky is now being exploited for its hardwood timber, of which this State has such a large area, and will in the future add much to the wealth of our enterprising citizens.

This restless activity and broadening of business capabilities is a natural inheritance. If we turn back forty years ago and investigate the part taken by some of our business men of those days, in the enterprises which they fathered and which contributed in such a large measure to the success of Columbus, we find them active in the building of railroads. The names of Benjamin E. Smith, Peter Hayden, William Dennison, M. M. Green, Wm. G. Deshler, P. W. Huntington, Isaac Eberly and others, designate those who "did things." A railroad from the coal mines of Southern Ohio to the lakes meant brains, work and money. These were not lacking, and the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway was the result. Its financial success added great wealth to the community, also the subsequent building of the Toledo and Ohio



Central Railway, the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking, and the Columbus and Cincinnati Midland Railway. All have now been merged into the large trunk lines which traverse the State from East to West.

Mention is made of these matters, which are of such vital importance to the growth and wealth of Columbus, that they may in a measure reflect credit and glory

resourceful place furnished the merchant, the manufacturer, the railroad, the business houses of all kinds, the individual, and even the city and state, with assistance in the shape of ready money when needed.

A financial institution which will so manage its affairs that it will not endanger the confidence of its many depositors, and will at no time fail to return to them dollar for dollar and keep in touch



PELATIAH WEBSTER HUNTINGTON.

President Huntington National Bank; Fifty-four Years in the Banking Business in Columbus.

upon the local banking institutions of those days, for there is nothing that contributes so successfully to the upbuilding of a community as the forces held intact by the financial institutions. By this is meant the gathering up of the money of a number of individuals into capital stock, and the deposit of thousands of others in banks, trust companies, and building and loan associations—organizations where perfect safety is assured, on the one hand, and a

with business enterprises, lending help here and there; carrying the merchant through a dull season when his stock of goods becomes unsalable, or helping a manufacturer who sees a profit in a larger contract than his capital can swing, while relieving the wants of hundreds of others naturally growing out of the busy marts of trade, is of inestimable value and indispensable to the community. If the manager of such a banking house is suc-



successful in conserving the interest of his stock-holders and depositors, and at the same time by good judgment discriminates between the good and the bad, keeping his assets always secure, he is a credit to the institution of which he must be the honored head.

Columbus numbers among its financial institution several that date back their in-

National Bank, and the Deshler Bank, now the Deshler National Bank.

Local history tells us the earliest banking institution in Columbus was the Exchange Bank, which opened its doors for business on the 24th of May, 1845. The first board of directors was composed of Wm. B. Hubbard, D. T. Woodbury, Edwards Pierpont, O. Follett, and Peter Hayden. The different presidents who were appointed, have been Wm. B. Hubbard, Wm. Dennison, Jr., and David W. Deshler. This bank was very successful during its existence under the management and care of its cashiers, H. M. Hubbard, M. L. Neville, and Charles J. Hardy, the latter of whom was appointed to that office January 1, 1856. Mr. Hardy is now cashier of the Deshler National Bank.

The Franklin Bank was organized and began business July 1, 1845. The first board of directors was composed of Gustavus Swan, Samuel Parsons, George M. Parsons, Wray Thomas and Thomas Wood. The presidents who have succeeded each other are, Samuel Parsons, Thomas Wood and David W. Deshler; cashiers, James Espy, who retired July, 1854, moved to Cincinnati, and continued there as banker until his death a few years ago, and Joseph Hutcheson, who was cashier of the bank until the formation of the private bank of Hayden, Hutcheson & Co. There was organized at about the same time the City Bank of Columbus, with Joel Buttles as president, who was succeeded by Robert W. McCoy. Thomas Moodie was the cashier during the entire existence of this bank. Among the more modern private banks which flourished during the period of years from 1858 to 1900, were P. Hayden & Co., P W Huntington & Co., Brooks, Butler & Co., and others. Though designated by names other than their own, we still have the Commercial Bank, Peoples' Bank, Central Bank and a few more. All of these institutions have gone out of business or have been merged into National banks, and in some instances carrying the name with them.

Columbus has today, owing to its rapid growth, a large number of banks. They are managed by officers and boards of di-



A TYPE OF COLUMBUS OFFICE AND BANKING BUILDINGS.

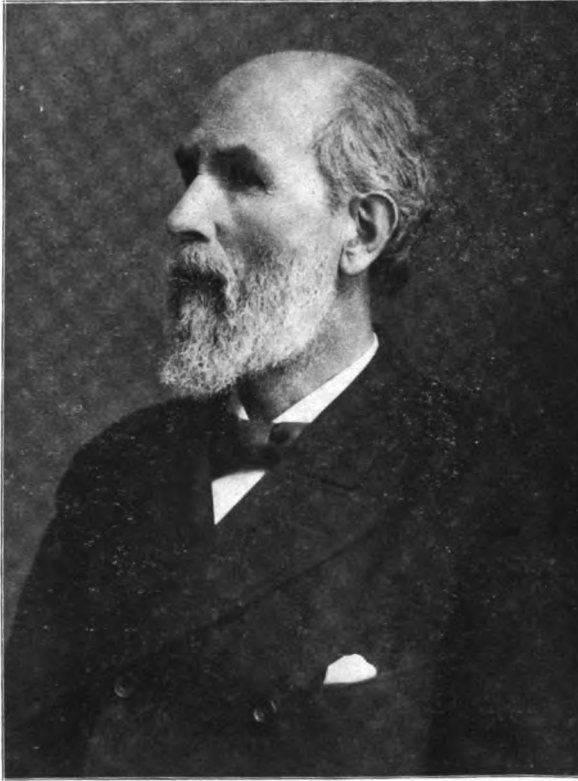
ception fully fifty years or more. They were originally private banks, but modern methods of business seem to have demanded their organization into National banks.

Among the old familiar private institutions which have so lost their identity are the firms of P. W. Huntington & Co., now the Huntington National Bank, P. Hayden & Co., now the Hayden-Clinton National Bank, Sessions & Co., now the Commercial

rectors. The officers are all capable and conservative men, careful and prudent. They well represent the best business integrity and brains of the city. There has been no breath of scandal as to the management of the different banks, and in this Columbus has always been recognized as a city of sane men and men of honesty. While they might at some time in their career have shown bad judgment, yet the

The record of Pelatiah W. Huntington in the banking business covers a period of over fifty-four years, and it is not amiss to say that he is regarded as the dean of the banking fraternity in Columbus.

Mr. Huntington is recognized as one of the ablest bankers in the United States. He has been identified with the American Bankers' Association for years, and as president of the Ohio Bankers' Association,



WILLIAM G. DESHLER,  
Veteran Banker and Capitalist.

finger of scorn has never been pointed at any criminal act. During money stringencies and financial storms, Columbus banks and bankers have always stood firm as a rock, and when the clouds have passed away, few wrecks of any consequence have strewn the shores. We still have with us here men of long experience in the banking business. Their counsel, aid and advice during adverse times are most valuable.

filling two terms as such, always exerted an earnest moral purpose and a consciousness as if he were responsible for the well-being and integrity of the whole financial fabric of the State, aiming at nothing else than the sure determination to secure its complete success. A man of commanding presence, of vigorous address, with a voice of great resonance, and a mind that never failed to attract its audience, he is an ideal leader of a cool, calculating body of

financial men. He has performed his part in the forum of the financial world with credit to himself and honor to the State of his adoption. He is still active in his life work and bids fair to continue so for years to come.

Among the honored presidents of Columbus banks today, are also found the names of some of the city's most substantial, conservative business men. Their lives have been a success, and the young

bilities of that office and take a well earned rest. General Beatty is seventy-nine years old but still hale and hearty. He is a man of sterling character and fine abilities; was a soldier and brigadier general in the Civil War, and has long been prominent in the public life of the Nation. His literary discrimination is one of his pronounced characteristics and he is the author of numerous works covering a broad field of literature.



**ELI P. EVANS,**

President of the Franklin County Bar Association.

men of today look up to them, striving to emulate their example, for it is character and deeds, more than anything else, that attracts the young man and causes him to pursue with diligence the course of his ideals.

Among our retired bankers is General John Peatty, who, after years as the active head of the Citizen's Savings Bank concluded to lay down the cares and responsi-

Among the heads of Columbus banking institutions are the following: John Siebert, president Ohio National Bank; W. S. Courtright, Union National Bank; Frederic W. Prentiss, Hayden-Clinton National Bank; William F. Hoffman, Commercial National Bank; Foster Copeland, City National Bank; John G. Deshler, Deshler National Bank; P. W. Huntington, Huntington National Bank; J. C.

Campbell, National Bank of Commerce; George W. Bright, Ohio Trust Company; J. B. Cameron, Columbus Savings and Trust Company; Robert E. Sheldon, Citizens' Savings Bank; Dr. S. B. Hartman, Market Exchange Bank; Edwin R. Sharp, State Savings Bank and Trust Company; W. D. Guilbert, Capital Trust Company; Charles G. Henderson, John R. Hughes, etc. But it may be interesting to give the names of all bank officers, in-

Directors: Conrad Born, E. A. Cole, S. B. Hartman, Emil Kieseewetter, Alex. W. Krumm, Fred Lazarus, L. F. Kieseewetter, C. F. Myers, John Siebert, Henry Richter.

*New First National Bank:* Chas. R. Mayers, President; Albert D. Heffner, Vice President; Paul A. DeLong, Cashier; Charles R. Shields, Henry Pausch, Jr., Edgar Abbott, Assistant Cashiers. Directors: Nicholas Schlee, James Kilbourne, E. W. Swisher, Henry C. Werner,



IN THE HEART OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

cluding the boards of directors which are here appended:

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF COLUMBUS  
BANKS, OTHER THAN AS ABOVE  
MENTIONED.

*National Banks.*

*Ohio National Bank:* Emil Kieseewetter, Vice President and Manager; C. F. Myers, Vice President; L. F. Kieseewetter, Cashier; Henry Deeg, Assistant Cashier; A. E. Frech, Assistant Cashier.

A. D. Heffner, John Joyce, Jr., W. H. Jones, Peter Merkle, Earl C. Peters, Chas. R. Mayers.

*Union National Bank:* E. K. Stewart, Vice President; A. Brenholts, Vice President; Edgar J. Vaughn, Cashier; Walter B. Beebe, Assistant Cashier; Henry L. Lanum, Assistant Cashier. Directors: W. S. Courtright, F. W. Hubbard, E. K. Stewart, F. A. Jacobs, C. H. Boardman, A. Brenholts, J. W. Meek, Geo. J. Schoedinger, David C. Beggs, C. K. Davis, W. G. Bowland, J. D. Ellison.

*Hayden-Clinton National Bank:* David S. Gray, Vice President; Charles H. Hayden, Vice President; William P. Little, Cashier; Earl S. Davis, Assistant Cashier; William C. Willard, Assistant Cashier. Directors: Frederick W. Prentiss, David S. Gray, Charles H. Hayden, William B. Hayden, James Kilbourne, Henry A. Lanman, Carl J. Hoster, C. Chris. Born, Frederick W. Schumacher, Theodore Rhoads, William P. Little.

*Commercial National Bank:* D. E. Putnam, Vice President; J. A. Jeffrey, Vice President; George A. Archer, Cashier. Directors: Butler Sheldon, W. H. Martin, W. H. Albery, N. Monsarrat, J. A. Jeffrey, D. E. Putnam, W. F. Hoffman.

*City National Bank:* Z. L. White, Vice President; David Westwater, Vice President; J. J. Jennings, Cashier; Frank C. Camnitz, Assistant Cashier. Directors: Foster Copeland, J. J. Jennings, J. B. Hanna, John W. Brown, David Westwater, J. D. Price, H. C. Godman, J. W. Kaufman, F. A. Miller, Andrew Timberman, Z. L. White, C. A. Stribling.

*Deshler National Bank:* C. J. Hardy, Cashier; George B. Durant, Assistant Cashier. Directors: John G. Deshler, W. G. Deshler, R. S. Warner, Mary D. Warner, F. N. Sinks.

*Huntington National Bank:* F. R. Huntington, Vice President; T. S. Huntington, Cashier; B. G. Huntington, Assistant Cashier. Directors: P. W. Huntington, F. R. Huntington, T. S. Huntington, T. D. Huntington, B. G. Huntington.

*National Bank of Commerce:* Dennis Kelly, Vice President; P. L. Shneider, Cashier. Directors: H. B. Arnold, J. C. Campbell, E. B. Gager, R. Grosvenor Hutchins, Dennis Kelly, F. O. Schoedinger, D. H. Sowers, George T. Spahr, P. L. Schneider.

#### STATE BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES.

*Ohio Trust Company:* O. A. Miller, Vice President; Carl J. Hoster, Vice President; John L. Vance, Jr., Vice President; Walter English, Secretary and Treasurer. Directors: George W. Bright, Carl J. Hoster, J. A. Jeffrey, Edward Johnson, W. Guy Jones, Fred Lazarus, O. A. Miller, Frederick Shedd, R. E. Sheldon, George T. Spahr, E. K. Stewart, J. F. Stone,

George C. Urlin, John L. Vance, Jr., K. D. Wood.

*Columbus Savings and Trust Company:* H. M. Daugherty, Vice President; H. W. Backhus, Secretary and Treasurer; H. L. Rose, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer. Directors: I. B. Cameron, H. M. Daugherty, Frank J. Dawson, Charles F. Evans, Barton Griffith, Fred H. Heywood, Cyrus Huling, Henry Richter, L. P. Stephens, D. A. Walker, W. S. McKinnon, H. W. Backhus, S. A. Webb.

*Citizens Savings Bank:* A. D. Rodgers, Vice President; Frank R. Shinn, Vice President and Cashier. Directors: Robert E. Sheldon, George W. Bright, Edward Johnston, Charles D. Hinman, O. A. Miller, A. D. Rodgers, Frank R. Shinn.

*Market Exchange Bank:* W. R. Gault, Vice President; O. A. Schenck, Cashier; Raymond Zirkel, Assistant Cashier. Directors: Dr. S. B. Hartman, W. R. Gault, O. A. Schenck, F. W. Schumacher, W. V. Baker, Dr. J. M. Dunham, C. F. Myers, J. A. Kremer, Val Loewer, F. B. Weisz, L. Seidensticker, Thomas M. Clark, James Nelson.

*State Savings Bank and Trust Company:* Wm. F. Burdell, Vice President; H. H. Butler, Cashier. Directors: W. A. Bargar, Wm. F. Burdell, H. G. Denison, John G. Deshler, David S. Gray, Henry A. Lanman, Benjamin Monett, S. B. Rankin, C. D. Firestone, Edwin R. Sharp, Frank A. Davis.

*Capitol Trust Company:* Randolph S. Warner, Vice President; E. W. Hatton, Vice President; Alexander W. Mackenzie, Secretary and Treasurer; Chas. H. Farber, Trust Officer. Directors: W. F. Andrus, Henry Eohl, C. Edward Born, James M. Butler, Robert Colton, Thaddeus E. Cromley, F. C. Dietz, A. Felty, E. M. Fullington, W. D. Guilbert, E. W. Hatton, Herman Hoster, Thomas Johnson, Alexander W. Mackenzie, E. Mithoff Nicholas, Joseph H. Outhwaite, Randolph S. Warner, E. J. Wilson.

*Columbus Savings Bank:* Charles Huston, Treasurer; Charles D. Hinman, Secretary. Directors: C. G. Henderson, John R. Hughes, Charles Huston, Charles D. Hinman, B. S. Dickson.

*Capital City Bank:* R. R. Rickly, President and Cashier; George W. Bright,

Vice President; Ralph Reamer, Assistant Cashier. Directors: George W. Bright, George B. Kauffman, R. R. Rickly, John S. Morton, Emerson McMillin.

*American Savings Bank:* John Cashatt, President; R. E. Jones, Vice President; John L. Vance, Jr., Vice President; J. Nick Koerner, Cashier; Albert Rickenbacher, Assistant Cashier. Directors: Ferdinand Baumann, George W. Bright, John Cashatt, C. S. Cherrington, P. B. Darling, S. M. Elliott, Herman Falter, Nathan Gumble, F. W. Hoe, C. W. Isaly, R. E. Jones, Simon Lazarus, Paul Lindenberg, John L. Vance, Jr.

*West Side Dime Savings Bank:* William Little, President; William H. Harris, Vice President. Directors: W. S. Court-right, W. H. Harris, E. C. Morton, J. O'Shaughnessy, Sr., William Little, W. A. Fearn, W. C. Cussins.

*North Side Savings Bank:* E. M. Parker, President; Joseph Cratty, Vice President; James E. Fippin, Cashier; M. J. Mench, Secretary; H. A. Pletcher, Treasurer. Directors: E. M. Parker, Joseph Cratty, M. J. Mench, H. A. Pletcher, A. B. Walker, Samuel Smith, Dr. R. B. Taylor, D. E. Julian, Bernard Smith, E. W. Yantes.

*Security Savings Bank:* E. J. Smith, President; W. B. Carpenter, Vice President; Fred T. Jones, Cashier; George B. Donavin, Secretary; T. M. Anderson, Treasurer. Directors: L. G. Addison, W. S. Carlile, G. W. Clark, Geo. B. Donavin, Fred T. Jones, Joseph Knox, T. M. Anderson, J. W. Blue, W. B. Carpenter, M. C. Crane, L. D. Lampman, E. J. Smith, G. S. Wilson.

*Produce Exchange Bank:* A. O. Glock, President; J. J. Tanian, Vice President; A. F. Durant, Secretary and Cashier. Directors: Ferdinand Bauman, John E. Brown, Geo. B. Durant, Herman Falter, W. O. Frohock, A. O. Glock, H. R. Isaly, J. P. Pletch, F. C. Rector, J. J. Tanian, L. M. Ferguson, A. B. Walker, J. Unverzagt, Isaac Wolf, F. Pitz.

*Lincoln Savings Bank:* Geo. W. Bright, President; W. H. Halliday, Vice President. Directors: Geo. W. Bright, W. H. Halliday, E. K. Stewart, John Lawlor, Fred Lazarus, W. N. Keller, Chas. E. Turner.

*Colonial Bank:* Francis A. T. Spees, President; A. J. Evans, Vice President; Frank Falkenberg, Cashier. Directors: Francis A. T. Spees, A. J. Evans, Frank A. Drake, Julius H. Haller, W. S. Connor, Albert Knopf, W. R. Schriner, J. H. Vercoe, Frederick Kleinlein.

*Northern Savings Bank:* C. L. Dickey, President; J. H. Zinn, Vice President; A. B. Walker, Treasurer; Frank E. Robinson, Secretary and Cashier. Directors: C. L. Dickey, J. H. Zinn, A. B. Walker, D. E. Julian, E. M. Parker, Frank M. Howard, E. W. Yantes, Henry Bower, Bernard Smith, James H. Walcutt.

*Peoples Bank:* Samuel Snider, President; W. F. Hutchinson, Vice President; Harry R. Huggert, Cashier. Directors: Samuel Snider, W. F. Hutchinson, Harry R. Huggert, Jesse W. Snyder, Ralph Reamer, R. B. Allen, W. T. Brodbeck, S. M. Sherman, D. J. Minton, E. S. Dean, W. E. Moling, S. C. Bradford, W. O. Shacklett.

## COLUMBUS BANK STATEMENT.

National Banks.	Capital.	Surplus and Un-divided Profits.	Deposits.
Ohio National .....	\$400,000	\$270,483	\$4,711,274
New First National .....	500,000	250,913	4,449,657
Union National .....	750,000	88,902	3,110,808
Hayden-Clinton Nat'l. ....	500,000	285,116	3,080,122
Commercial National .....	200,000	302,756	2,989,740
City National .....	300,000	95,008	1,637,751
Deshler National .....	300,000	147,172	1,593,865
Huntington National .....	400,000	54,804	1,107,824
Nat'l Bk. of Commerce .....	200,000	47,228	1,114,648
Totals .....	\$3,550,000	\$1,557,892	\$23,806,133
Other Banks.	Capital.	Surplus and Un-divided Profits.	Deposits.
Ohio Trust Co. ....	\$500,000	\$205,097	\$2,433,815
Col. Sav. & Trust Co. ....	610,000	94,458	2,125,545
Citizens Sav. Bank. ....	100,000	159,975	1,340,614
Market Exchange Bk. ....	100,000	83,044	1,189,951
State Sav. Bank & Trust Co. ....	200,000	128,489	961,001
Capitol Trust Co. ....	490,000	43,253	850,791
Columbus Sav. Bank. ....	50,000	44,781	675,657
Capital City Bank. ....	100,000	36,757	580,691
American Sav. Bank. ....	50,000	16,348	569,611
West Side Dime Sav. Bank .....	25,000	10,075	285,187
North Side Sav. Bank .....	25,000	7,584	262,544
Security Sav. Bank. ....	25,000	9,918	245,142
Produce Exchange Bk. ....	25,000	4,447	143,370
Lincoln Savings Bank .....	50,000	4,221	124,901
Colonial Bank .....	28,000	2,131	100,351
Northern Sav. Bank. ....	25,000	7,141	93,350
Peoples Bank .....	25,000	6,712	88,091
Totals .....	\$2,338,000	\$865,381	\$12,051,841
Grand Totals .....	\$5,888,000	\$2,423,263	\$35,919,974

## BUILDING AND LOAN COMPANIES.

Columbus has a large number of flourishing building and loan companies. That they have aided very materially in the improvement of this city, none can dispute. They have made it possible for the wage earner to own his own home, and by a system of easy payment it has been accomplished so that the outlay to the home owner has not been as great as the monthly payment of his rent would have been. The wonderful growth of Columbus homes has been a source of much pride to our citizens and an ever increasing revenue for the tax gatherer.

One of the secrets of success in building and loan companies is co-operation. Because of the easy terms of sale, the stock of these companies is owned by a large number of people, and in small blocks. This is not so common among other large corporations. During the past ten years there has been a steady increase in the number of stock holders, and today there are at least four building and loan companies in Columbus whose assets are above a million dollars, and several that are rapidly approaching these figures. These institutions are each in the hands of a board of directors, many of them chosen from our most successful business men and bankers. That they give them their time and advice, is a sure guarantee of their safe and conservative management. The secretary, who is the executive officer, is a person well equipped for the general management and is always a man well versed in this kind of work. There are a number of reasons why building and loan company securities are superior to many others. They are based upon the land on which the owner builds his home, also upon the peculiarity of the contracts, which provide for a monthly reduction of the principal, as well as the payment of the interest, thus enhancing the value of the mortgage from month to month. The non-speculative feature of this business offers no opportunity nor temptation to speculate, so it has become a well-grounded fact that the Columbus concerns are well managed and sound. The future of our home makers is assured and when the objectionable railroad crossings are bridged,

thus giving an opportunity to spread more into the suburbs, the building and loan companies will be ready to assist in the improvement of many now barren acres.

A computation of the number of buildings erected through and by the aid of these loan associations during the past ten years, will run well up into the thousands, and the added wealth to the tax duplicate of Franklin County into the millions. Thus it is, while our banks are financing the commercial world of business, our building and loan companies are laying the foundation for the American home.

## BUILDING AND LOAN COMPANIES NOW IN OPERATION.

*Buckeye State Building and Loan Company:* president, L. L. Rankin; secretary, B. C. Blachley; treasurer, F. R. Shinn. Authorized capital, \$10,000,000; assets, \$2,220,000.

*Ohio State Savings and Loan Association:* president, John J. Stoddart; secretary, E. F. Wood; treasurer, Chas. J. Krag. Authorized capital, \$1,000,000; assets, \$1,802,619.99.

*Columbia Building, Loan and Investment Company:* president, Z. L. White; secretary, W. L. Van Sickle; treasurer, Foster Copeland. Authorized capital, \$12,000,000; assets, \$1,004,503.42.

*Ohio Building and Loan Company:* president, Thos. J. Keating; secretary, Walter T. Moore; treasurer, Geo. Williams. Authorized capital, \$5,000,000; assets, \$567,542.35.

*Peoples' Building and Loan Association Company:* president, Fred. Weadon; secretary, George Hardy; treasurer, Chas. E. Munson. Authorized capital, \$2,000,000; assets, \$668,339.68.

*Lilley Building and Loan Company:* president, Francis Spees; secretary, Frank Frankenberg; treasurer, F. C. Janton. Authorized capital, \$2,500,000; assets, \$697,269.32.

*Railroad Employes' Building and Loan Company:* president, R. T. King; secretary, Thos. Newell; treasurer, C. E. Young. Authorized capital, \$5,000,000; assets, \$1,012,704.87.

*Franklin Loan and Savings Company:* president, Henry Kropp; secretary, Geo.

J. Magley; treasurer, Emil Kiesewetter. Authorized capital, \$500,000; assets, \$447,727.19.

*Central Building, Loan and Savings Company:* president, A. N. Fox; secretary, Chas. H. Brown; treasurer, Chas. A. Stribling. Authorized capital, \$2,000,000; assets, \$623,073.38.

*Central Ohio Building and Loan Company:* president, L. D. Bonebrake; secretary, W. W. Simmons; treasurer, W. F. Hoffman. Authorized capital, \$5,000,000; assets, \$351,496.53.

*Mutual Savings and Loan Company:* president, Geo. J. Schoedinger; secretary, Chas. S. Cherington; treasurer, J. N. Koerner. Authorized capital, \$1,000,000; assets, \$214,612.26.

*Fidelity Building, Loan and Savings Company:* president, W. J. McComb; secretary, J. L. Porter; treasurer, Foster Copeland. Authorized capital, \$5,000,000; assets, \$215,460.46.

*Park Building, Loan and Savings Company:* president, William J. Means; secretary, John F. Fergus; treasurer, Chas. F. Hecker. Authorized capital, \$500,000; assets, \$460,108.91.

*Union Building and Savings Company:* president, Henry Bohl; secretary, Nathan Dawson; treasurer, Henry Richter. Authorized capital, \$100,000; assets, \$139,234.04.

*West Side Building and Loan Company:* president, Henry T. Linke; secretary, O. H. Williams; treasurer, J. J. Jennings. Authorized capital, \$500,000; assets, \$188,040.08.

#### THE COLUMBUS STOCK EXCHANGE.

In all cities where corporate concerns flourish, and where money accumulates and is willing to seek investment, it is absolutely necessary to have a central market or stock exchange, where values in the shape of stock and bonds of these different corporations are regulated by the competition of those who represent supply and those who desire to invest by purchase. The fundamental function of such an exchange is to give opportunity and easy access of capital to the purchase of these stocks and bonds.

Without this organization it might lessen the possibility of placing them to an ad-

vantage. Negotiable securities which are quoted from day to day upon the stock boards, rank high as credits, for in normal times they can be more readily converted into cash than any other commodity. In times of panic and money troubles, the business of the modern stock exchange will, like any other business, become dull and stagnant, prices declining into depths where the intrinsic value of many gilt edge securities is entirely lost sight of. Moreover much loss may come to the nervous, frightened holder. However, in due course of time the market must and will regulate itself and normal conditions again prevail.

The Columbus Stock Exchange was organized May 31, 1903, and from the beginning has been a growing success. It numbers among its membership some of our bright and active men. That they are familiar with the conditions of the companies represented by the securities quoted upon its board, goes without saying, for they have to be informed wisely upon these matters, in order to give safe and conservative advice when consulted by prospective clients, who are seeking investments. A commendable aspect of local stock exchange is the complete elimination of the speculative feature. Selling stocks "short" or "going long" in the market with marginal deposits of money, is entirely done away with. Stocks and bonds purchased are paid for outright, and, so far as the broker is concerned, the deal is finished. When the broker's customer is temporarily short of funds and desires to become possessed of larger holdings than he is capable of paying for at the time of purchase, he can readily secure from any local banking house sufficient money, with his stocks or bonds as collateral, to consummate the transaction. Many of our brokers confine themselves strictly to the sale of local securities, but others to the securities quoted on the New York Stock Exchange. Many investors reason that when one goes outside of local investments and ventures into the wider arena of distant markets, it smacks more of the game of chance and usually results disastrously, because information concerning the true value of many outside securities, can only be gained by questionable methods.



Membership in the Columbus Stock Exchange is limited in number and is always in demand. Prices of a seat bring as high as \$2,500, having advanced from \$100, the original price. The following individual brokers represent its membership:

OFFICERS.

Frank L. Griffith, President; Paul Loving, Vice President; Justin J. Stevenson, Treasurer; C. S. Bash, Secretary.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Frank L. Griffith, Paul Loving, Justin J. Stevenson, Eugene D. Gray, J. Zettler Krumm.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Frederick W. Freeman, Eugene D. Gray, Frank L. Griffith, Frank Harvey, W. R. A. Hays, Louis Ph. Hoster, J. Zettler Krumm, Paul Loving, Caleb L. McKee, Claude Meeker, Glaine K. Jones, F. M. Sessions, Justin J. Stevenson, Arthur L. Stewart, Allen G. Thurman, Fred Vercoe.





By Himself .

NATURALLY, the gayest thing at a lawn party is a grass widow.

\* \* \*

ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty and all other people.

\* \* \*

THE most reliable "bust" developers are opened with a corkscrew.

\* \* \*

BITING sarcasm is not popular, and, besides that, it is not nutritious.

\* \* \*

You can't make bread or break into society unless you have the dough.

\* \* \*

It is well for the sportsman who shoots out of season to be a game loser.

\* \* \*

AN open countenance is best retained by being careful what is put into it.

\* \* \*

FAMILY jars make divorces, but not when filled with fruit and pickles.

\* \* \*

PARADOXICAL, but a man can have money on deposit that is not to his credit.

\* \* \*

WHEN a man is beside himself it is a sure thing that he is in bad company.

\* \* \*

THERE is no doubt that "money talks." Most of us have heard it say good bye.

THE older a candidate grows the more anxious he becomes to attain his majority.

\* \* \*

THE only way to convince a man in an argument is through his heart or his pocket-book.

\* \* \*

"SEEING is believing," which makes it a fortunate thing sometimes to be near-sighted.

\* \* \*

THE medical profession rails at the absent treatment, and the church suffers from it.

\* \* \*

THE policeman is not a magnate, but like one he devotes most of his energy to his club.

\* \* \*

FASHION and hard times both decree that sleeves shall be worn longer than formerly.

\* \* \*

ONE of the best things to promote a philosophical temperament is a comfortable income.

\* \* \*

THE tailors can create a woman along straight lines, but they can't keep her husband in them.

\* \* \*

THE strawberry season lasts only a few weeks, but the strawberry blonde season goes on forever.

At any rate, a man can understand a woman as well as his wife can understand the hired girl.

\* \* \*

ONE easy way to economize is to keep the money we had intended to spend for some other person's benefit.

\* \* \*

It is not so difficult to see ourselves as others see us as it is to believe what we see when we see ourselves so.

\* \* \*

THE head of the household doesn't yearn for a Christmas present as much as he longs for a Christmas absent.

\* \* \*

THE sweetest refrain in the life of any man is when he refrains from meddling with other people's business.

\* \* \*

THE bridegroom could more readily endow the bride with all his worldly goods, if it wasn't for the minister's fee.

\* \* \*

WHEN a dealer tells you that your money will be "cheerfully refunded," you will be lucky if he is only half right.

\* \* \*

IF old Atlas had been a different man, instead of supporting the world he would have insisted that it owed him a living.

\* \* \*

It requires talent for some men to keep out of jail, but if they have the price they can find legal talent to help them do it.

\* \* \*

THE reason why a dyspeptic always talks about his troubles, is because he has so much inside information on the subject.

\* \* \*

MEN don't tell as many of their secrets as women tell of theirs, because men have more secrets to be ashamed of than women.

\* \* \*

It is bad form to interrupt others in conversation unless you know that you will never get a word in edgewise if you don't.

\* \* \*

OUR modern statesmen feel very apprehensive of the future, when they see how George Washington is being picked to pieces.

You can always tell how popular any sport is becoming by the increase in the number of persons killed while pursuing it.

\* \* \*

THE rich can always find arguments against indiscriminate giving which the poor would apply only to the giving of advice.

\* \* \*

WHEN a man gets drunk he thinks he will never run out of dollars, but when he sobers off he knows that he has run out of sense.

\* \* \*

AN encore is a sign of approval or of a desire to convey the impression that we appreciate something which we don't understand.

\* \* \*

THE trouble with most of the gay photographs of gayer females on prevalent post cards, is not that the exposure was too long, but too much.

\* \* \*

MONEY enough to buy gasoline and nerve enough to place a mortgage on the old homestead, will enable almost any man to own an automobile.

\* \* \*

STATESMEN who condemn race suicide always fail to point out the fact that when the stork visits a family he invariably brings his bill with him.

\* \* \*

SALVATION may be free, but it will have to be stretched tremendously to take in the chambermaid who neglects to tuck in the sheet at the foot of the bed.

\* \* \*

JUDGING from the newspaper accounts of their last hours, most of the condemned murderers in this country would die from dyspepsia if they were not hung.

\* \* \*

LONG engagements give young couples a chance to get acquainted with one another and also to find out whether the bride can take in washing in case her father runs out of money.

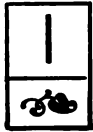
\* \* \*

IF some of our public men could only get hold of the money they are charged with having, it wouldn't be necessary for them to continue holding office.



# EDITORIAL

## Mysterious Fate



IN the domains of fiction and fact there has seldom been related a stranger tale than that which tells the story of the last visit of Edward W. Mix to his old farm home in Ohio. Perhaps his appearance on this familiar scene can hardly be called a visit, but to those most interested it must have seemed a visitation such as, not long ago, would have been regarded as more than human.

Mr. Mix was born hardly forty years ago on a farm west of Columbus, not many miles from the Scioto river. He was educated in this section and attended the Ohio State University at Columbus. In the course of his intellectual development he took a deep interest in ballooning and finally went to Paris, making several ascensions in Europe with French experts. When the recent international balloon contest from St. Louis was determined upon, Mr. Mix was appointed the assistant of the pilot of the French balloon *L'Isle de France*. He came from Paris with his companion to St. Louis, and the flight of the balloons is now history.

Rising over Missouri, the French balloon, with its assistant American pilot in the basket, sailed on its perilous journey without destination and whither no man could tell. Left to the mercy of the air currents it flew eastward, bearing just a little north across Illinois and Indiana, until it passed the western boundaries of Ohio. On it came, over Hamilton and Butler and Clark counties, in the full glory of a beautiful October morning, the whole course mapped out upon the surface of the earth beneath them so that the aeronauts could take their bearings without difficulty from dawn until noon. As the balloon neared central Ohio its Buckeye passenger must have known that he stood

a bare chance of passing near or quite over the farm where he was born. The sensations of that hour can be more readily imagined than described. Presently he was certain that his wish would be granted by the fickle winds, and in a few moments he was scribbling away on a note to his Ohio relatives, which he dropped overboard, in the perhaps wild hope that it would find its destination. Fluttering from a thousand feet through air, it came to earth on the soil of the old farm and within twenty-four hours was in the hands of those for whom it was intended — perhaps the most mysterious message ever conveyed to wondering hearts.

Not satisfied with this delightful performance, the spirit of the winds slightly changed the course of the balloon and in a few moments the American aeronaut was passing through the air almost within hailing distance of the university where he was educated. Another note was dropped addressed to a former fellow student, who at this moment as a professor of the university, was watching the sender and his balloon from the observatory of the institution. A few hours later the note was in the professor's hands.

Where in fiction shall we find the counterpart of this story? Where is there such an illustration of the illimitable possibilities of mysterious Fate?

## The Child vs. the Criminal



THE article by Hon. Samuel L. Black under the foregoing caption, elsewhere published in the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, comes from a student of the subject whose suggestions, in view of his experience, deserve the earnest consideration of all persons interested in the welfare of the rising gen-

eration. To the performance of his duties as probate judge and juvenile court judge of one of the largest counties in Ohio, Judge Black has brought an intelligence and devotion not surpassed anywhere on the bench and has bent his energies with notable success toward increasing the usefulness of the juvenile court system.

His present article, although a general presentation of the subject in all its aspects, is specifically an appeal to legislators everywhere to recognize the responsibility of the adult members of society for the delinquency of American youth. Judge Black wants the statutes to put this responsibility where it belongs — on the shoulders of the indifferent fathers and mothers who train their children in indolence, ignorance or crime and then leave them as a calamitous heritage in the hands of justice or charity. Secondly, it is urged that every possible safeguard of the law should be thrown around the rising generation against the contamination of other than parental influences, but legal recognition of the responsibility of parents is perhaps the main object contended for.

Judge Black's article should be read by every member of every legislature in every state of the Union. The subject has not been so vigorously presented elsewhere at any time, and this paper may rightfully be regarded as the strongest contribution to its literature.

### Another Ballot Reform



EXPERIENCE with the Australian ballot has demonstrated that it can be improved upon in many important particulars. One of these relates to the methods now prescribed for voting a "straight ticket." A voter who desires to vote for all of the candidates of one party puts his cross mark in the circle under the emblem of that party. He can accomplish the same object by placing the cross opposite the name of each candidate, at the same time placing it in the circle under the emblem or not, as he chooses.

The difficulty comes from unintelligent voting after placing the mark in the circle. This is often done where the voter pro-

poses to vote a split ticket, and in the multiplicity of marks he is very likely to make a mistake.

It would be far better if the law would abolish the circle under the emblem and provide in every case that the voter must place his mark opposite the names of all candidates for whom he desires to vote. This would relieve the necessity of explanation to ignorant voters and, in fact, speedily remedy their ignorance by making plain the fact that only one course to pursue was open to them in voting for all candidates. The presence of the emblem on the ticket would still indicate where the partisan lines were drawn.

The suggested reform would not only simplify voting but would have a tendency to insure a more honest count than now; because, where now there are in every ballot box, to be counted, many ballots entirely blank except for one mark under one emblem, it is very easy for a corrupt election officer to make other marks, changing the ballot from a "straight" to a "split" one. The elimination of the circle under the emblem may well receive the consideration of lawmakers.

### The Balloon Age



It can no longer be doubted that the balloon age is upon us. The balloon and the dirigible airship have passed beyond the period of experimentation, except for purposes of regular transportation such as is afforded by railways and steamships, and have become practical pleasure craft, valuable aids to scientific investigation and formidable instruments of destruction in time of war.

The St. Louis international contest aroused far wider interest in ballooning than previously existed at any period in the history of aerial navigation. The possibilities of human flight by this means are now known to all the world, and the science of ballooning has become almost a popular sport, to be ranked with yachting and long-distance automobilism. In passing it may be remarked that all three of these terms are offensive to good taste and very bad English, but the language seems

to offer nothing better, up to the present time, to take their place in general usage. The balloon as a pleasure vehicle has even commanded the interest of women. The frequent ascensions of Mrs. L. P. Thomas, of New York, in company with her husband and others, have vindicated aerial flight as a pastime adapted to the enjoyment of both sexes. The Aero Club flourishes in New York, and its members are coming to look upon the balloon as a no more extraordinary vehicle than the tally-ho or the automobile. Soon their wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts will attain the same indifference to this form of travel, and the balloon will then have become, in the metropolis, at least, an every-day conveyance for pleasure parties. Truly, what with submarine vessels diving to the depths of ocean, and soaring ships of air navigating the blue empyrean, we are living in a rapid age.

Nor does it appear from experience that the balloon and the airship involve as many dangers to their passengers as many other modern methods of annihilating distance. The average railway president will not look up his road's record of fatal accidents for the year and then contend that the balloon is an instrument of destruction; and surely the individual who has acquired an automobile face along with a reputation for spreading desolation in his path, will not point to the airship as a contrivance of Satan.

In these days we might as well settle down and determine to be surprised at nothing — not even when we look skyward and behold our next door neighbor carrying his Christmas turkey on the occasion of an aerial "home-coming" in the basket of his family balloon.

### The Teddy Bear



ONE of the most entrancing things in the world is the spectacle of a little girl with her doll. Kindly Nature inspires her mother instinct to care for this most delicate of playthings as if it were a tiny creature of flesh and blood. She loves and pets it, scolds it and worries over it; it has its good days and its bad

days, its freaks and fancies; its clothes must be looked after and its face washed, so be it the water doesn't take the paint off, and the childish mother watches over its waking and sleeping hours with the solicitude of true womanhood. After a while she really gets some practical knowledge in her little head, due to her association with her baby; she sews for it and to the best of her ability keeps house for it, all the time acquiring in its behalf something of value to her from the real world, tenderly applied to this mimic world.

A chocolate-colored, blear-eyed, knock-kneed Teddy bear, is a fine thing to be compared with this doll child of the child mother. The over-doing of the Teddy bear fad threatens to work real injury to the children of the land, and it is high time that it were checked. Aside from the fact that no little girl can get half the pleasure from a Teddy bear that she obtains from her doll and all its accessories, — notwithstanding she may think she does, when the bear is introduced to her after the doll has become an old story — continued playing with the toy cub deprives the child of the incidental progress in womanly things which the doll inspires and promotes. The Teddy bear is well enough in its way in the domain of childhood, but when it is pushed forward to the exclusion of the doll the act is an offense against the home circle and the development of the mother instinct, which together comprise the foundations of society.

But if there are objections to the stuffed bear in the hands of the little girl, what shall we say of it in the arms of her frivolous mother? When society women grown are seen on the streets, in their carriages and automobiles and at private receptions, carrying huge Teddy bears under their arms, the average person possessing a grain of common sense and some latent pride in the dignity of the human race begins to wonder what in the name of Heaven a baby was made for, and when it will be restored to its original rank and affection in the estimation of womanhood as represented even by those who tread the artificial highways of a shallow social elevation. It is a spectacle calculated to fill the most indifferent observer with disgust, and if the women only knew how much of

this emotion it inspires they would throw their Teddy bears out on the junk pile and fall on their knees to ask forgiveness for their vanity.

All the evidences of the times point to the fact that the Teddy bear has outlived his usefulness. He should be relegated to the dead past.

### Pioneers



JUST appreciation of the past, as well as a proper sense of self respect among the representatives of the present generation, suggests that due tribute should continue to be paid to the pioneers who "blazed a way through the wilderness," as the historians say, and performed numerous other services not so picturesque but quite as valuable, to their everlasting honor among their fortunate descendants. The pioneers deserve all the good that is said of them, and nobody wants to subtract a single laurel from the many wreaths that have been bestowed upon them.

But it is worth remembering that every generation has its pioneers, whose flourishing condition and eminent service to mankind are not confined to the wilderness. To be a pioneer does not consist exclusively of shooting Indians through a loophole in a log cabin or chopping cordwood in the rear of the smoke house, while the intrepid soul of the woodsman is full of ambition and the wintry wind is full of arrows. To be a pioneer does not necessarily have special reference to a belt laden with pistols or trousers tucked in topboots. Indeed, a real pioneer may be a stranger even to the scalping knife and the tomahawk.

There are pioneers in all times and under all conditions. Modern life discovers them in the great cities as well as on the plains. They are "blazing the way" for other generations, just as their ancestors with axe and rifle cleared the path through the forest for those who should come after them and enjoy luxury where they knew only privation. For the pioneers of these times, in the arts and sciences, in trade and commerce, in invention and research—the painters, poets, musicians, the chemists, geologists, microscopists, the captains of

industry, merchants, tradesmen, the doctors, navigators, discoverers, the philosophers, statesmen, preachers—there is a mission equal to any performed by the brave men and women who laid the foundations of American life amid the primitive surroundings of forest and prairie. Full honor to the pioneers of the present in every branch of human endeavor will detract nothing from that of an earlier generation, whose labors only built the gateway to modern progress. We are all pioneers.

### Victims of the Automobile



N Eastern contemporary has been gathering statistics relative to automobile accidents during the period of ten months from January first to November first of the present year. The same authority had tabulated similar gruesome records from September first, 1906, to the first of last January, so that there is some opportunity for comparative investigation as to the number of fatalities proceeding from the abuse of this modern vehicle.

Apparently the present generation of automobile drivers has not profited from the general publication of accidents due to them, for the number of these fatalities has been on the increase. For the first eight months during which the record was made, it was found that the lives of 113 persons had been sacrificed and 362 seriously injured; but the record for the past eight months eclipses this, with 256 killed, of whom 143 lost their lives in the two months of last September and October—or more than in all the eight months prior to January first, 1907—while the number of injured bounded up from 362 to 864.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the investigation is found in the fact that it is not the wealthy, speed-crazed automobilists who have suffered most heavily from this deadliest of modern luxuries, but the men, women and children who walk, or ride in street cars or other vehicles. The "innocent bystander" has been the individual to suffer most, and the automobilists have endured the least damage while they enjoyed all the fun.

# With Our Correspondents

## How to Keep the Old Land New

*To the Editor:—*

A WAY from the abrupt hills skirting the north bank of the Ohio River, where the the country begins to flatten out, in Brown county, Ohio, there is a subdivision of that country called Byrd Township. This subdivision dates back about one hundred years, and its only village, of about the same antiquity, and numbering one hundred and fifty good people, is Decatur. The village holds its own and is about as large as it was sixty-two years ago, when the writer first beheld it. Lately he has paid a visit to that old settlement, where the old farm, upon which he first saw the light of day, remains in the family.

Fifty years ago, when young men and maidens married there, they struck out for the West, to grow up with the country. Farming was the only occupation people followed there, the lands being owned by those who had first settled the country, and beginners in home building generally had to become renters or get out, and they usually "got". The writer, at a later date, was one of the emigrants.

But since his departure he is pleased to note that about thirty years ago a change took possession of our ancestors. They realized that if all or most of the younger generation abandoned the land of their birth, decay and desolation would mark that once fair and prosperous land. The young blood was needed to keep up the old country from going to seed. Following up this conclusion, the owners of the soil divided their lands into smaller farms, and when young men and women married and desired to establish a home, they found it possible to begin life for themselves, in the land of their birth and among those with whom they had grown up from childhood. As a first result of this course, migration to the West ceased almost entirely, and, as a second result, thrifty homes multiplied. And much better farming was noticeable on every hand. It was found that the supposedly worn-out lands could be reclaimed, by skillful

management and the free use of fertilizers, and when worn-out lands began to produce fifty bushels of corn per acre, and other crops in like proportion, the use of fertilizers became a contagion, and a degree of prosperity marked the old settlement that it had never known before.

Then began the improvement of roads and the building of bridges across all the streams of any consequence, the remodeling of old homes and the building of new ones, and conveniences, comforts, and even luxuries, became common, which our ancestors knew nothing about. Blooded roadsters and fine draft horses took the place of the old type of farm plug horse, short horns and Jerseys banished the old cow with the crumpled horn, and the Poland China and Duroc Jersey hog drove out the "razor back" of our ancestors. And every new type of farm implements known to the ingenuity of modern man, can now be found there, and when the season is over, these farm implements will be found under a good shelter, instead of standing out in some fence corner, rotting in the rain, snow and frost.

During his recent visit to the old home the writer attended a country fair at the edge of a grove, near the neighboring village of North Liberty. There he saw two thousand well dressed, healthy, happy people, and about four acres of carriages and buggies, in which they had come to the fair. The fair itself was a one day entertainment, devoted almost exclusively to the exhibition of all kinds of horses, and every moment of the day, from nine in the morning until sundown, was enjoyed by the people.

A noon recess of two hours was taken, the horses fed, and we ate our basket dinners of fried chicken, etc., under the trees, sometimes half a dozen families in a bunch, old and young, laughing and chattering, as hungry, happy people laugh and chatter when the means to stay hunger is at hand. It was good to be there for many reasons, but especially was it delightful to meet old school mates we had scarcely seen in fifty years.



I attended a Sunday evening service at the old country church, where fifty years ago I was a pupil in the Sunday-school. Not many of the old timers were there, but the house was filled with the younger generation, and to the music of a splendid organ they sang well—the songs city folks sing—and all seemed happy. Most of the homes in that old community have a piano or organ, and some have both, and young girls ride over good roads, several miles to the home of an accomplished lady who gives them instructions in piano, organ and violin. Scarcely a home is without a telephone, by means of which the people communicate with their neighbors.

Decatur is ten miles from the Ohio River and a steam railroad, and six miles from an interurban line. I said it was holding its own. It is doing more. While the population has not increased, some of the old buildings have given place to new ones, some of the old homes have been remodeled, and all have an air of comfort and contentment. Some of the sidewalks have been cemented, the public square has a new fence, is planted with shade trees, and is becoming a delightful park. The village has three churches, a good school and two excellent general stores, that furnish the prosperous people around there almost everything they need and along with their cash, take in exchange, the butter eggs and poultry raised on the farms. And the merchant sends his huckster wagon to the farms for these commodities, instead of compelling the people to bring them to his store.

Statistics show that Brown County, Ohio, is the second county in the United States for the production of White Burley tobacco, and the old section of the county of which I write is one of the best. Taking two hundred and fifty dollars worth of tobacco off of an acre of land is no uncommon thing there, and by the use of fertilizers the land is left in better condition for a wheat crop than it was before the tobacco crop was planted. The facts stated here prove that there is a way to keep alive the interest in our old communities and long settled sections of the country, and that way is to make it desirable for the young blood and muscle to remain there, and let our foreign emigration and the overcrowded cities people our vast unsettled western empire.

W. N. PICKERILL.

Indianapolis, Ind.

## Helpful Suggestions

*To the Editor:—*

I WISH to emphasize a thought expressed in previous correspondence with you, that THE OHIO MAGAZINE should be on the desk of every High School and Common School principal of the State. Its valuable setting forth of Ohio men and their accomplishments and of Ohio's greatness in every way, should do much to stimulate a highly desirable and reasonable State pride on the part of the coming generation—a consideration which, I fear, we are inclined to overlook in our educational work. Why not make a systematic effort to accomplish this, if THE OHIO MAGAZINE has not already planned for it?

I have been a teacher for many years, of young men and women of eighteen years of age or upwards, most of them High School graduates, college graduates or graduates of other good schools. I have always included some attention to civics in connection with my business course, and I am often surprised at the ignorance of otherwise intelligent students concerning the development of our State in many lines that have made it great, and their lack of appreciation of what a great State Ohio is.

We are far behind many other states in this respect, I think. Like the man who has grown strong and who has not thought much about how or why, our people are content to enjoy their greatness and power without knowing, as I say, whence and from whom it has come. It has occurred to me that a system of well directed effort to stimulate civic pride would meet with a very hearty and ready response, not only from the general public, but from the educators of our State. THE OHIO MAGAZINE furnishes, in many ways, a most excellent medium for accomplishing this, and your success so far shows you to possess the ability and energy necessary to promote the good work.

There are nearly 900 high schools in the State, with nearly 60,000 pupils. It would seem possible to place one copy of the magazine at least, in each high school and some thousands of copies in the families of the 60,000 pupils. There are 10,000 school districts in the eighty-eight counties, and your magazine ought to be in one school at least, in each of these districts, and in a great many of the families represented by the pupils in

attendance. The 8,000 or more members of teachers' reading circles in this State should also be enthusiastic in support of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, and chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies might well be equally interested. With all these agencies and others that will naturally suggest themselves as the movement gains force, I cannot see why you should not have a circulation of a hundred thousand. As a great lover of my State, an admirer of her great men and women and as one assured that her destiny is to continue to be one of the great leaders in that great central empire that President Roosevelt grows so eloquent about, I most earnestly hope that you can accomplish the large results that the merits of your undertaking, and the value of it to the State in so many ways, warrants.

Yours very truly,

A. D. WILT.

Miami Commercial College, Dayton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### Like Many Others

To the Editor:—

I WRITE to say that it is doubtful that any of your readers in Ohio can appreciate the pleasure and profit which THE OHIO MAGAZINE gives to Buckeyes at a distance. I bought one on the train coming into Denver yesterday and determined after reading it from cover to cover that you should hear from me on this subject, since I had concluded to write you before this but had neglected to do so. I am not a resident of this State but have lived many years in California, but I shall always be glad to find THE OHIO MAGAZINE wherever I go. You are doing a great work and one that deserves the utmost encouragement.

Yours truly,

W. F. GILLETTE.

Denver, Colorado.

\* \* \*

### Growing Interest

To the Editor:—

I WISH to assure you of my continued and increasing interest in your enterprise. The "Ohio" is an excellent magazine, and it is needed. It certainly merits very hearty support.

Cordially yours,

(REV.) S. S. FISHER.

Coshocton, Ohio.

### The Springfield Number

To the Editor:—

THE Thanksgiving number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE has been received, and we wish to go on record as declaring that Springfield may well be proud of it.

Yours truly,

THE ROBBINS & MEYERS CO.

Springfield, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### The Best Yet

To the Editor:—

THE Springfield number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE is the best I have seen yet. Everybody in this section speaks highly of it. It is a source of great pride to our people to be so well represented in your November number.

Respectfully,

R. L. HOLMAN.

Cedar Lawn Farm, Clark County.

\* \* \*

### More Congratulations

To the Editor:—

WE feel justified in congratulating you upon the excellent character of the Thanksgiving number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, with special reference to the valuable space devoted to Springfield and Clark County. This number is receiving very favorable comment from the local press and all others.

Yours very truly,

THE PEOPLES LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.  
Springfield, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### Help that Counts

To the Editor:—

YOUR excellent magazine deserves not only the support of all Ohio teachers, but they should see that their patrons and friends know of it and should induce many of them to subscribe.

I have just had occasion to prepare a very complete list of the Cleveland teachers and inclose it to you for your use here. With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

J. C. BETHEL,

Home Correspondence School, Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

# The Trend of Opinion

## American Epigrams

From the New York Evening Post.

THE gentleman who writes as the Buckeye Philosopher in THE OHIO MAGAZINE, and who signs his writing "By Himself" has a number of genial epigrams in the current issue. And we may remark, by the way, that the amount of clever "copy" of this sort now turned out in this country for the magazines suggests the hope that some day an American may produce a book of epigrams which will be something more than clever. English literature is singularly poor in this sort of writing as compared with the French, probably because the Englishman does not naturally form a philosophy of life, but acts from impulse and habit.

## The Old Fourth Infantry

From the Army and Navy Journal.

LIEUT. CAMPBELL B. HODGES, 4th U. S. Inf., contributes an article entitled "An Old Regiment of Regulars," to THE OHIO MAGAZINE which constitutes a charming recital in brief of the stirring history of the 4th Infantry from its creation in Revolutionary days down to the present time. In preparing this delightful sketch, which obviously was a labor of love, Lieutenant Hodges has gone carefully over all the records relating to the "Infantry of the Fourth Sub-Legion," as the regiment was originally called, and as a result of his work we have a story which vibrates with memories of Mad Anthony Wayne, Harmar, St. Claire, William Henry Harrison, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Philip H. Sheridan, August V. Kautz, George M. Randall and scores of others associated with the famous old command with which it deals. In perusing this captivating narrative, which is embellished with several valuable illustrations, the reader's pleasure is heightened by the reflection that the 4th United States Infantry is at the age of 115 years both robust and ready, fully worthy both as to officers and men, of its heroic past.

## The New Idea in Maryland

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE Maryland Democrats seem to be outdoing the "untutored West" in choosing United States Senators by the popular monopoly. The candidates, including some very distinguished gentlemen, have been holding meetings in Baltimore to frame plans for primary elections which shall be binding, and to in spirit take the choice out of the Legislature, where the constitution placed it in one of the most important features of that instrument. It is indicated that there is to be a regular canvass, and a rule has been adopted that no candidate shall spend more than \$1,000 before the primaries. Where is the authority for this sort of proceeding? Why is the regular method provided in the constitution trifled with? The Maryland Legislature has not been abolished. If that body is composed of self-respecting men it will remember that it has full power to select a Senator of the United States, and ought to perform that duty really.

## The Money of the Rich

From the Toledo Citizen.

A GREAT deal of good and timely advice is being given nowadays to the "middle classes" of the United States—the people who have money on account—to keep their savings in the normal channels of business. It is advice that should be heard with a receptive spirit and acted upon with unanimity by the people of every community; but meanwhile perhaps there are some suggestions that may be given to the rich, which, if accepted in the same way, will tend to strengthen the fabric of the national prosperity.

Every year our American millionaires sail for Europe by the shipload and lavish the hard earnings of Yankee industry on extravagant living on the other side of the globe. Millions are annually thus withdrawn from circulation in the United States, while the coffers of European tradesmen are correspondingly filled

to the brim. Following this practice comes the accustomed intelligence of the marriage of the daughters of our over-rich captains of industry to foreign titles; and so more millions cross the water, never to return. A New York newspaper recently tabulated the American fortunes thus launched on the sea of European matrimony, and it was shown they represented the incomprehensible sum of nearly \$1,000,000,000 during the past forty years.

The "middle classes"—the people of small inheritances and hard-worked brains—will do their part to restore public confidence, but they would be greatly encouraged in that endeavor if convinced that the rich had determined to keep their money and their daughters on this side of the Atlantic. The millionaires of America might perform a great public service just now, and at the same time vastly promote their own financial and domestic welfare, by resolving to stay at home next summer, distributing their surplus wealth among their own countrymen.

### Mr. Bryan's Suggestions

From the Washington Herald.

**I**N place of acrid and partisan criticism, Mr. Bryan has offered a simple and sensible legislative proposal that would go far toward reviving the confidence of depositors and strengthening the position of the banks. Possibly in this matter Mr. Bryan has shrewdly anticipated one of the currency plans of the administration, for it is known that the idea of securing depositors against loss by means of a guarantee fund is well thought of by treasury officials. Be that as it may, the idea is a good one, and Mr. Bryan has done well to bring it forward at a time when the suggestion may bear fruit.

### The Prosperous Farmer

From the American Farmer.

**F**ARMERS have had ten years of good crops and good prices. In most of these years they have had both. Deficiencies in one corn and one cotton crop were more than made good to them by high prices. Last year they took in more money than ever before, and this year they are likely to take in \$1,000,000,000 more than they did last year. They will buy freely many sorts of merchan-

dise, and they will have money to invest. Good business is about as certain as it can be for another year proving over again that when the farmer is prosperous everybody is prosperous.

### The New Senate

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

**I**NCLUDING Senators Gore and Owen of Oklahoma, there will be 17 new faces in the senate chamber when congress meets one week from to-morrow. Fifteen of these new senators will take the places of members who have been removed by death, defeated for re-election, or who have voluntarily retired or failed again to become candidates. The new Republican Senators are Richardson of Delaware, Dixon of Montana, Curtis of Kansas, Briggs of New Jersey, Borah of Idaho, Bourne of Oregon, Brown of Nebraska, Guggenheim of Colorado, Stevenson of Wisconsin, and Smith of Michigan—the latter, however, already having served a short time. The new Democratic senators are Davis of Arkansas, Taylor of Tennessee, Paynter of Kentucky, and Bankhead and Johnson of Alabama, besides the two from Oklahoma already mentioned.

The most widely known of the missing Republicans are the late Russell A. Alger of Michigan, who was secretary of war under President McKinley, and John C. Spooner of Wisconsin, one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the upper branch of congress, who resigned to devote his time to the practice of his profession because he was unable to acquire a competence from his salary as a public official. Other Republicans who do not come back to the senate are J. Frank Alee of Delaware, A. W. Benson of Kansas, John F. Dryden of New Jersey and Joseph H. Milliard of Nebraska, who were defeated for re-election. Two notable Democrats who will be missing when the senate is called to order are Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, who were so advanced in years at the time of their last election that alternates were chosen at the primaries to succeed them if they were removed by death before the end of their terms, as happened in both cases. Other missing Democrats are Berry of Arkansas, Blackburn of Kentucky, Carmack of Tennessee, Clark of Montana, Patterson of Colorado and Gearin of Oregon.

Counting the two Democrats from Oklahoma and a Republican from Rhode Island, the senate would stand 61 Republicans and 31 Democrats. Of the 15 retired senators, eight were Democrats and seven Republicans. Of the 15 new senators, exclusive of the two from Oklahoma, 10 are Republicans and five Democrats. The senate is surely Republican for the next four years, so far as a majority vote on any political question is concerned, but it is important to note that for the ratification of a treaty, or upon any other proposition requiring a two-thirds vote, the Republicans must add to their own solid strength at least one Democrat.

### Better Rails Needed

From the Washington Star.

IT is to be hoped that the railroad companies will insist upon better rails. Even if they have to pay more for their metal they must get it. The lives of passengers are not to be lightly imperiled through the use of possibly defective rails under heavy traffic and high speed conditions which demand the most reliable metal that can possibly be produced. If the railroads and the manufacturers cannot get together by agreement in this matter it will become necessary for the state legislatures and possibly congress to take a hand and establish a standard of manufacture which will reduce the danger of the broken rail to a minimum.

### The Duty on Art

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

IT may be difficult to see the connection between art and "drummers' samples, but the reciprocity agreement just concluded between the American ambassador at the court of St. James and the British foreign secretary is in the right direction. It proposes a reduction to the extent of one-quarter of the duty on the British works of art admitted into the

United States, in exchange for the free admission of samples into the United Kingdom, but there would have been no complaint whatever if the swap had been made on even terms. The duty on art objects is an anomaly, anyhow; it was never asked for by American artists, for whom the "pauper labor of Europe" has no terrors whatever, and it acts, moreover, to the serious disadvantage of the country in keeping on the other side the treasures collected by wealthy Americans.

### Our Rule Over Two Peoples

From the New York Evening Post.

MORE newspaper space is being devoted to the question whether Gov. Post applied improper adjectives to the "Pharisee" school superintendents of Porto Rico, that the affairs of that island have secured in many a long day. Three weeks from next Monday will occur the ninth anniversary of the cession of Porto Rico to the United States. "To-day," says Tulio Larrinaga, the resident commissioner at Washington, "we have not as much home rule as we had under Spain." Even American citizenship, for which the citizens of the island have been working from the very first, is not yet in sight. "Of course," says Mr. Larrinaga, "we have been given some very good men by the president, but the great majority of the of them are out of all sympathy with us, do not know our language, and are therefore not at all suited for the work." Material benefits have been given to Porto Rico, and in the matter of the tariff we have treated this island, which is foreign for some purposes and domestic for others, better than we have the Philippines. But in this cold, gray dawn of the morning after our draft of imperialism, it is worth considering where we have really made the best record, with the hostile Malays who shot us down or the Porto Ricans, who welcomed us from the first.

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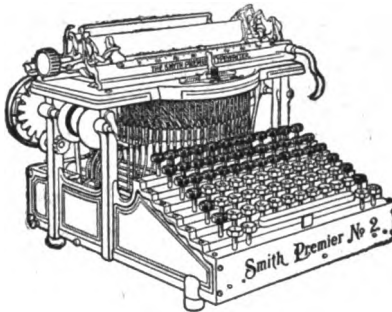
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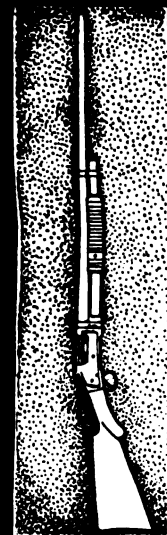
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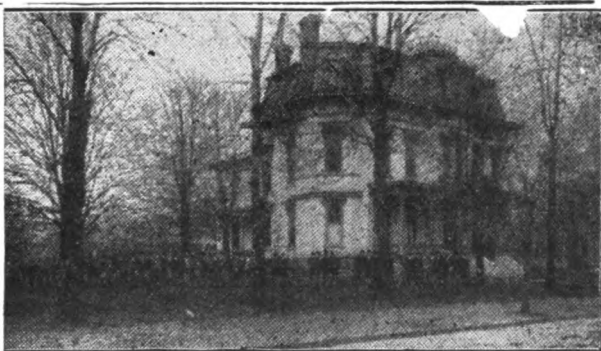
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